LIFE OF
OTIS ROBINSON BACHELER
MISSIONARY TO INDIA

THOMAS H. STACY

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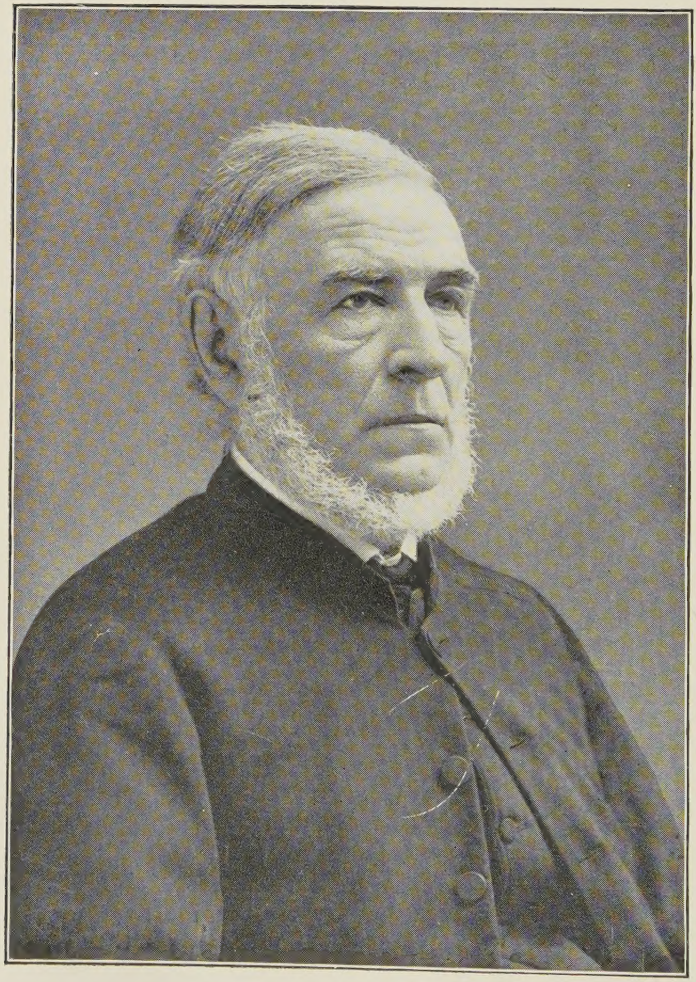

O. P. Bachelder

REV. OTIS ROBINSON BACHELER, M.D.,D.D.

FIFTY-THREE YEARS MISSIONARY TO INDIA

BY

REV. THOMAS H. STACY

AUTHOR OF
"IN THE PATH OF LIGHT AROUND THE WORLD," "CONDITIONS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE," ETC., ETC.

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TO THE CHURCH WHICH HE SO DEVOTEDLY LOVED AND FAITHFULLY SERVED; THE MISSION WHICH WILL FEEL THE INFLUENCE OF HIS INDUSTRY, ENTERPRISE, AND CONSECRATION, SO LONG AS IT EXISTS: AND TO THE NATIVES OF INDIA, WHOSE PLACE IN HIS HEART WAS NEXT TO THAT OF JESUS CHRIST'S, THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Preface

IN undertaking to set in order a record of the life of Dr. Bacheler, together with that of Mrs. Bacheler—a work which we felt obliged to decline at first, on account of other pressing duties—we were led to do so from two considerations. The first was, the fact that the record of such a noble and useful life ought to be preserved, to stimulate the church which he so faithfully served, and to profit the entire Christian world. The second was, love for the man through personal relations. In the highest sense he was to us a brother exemplary.

To those who have assisted us in this work, we wish to return thanks. We have had access to all of our denominational as well as other literature and records; have used the brief autobiography left by him; taken what information we needed from his book "Hinduism and Christianity in Orissa"; gleaned from diaries, private letters, and Records of the Free Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

We are under special obligation to "*Batchelder Batcheller Genealogy*"—F. C. Pierce, editor—for facts concerning Rev. Stephen Bachiler, and for the Batcheller coat of arms; to *The Morning Star,* for which Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler wrote much throughout their missionary service; to the *Annual India Report;* and to Dr. Mary W. Bacheler, who placed in our hands a large amount of material of both a public and a private character, and who rendered much valuable personal assistance. Great pains have been taken to verify dates and statements, and we are assured that the record, which covers a direct period of more than eighty-four years, containing a great variety of changing events, is reliable.

The English spelling of Indian proper names remains a mystery. The word *Jellasore*—the spelling is that always given in the *India Report*—is spelled in at least four different ways; other words appear in about the same variety of form. After much perturbation of spirit we have concluded to use the spelling to which the missionaries were accustomed, in familiar names; while for those not frequently used by them we

have adopted the spelling of Sir William Hunter, who is a recognized authority.

Letters of Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler have been introduced, in the belief that through their own words their lives would be better understood. It is very fortunate that so many communications from them were published, and thus preserved; for by this means we are not only able to secure much data concerning their lives, but also many historical facts connected with the mission. A book composed entirely of their correspondence which is now in existence would greatly enrich the mission literature of the world.

We desire to call attention to the fact, here, that the published correspondence of missionaries, setting forth the conditions of the field as the Bachelers did it, has been very meager during the last score of years; for the last two years there has been improvement in that direction. On account of this it would be somewhat difficult to write the history of that period. Would not such communications call forth financial response now as then? If novelty has worn off, there is still unfamiliarity with the field and its needs.

In attempting to chronicle the life of Dr.

Bacheler we have not satisfied ourselves; but we have constantly prayed that, while revealing his strong, sterling character, we might be as modest and unassuming for him as he was for himself.

May this record, gathered up and sent forth, increase the usefulness of the lives of those who thus speak to us, having passed on.

THOMAS H. STACY.

Concord, N. H., January, 1904.

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CHAPTER I

THE MISSION CENTURY — ANCESTRY — EARLY LIFE

"CENTURY of missions" is a name which has been given to the nineteenth century. And properly so, for it developed a greater effort in diffusing the gospel than all the previous centuries of the Christian era combined. The apparent results have also been proportionately marked.

The conditions for this remarkable work did not appear suddenly; they developed out of the eighteenth century from possibilities produced by the seventeenth.

From 1737 to 1739 Jonathan Edwards and David Brainerd in America, and the Wesleys and Whitefield in England, were at the same time, through deep consecration and mighty conviction, awakening many to fervent religious activity, — a condition necessary to the production of mission zeal and missionaries.

The Wesleys were largely indebted to Christian David and Peter Böhler, Moravians, for

their induction into that spiritual experience which gave rise to a new denomination, and aided in hastening the great modern mission movement. Already James Spener and August Hermann Franke had become the spiritual fathers of the Danish Halle Mission and the Moravian Mission, respectively.

The first part of the eighteenth century (1706) saw Ziegenbalg in India — her first Protestant missionary. In the last part of the century (1792) William Carey preached a sermon in Nottingham, England, which made the barriers between him and India tremble. In the following year he went to that country. To him has been ascribed the honor of being the father of organized missions.

To have lived through any considerable portion of the nineteenth century with a keen interest in the progressive work of missions, has been surpassed, in point of privilege and blessing, only by being a missionary in the field during the same period.

Otis Robinson Bacheler, whose life we attempt to record, lived through the Mission Century, after its first sixteen years had passed. For

fifty-three years he was an active missionary, with few, if any, superiors. His part in the movement was a substantial one; to it his life was thoroughly consecrated. He loved it so intensely that after returning on his last furlough, and a few years before his death, he said in General Conference, "I could almost wish that the Hindu idea of the transmigration of souls were true, and that I could come back to this world in a new body, and give myself to India again."

A brief account of his ancestry may be of interest here. Otis R. Bacheler was a descendant from Rev. Stephen Bachiler (Odlin, Benjamin, John, Nathaniel, Nathaniel, Nathaniel, Stephen). The ancestry of Stephen is uncertain, but it is probable that he descended from a French family which migrated to Southampton, England, and formed an important part of the French Protestant church there. Stephen was born in 1560 or '61. He matriculated at the newly-established college of St. John, Oxford, on Nov. 17th, 1581; here he took his degree in 1585 or '86, and was installed as vicar in the church at Wherewell, in Hants, on July 15th, 1587. He was strongly Nonconformist, and was

excommunicated from the church, leaving his Wherewell vicarage probably about 1605. At about the time of his coming to this country he was pastor of a Nonconformist church in Hampton, Suffolk County, near London. With his church he emigrated to New England for the sake of greater religious liberty, sailing March 9, 1632, on the *William and Francis*, and reaching Boston on the 5th of the following June. A colony was formed on the seacoast of New Hampshire, and the locality was named Hampton, after the old English home town. He was a reformer, and rebelled at the union of Church and State, which the strong Puritan covenant enforced. This brought him into opposition to the party in power. His experience in New England was not smooth or sunny, but, instead, it was rough and vigorous. Although of great physical endurance these things told upon him. In 1654 he returned to England. The last entry concerning him reads as follows: "The ancient Stephen Bachiler, of Hampton, N. H., died at Huckney, a village and parish in Middlesex, two miles from London, in 1660, in the 100th year of his age." (*Batchelder, Batcheller Genealogy. Frederick C. Pierce.*)

The family name is spelled in at least forty-five different ways, and its meaning is uncertain. Various significations are suggested, as follows: (*a*) A young gentleman who aspires to be a knight; (*b*) A student who has taken his first degree at a university; (*c*) An unmarried man — a lover. *The Family Herald*, an English magazine (Aug. 10, 1895), says: "The term 'Bacheler' is from the Latin *baccalaureus*, one crowned with laurel. In the French it became 'a young squire, not made a knight.'" (*Batchelder, Batcheller Genealogy.*) We should note here that there were six other immigrants of the Bachiler name who came to this country. What, if any, relationship existed between them we do not know, excepting in two or three instances. For many years the name was confined largely to Massachusetts and New Hampshire, but later it spread over the country. Otis R., when speaking of his family once, said, "There have been no great men, as the world counts greatness, in our ancestral record, but in every generation, so far as we can learn, there has been a large number of *ministers*, and *doctors*, but I have never known a *lawyer* by the name of Bacheler." An examina-

tion of that branch of the family discloses some lawyers, less than a dozen. Great men have come from this stock, among whom are Whittier, Webster, B. F. Butler, and the sculptor Franklin Simmons. The grandfather of Otis, Ensign Benjamin Bacheler of Candia, N. H., was an officer in the Revolutionary War, and was with Arnold in his fruitless attack on Quebec. The following incident, illustrating his self-forgetfulness, has been handed down. He was sent with a squad of men to watch an important point on the banks of the river opposite Quebec, with strict orders to lie flat and keep concealed. To his astonishment an officer appeared after a time with an order for his arrest. He was hurried away to headquarters, where he demanded an explanation. "Were you not ordered to lie close and keep concealed?" he was asked. "Yes, sir, and we have done it," was the reply. "No, you haven't. You were standing up all the time," was the retort. He had provided for the safety of his men, but had forgotten his own. He was dismissed with a reprimand. His experience in the army was not especially interesting, and in due time he returned to his home in Can-

dia. By trade he was a tanner, currier, and shoemaker combined, not an unusual thing in those days. He owned a small farm, had a comfortable home, and, although he continued in business up to old age, it does not appear that he accumulated much property. His last days were spent with his children at Andover, N. H., where he is buried near the center of the town. His wife was a Prescott, a cousin of Colonel Prescott of Bunker Hill fame.

Odlin, the father of Otis, adopted the trade of his father, and was in business with him for several years. While living in Candia seven children — four sons and three daughters — were born into the family, but in consequence of intemperate habits brought about by medical treatment through a long and painful illness, Odlin Bacheler was reduced to comparative poverty, and, gathering the little left in his possession, he moved to the backwoods of Andover, purchased a small tract of land, and set to work, hewing out a farm amid primeval forest. He built a small house with two ground rooms and an attic, also a barn. Here the family might have been comfortable had it not been for the

drink habit which clung to the head of the family. For nearly twenty years the family lived in Andover upon the proceeds of the farm, always in poor circumstances, sometimes in want. Here, near the Wilmot line, almost under the shadow of Kearsarge Mountain, Otis was born on January 17th, 1817, the youngest of the children who survived infancy. Two other children were born here, Frederick L. and a girl who died at birth.

Longevity, hardiness, and constitutional strength belonged to the Bacheler family in a large measure. The grandfather of Otis lived to be ninety, the father eighty-four, an uncle died at eighty-seven. None of his brothers and sisters who survived infancy died under seventy-five. John reached eighty-nine ; when Otis passed away he lacked only sixteen days of being eighty-four. Frederick L., still living, was born Jan. 17, 1815.

Huldah L. (Searl) Bacheler, the mother of Otis, was a brave woman, and many of her excellent qualities were imparted to her children. In the midst of poverty, hardship, and affliction she kept her children together until they were able to provide for themselves. As the boys grew up, one after the other, William, Benjamin,

John, and George found their way to Holliston, Mass., where, being shoemakers from boyhood, they went into that business, grew as it grew, and in time became thriving manufacturers among the prominent and wealthy men of the place. All of them became members of the Congregational church.

The child life of "little Otis," as he was called, was uneventful; the world to him was very small, and yet as we consider those limitations, and note the hardships, the economy, and the brave, determined struggle of those days and on, to his going to the mission field, we plainly see how through those experiences he was being fitted to become the devoted, painstaking, inventive, and economical missionary who did so much for India, and who won our confidence and love. I would that children and youth might learn from this sweet and noble life that such limitations were not designed to circumscribe but to develop. Otis tells us that his earliest recollection was of a new garment, made from an old one which belonged to his sister Mary. It was red, and it pleased him so much that, when he put it on the first time, he celebrated the event by dancing

about the room in high glee. This excited the dog, and he, joining in the frolic, made a sad rent in the new garment. He was probably not more than four years old at that time.

Money was very scarce and but little used among the people in those backwoods. Otis's first experience in finance was at about the same time with his red dress episode. A friend of the family called and gave him a cent. This first cent he held onto. When six years old he was one day at the wood-pile chopping wood, when his father pointed out to him a log and told him that if he would chop it up, he would give him a cent. It was late in the afternoon, but he worked away at it lustily until almost dark, and so earned his first money. Those two cents formed the nucleus of what seemed to him a fortune; by gathering stumps, burning them, and selling the ashes at ten cents per bushel, he added to those two cents, so that at the age of ten years, when the home at Andover was broken up, he had accumulated $16\frac{2}{3}$ cents — a New England shilling. He afterward declared that then he felt rich. To this he added, from time to time, by doing extra work, until two or three years later he made his

first investment of $4.44, for which he received a note, bearing interest. "Then," he says, "I was independent."

Concerning those early years, Otis said later in life: "During the time we lived in Andover, our circumstances must have been very straitened, yet I never heard a complaint, for our brave mother with careful economy managed to keep us all comfortably clothed and fed. We planted potatoes, corn, and rye, and sometimes a little wheat, and that constituted our daily food. I never knew of any but the common necessaries of life, except now and then a jug of molasses.

"We sowed a little flax, and kept a few sheep, and from these our clothes were manufactured by our thrifty mother. My lullaby was the sound of the spinning-wheel and loom during the long winter evenings, as I lay in my trundle-bed in the common living-room. A hog was slaughtered every fall, and this afforded our supply of meat for the year, except an occasional fowl from the hen-roost.

"On the plain fare I have spoken of, mother raised eight children, six sons and two daughters, all of them stalwart men and women, all of whom

without much sickness lived to a good old age. My brothers were all six-footers, and exceptionally strong and muscular. I went on to the shoe bench at ten, and never grew so strong and large as they, only reaching five feet eight inches.

"No butcher's or baker's cart, or milkman, or peddler of any kind ever came to our door, and for a good reason: there was no money. The only articles we ever took to market, as well as I can remember, were ashes, a little wool, hay, and a little bark to the tannery. How we managed to live under such circumstances, I cannot now understand, but I have no recollection of ever suffering from want, and I think we were as well off as most of our neighbors."

During the last of those years in Andover, the father spent but little time at home. He got the hay in summer, fitted up the children with shoes in the fall, but that was about all he did for the family. During the last year, he left the family entirely, and they heard of him as being at work in Lowell.

Debts accumulated, largely on account of drink. Mortgages were foreclosed, sheriff's attachments put upon all property, and the family were left

without a home. A small hired tenement gave them shelter through the winter; in the spring they planned to go to Holliston, Mass.

Not only did the mother provide faithfully for the temporal needs of the children, but she also taught them religiously. Otis says: —

"One day, when I was about eight years old, a neighbor's wife came into our house and told my mother that I had been stealing her apples, and that was why I was sick. I instantly denied it, but mother believed old Mother Gwyn instead of me, and though she knew I wasn't well she gave me a smart whipping. I crept under the bed and cried in my rage, and meditated revenge, and a few days after, when I was well again, I did go and fill my tow dress skirt with her apples." Surely such a disposition needed religious training, and this the mother did not fail to see, for he further says: "I know that the many pious talks my mother used to give me in my early childhood, as I sat in her lap or stood by her side, have been a precious boon to me through life."

School advantages in those Andover backwoods were very meagre. Meetings were held in the schoolhouse, and the religious interest in the

community was excellent. Two ministers of those days made a marked impression upon the mind of "little Otis," and were always remembered by him, exerting a more sacred influence upon his life than they were aware of, probably; they were Elder Cross of Wilmot, and Elder Watson of Andover. A Congregational minister in the neighboring town of Salisbury was held in high esteem by the mother, and when the women of the neighborhood gathered to recognize and name the youngest born, it was decided to name him for the respected minister, Otis Robinson. It is said that at that time the mother faintly expressed a hope that the boy might become a minister, although she was not at that time a professing Christian.

Daniel Webster once said that New Hampshire is a good State to emigrate from. This family seemed to find it so; Candia and the rocky backwoods farm of Andover produced eight specimens of the *genus homo* that under more favorable circumstances in Massachusetts grew to be stalwart, attaining to more than average eminence in business, social, and literary circles. The coarse and homely fare, the total absence

of luxuries, gave to the children constitutions which disease, hard work, and exposure could make little impression upon. Those early experiences also induced innate independence. Looking back over nearly three-quarters of a century, Dr. Bacheler said: "Under God, what we have been and what we had in life have been our own production, for which we have been indebted to no man. We have paid our own way in the world; if any more, it is not for me to say."

In what has already been said, and especially in what follows in this and the second chapter of this biography, it will be plainly seen that under the guiding hand of God and with the help of a devoted mother, the man of whom we write, the devoted minister to the spiritual needs of the heathen, the faithful physician to their bodies, the loyal Christian brother, the man most respected and loved by those who knew him best, was in the truest sense a self-made man. Conditions which would have discouraged and defeated some, only stimulated and spurred him on to the greatest determination and most persistent endeavor. Sequel — a most successful missionary.

In the spring of 1827, the spring following the surrender of the little home, William, the oldest son, came to Andover and took Frederick and Otis, the only children remaining there, to Holliston. The mother remained with her sister Buzzell until the autumn, when she followed. Frederick, who was twelve years old, went to work in the shop of his brother William, and Otis, who was then ten, went to work in the shop of his brother John. "From this time onward," says Otis, "I say it with pride, we were able to make our own way in the world. Here for some years our business was closing shoes. My recollections of the shoe shop are very pleasant. My brother was an earnest Christian. He usually had six or eight men in the shop; they were intelligent men of steady habits, and, without exception, church-goers. Profane or vulgar language was never heard there; the conversation of the shop was always free, intelligent, and frequently religious."

School advantages in Holliston were superior to those in Andover. A boy of the age of Otis, and like him upon the working list, was supposed to get about ten weeks of school in winter only.

But the people of the town had the advantage of books, newspapers, a lyceum, and a public library, with Sabbath meetings and a Sunday school.

About three years after the family moved from Andover to Holliston the father suddenly appeared, a well dressed and healthful-looking man. A great change in him was apparent; he had abandoned his intemperate habits, and from that day until his death — a period of twenty-five years — he never tasted liquor of any kind. He became somewhat prominent in society; being a good singer, and having been engaged in teaching singing schools often, he led the church choir for several years. He held important positions in the town, — for some years was constable. He made a profession of religion, and united with the Congregational church. On the Monday morning succeeding the Lord's Day on which he united with the church the family were greatly surprised on coming to the breakfast table to see him stand and crave a blessing, and after the meal to bring out the old family Bible, read a chapter, and pray. This habit of family devotion he continued without interruption through the

remainder of his life. What a change! What had God wrought! Then it was a happy family; father, mother, Frederick, Otis, and a part of the time George and Mary at home, and probably happier together than they ever had been before.

Otis speaks of his own conversion as the great event of his life. Let him tell it to us in his own words. He says: —

"The great event of my life transpired in my fourteenth year. Rev. Mr. Fitch, pastor of the Congregational church, the only church in town, was an earnest Christian worker, a faithful minister of the gospel. Anxious for the salvation of his numerous charges, he arranged for a 'four days' meeting,' the first form of protracted meeting introduced into New England. Several prominent ministers were invited to aid. Business was largely suspended, and good congregations gathered daily. Our father took his boys to the meeting. I was not specially interested at first, for I had fully made up my mind that the time had not come for me to be a Christian. I would wait till I became a man, and that would be time enough. The sermons were argumentative and convincing, particularly those of Mr. Fairchild of

Boston. But I kept saying to myself, 'Not yet; I will wait.' The interest constantly increased as the days passed, and many were deeply stirred. The last afternoon came. Mr. Fairfield had preached a powerful discourse. I remained firm in my determination. Mr. Wood, pastor of the Congregational church in Upton, rose to make the closing remarks. He was an elderly man and deeply sympathetic. The tones of his voice were tender and melting. His theme was 'Love — God's love to us — Christ's sufferings for us.' The whole congregation melted under his loving appeal. Then I broke down. My strong will vanished, and I cried, 'Lord, I yield, I will follow thee now.' The invitation was given for all who wished to manifest their desire for salvation, to retire to the town hall near by. Fully three hundred were gathered there. Some remarks were made, and then the invitation was given for all who were willing to become the followers of Christ to kneel down while prayer would be offered. The Congregationalists were not a kneeling people. I had not seen men on their knees since I had left the Free Baptist meetings in New Hampshire. It was a crucial test.

Nearly all seemed to fall upon their knees. I hesitated for a moment, then I slid down on my knees out of sight. As the result of these meetings, a large number were gathered into the church. I had the idea, then quite common, that it would be necessary for one becoming a Christian to have a season of conviction, mourning, and darkness before the light would break, and so I went on mourning for days and weeks, almost discouraged at times, till one evening as I was going home from meeting, and just passing the graveyard (I know the spot well), the light burst in upon my soul, and instantly I was filled with joy and gladness, such as I had never known before. Then I felt I was a new creature, new in Christ. That joy and peace have never left me during these three score years and more. I was fourteen years old, not old enough to be noticed much, still I found a few, a very few, who would speak kindly to me and help me."

A number of boys about the age of Otis were converted in this revival, and a deep sympathy grew up among them; together they attended meetings far and near, but did not take any part;

there was not the place for young people in the church then which exists now, and they were too young to be generally noticed. As a result of the revival at Holliston many united with the church and became strong Christians; but restlessness and discontent rested upon those who had resisted the Spirit. It was according to the teaching of Jesus: "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

The next step after rejecting the truth is opposition to it. This was true in this case. In the minds of many of those opposed, the minister had committed a great offence — almost a crime — he had brought about a revival, and disturbed the peace of the community. There must be a change. He must go, that peace might be restored. Much agitation followed, town meetings were called until the opposition carried their point. The minister, Mr. Fitch, was dismissed, and a pall of darkness settled down upon the church, which did not break for many years. Ah, the church at Holliston is not the only church which has faced duty, and refused to do it, until to it the words of Jesus were verified,

"*Your* house is left unto *you desolate*," and like Israel in the wilderness it reached the promised land of prosperity only after that generation had passed.

But God does not leave his faithful ones alone. Right here we meet a new condition which probably had much to do with the future course of Otis R. Bacheler. Encouraged by Rev. Mr. Fitch, a Methodist itinerant preacher had occasionally preached in the place, and won the confidence of the people. Many converts had been left outside of the Congregational church, and now would not unite with it. They were like sheep without a shepherd. The church grew more disorderly and lapsed into spiritual indifference. Under these conditions the Methodist preacher came more frequently, and was heartily welcomed, especially among those converts who had been left outside the church.

Regular meetings were established, classes were formed, a church organized, and a church building erected. Remarkable prosperity followed, converts of the recent revival united with this church, and the revival spirit was rekindled; it continued for a long time.

With many of his associates "little Otis" was baptized by immersion, and united with the Methodist church.

During these days he came to duties which seemed heavy crosses but to shrink from them was to go back; progress lay in the direction of taking them up. To him there was only one way, namely, to do his duty. Concerning his experience at this time he says: —

"In this connection, I may mention some of the heavy crosses of my life. The first was to kneel down in the town hall with three hundred penitents. The next was to open my mouth in meeting. I had been repeatedly urged to do this, but I could not. I was dumb. Finally I resolved to make the attempt. A meeting was appointed at a private house two miles away. I knew it would be a small meeting, and I resolved there to break my bonds and open my mouth. It was a rainy evening, and the mud was deep; but as I plodded on through the darkness, I was exceedingly joyful and kept saying that but few would be there and I should not be foiled, and how thankful I was for the mud. There were not more than half a dozen

who had braved the storm. I uttered a few simple words and the spell was broken. The victory, once gained, was lifelong. These two instances I have regarded as the greatest crosses of my life."

It is not strange that with this radical change in his life there came a complete change of plans. He had been living for self alone, thinking how he might follow in the steps of his older brothers who were successful business men; now God had led him to recognize his obligations to Him and to his fellow-men. He saw in this young Christian a messenger to the heathen. Not long after his conversion his life began to be moved by higher aims; his thoughts did not resolve into definite plans at that time, but already the premonitions of God were upon him, his soul was filled with unutterable love, lifted up into the consciousness that it had found itself, and that he had in the future a special work given of God. Happy are they upon whom such a day dawns.

His first definite plan in this direction was to carry out the conviction that he must get an education. He had access to the town library,

which was small and neglected; the most important books of this library he read; some of them were theological. Very soon increased opportunities for learning were offered by the opening of a high school, which he attended in addition to the usual ten weeks of district school in the winter.

These privileges did not satisfy him; they served to intensify his eagerness for better ones, and at the age of seventeen he arranged with his father to purchase his time, that he might pursue his studies without any interruption. The price at first agreed upon was three hundred dollars, but, wishing to encourage him in this noble endeavor, his father reduced it to two hundred dollars.

Now the struggle for an education began with great earnestness; he attended school regularly, boarding at home. The larger boys were required to be in attendance only at the opening in the morning and at recitations; he was included among this number. Otis usually took two studies, rarely three. He got up at four o'clock in the morning, studied until nine, then went to opening exercises and recitations; the rest of

the day was spent on the bench. He was a good shoemaker, and worked with a will, having an object in view which reached far into the future. Arranging an attachment to his bench upon which he could place a book, out of the way, and yet where he could study it, he set up his Greek or Latin grammar, taking a glance at the book, and at the same time pegging away at the shoes. In this way his time was turned to a good account both for study and shoe-making. He remained in the school four years or more, and nearly completed a fitting for college. The income from his work paid his expenses and left a small amount for clothing.

When he was eighteen he taught his first school. It was in Upton. The term was eight weeks, for which he received eighteen dollars per month besides board. All but one dollar of this he turned over to his father on the account of his time. His next school was in Newton Center, a term of four months at twenty dollars per month. Most of this went to his father. Then he taught two terms of six months each in Watertown, receiving twenty-five dollars per month, with which he was able to square the account for his time.

In the intervals between teaching he was back in Holliston, working on the bench, with the exception of a few weeks spent at Wilbraham. At Wilbraham there was an academy, a Methodist institution, at which he thought he might better himself. He resolved to try it. Although it was seventy miles away he walked the distance in two days, hired a room in which to board himself, and began to study. He lived very simply, mostly upon hasty pudding, occasionally having molasses with it. For variety, he had "sap porridge," which was made of meal, molasses, and water boiled together. He found no good chance to help himself here by work, got homesick, and after a few weeks set out for home with his clothes and books in a bundle upon his back, living by the way on Boston crackers.

His weekly expenses at Wilbraham, including room rent, were seventy-five cents. No doubt he was getting, in these experiences, some valuable preparation for his future work. Through these years he was hale and hearty.

After this he tried the Methodist school at Kent's Hill, Maine. He paid a dollar for his

passage to Augusta on a schooner, and walked from that place to the school. He liked very well, but could get no work at his trade there. He could do better at Holliston, and very soon returned to that place. When speaking of his religious life during these years, he said, "My religious life during these years, as I now look back upon it, affords me much comfort and satisfaction." The Methodist church at Holliston was composed of active Christians; not only were meetings held regularly at the church, but often in schoolhouses and private residences in various parts of the town. Wherever the meeting was he was usually sure to be present, without regard to the state of weather or traveling, and it was his custom to take part. His faithfulness and excellent qualities were appreciated, and as time went on he became superintendent of the Sabbath school, a class leader, and almost an "exhorter." He says: "I am not sure what others thought of me, but I imagine that I was looked upon as a steady young man of moderate abilities; as to scholarship, I certainly stood not above the average. My brother Frederick, two years older, was a fine scholar, and left me far in the rear."

His opinion of his abilities and efforts was very modest, but his courage amid difficult circumstances, his loyalty to conviction, his readiness to deny himself for the sake of accomplishing the great purpose which he had, have rarely been excelled or equalled in youth.

Surely God was making no mistake in laying his hands upon such a young man. The world might reasonably expect to hear from him, and feel the power of his life when his opportunity should come.

CHAPTER II

CHANGE IN CHURCH RELATIONS — APPOINTMENT AS MISSIONARY TO INDIA — ORDINATION — MARRIAGE TO CATHARINE ELIZABETH PALMER — DEPARTURE FOR THE FIELD

CONVERSION brought to Otis R. Bacheler the conviction that he must preach the gospel. He surrendered to the conviction, and began at once to prepare for the ministry. He had become deeply interested in the heathen. The death of Melville Fox in Africa, and his dying words, "Let thousands die ere Africa be given up," made a great impression upon him. "This plea," he says, "rang through my soul ever after," and he earnestly wished to be a missionary to "the dark continent."

About that time church authorities decided that Europeans could not live in Africa, and that in the future only colored people should be sent there. This decision greatly disappointed him, and while he felt obliged to renounce

his long-cherished desire to go to Africa, he did not surrender his intention to become a missionary. South America then seemed to be the only field opening up to him, and he took up the study of Spanish, thinking that he might be led to that country; but about that time an important event transpired that broke up his plans, and led him to believe for a time that it was out of the question for him to become a missionary. The abolition contest was then raging furiously, and many of the northern Methodists were strongly tinctured with anti-slavery sentiments. The southern Methodists demanded that the agitation of the subject should be suppressed throughout the Methodist church, and threatened to secede if this were not done. A strong body of proslavery advocates came on to attend the Northern Conferences. The New York Conference was but slightly tinctured with the obnoxious sentiment, and the three or four ministers who were implicated were easily silenced.

The great battle had to be fought in the New England Conference. The session was held in Boston, in the North Bennett Street

church. Dr. Bacheler was there, a quiet but very interested listener. Several of the strongest men in the Conference were active abolitionists. The battle was fierce and long; neither party would yield. However, a majority were willing to submit to the demands of the South. They did so, and the pronounced abolitionists decided to secede and organize a new denomination. Orange Scott and Jotham Horton, men eminent for their talents and piety, were leaders in the movement. The effect of this meeting upon Dr. Bacheler, and the results to which it led him, will be described best in his own language. He says: —

"I left that Conference with the conviction that I could not be a minister in the Methodist connection. This was a sore trial to me, for my heart had long been set on going to some mission field, and with leaving the Methodist connection I must forego my long-cherished desire. My sympathies from childhood had been with the Free-will Baptists, and, had there been a church of that denomination within reach, I think I should have united with them at the outset; but there were none nearer than Boston

on one side, and Rhode Island on the other. My older brother Frederick had already united with the Baptists at Medway, five miles away, but he had imbibed strong Calvinistic sentiments, the only one of our family, though all the older members, parents included, had joined the Congregationalists. The next winter I was to teach a six months' school at Watertown. So on leaving Holliston, I took a letter from the Methodist minister to enable me to unite elsewhere, not telling him I was leaving the denomination. At Watertown I was six miles from Boston, where there were then two Free Baptist churches, and one in Charlestown. I found it quite convenient to walk into town Sabbath mornings, attend one or two of these meetings, and walk back in the evening. During the winter I concluded to offer myself to the Causeway Street Freewill Baptist church, Dr. Holman pastor. I called on the Doctor, and was kindly received. I told him my whole story, not omitting my long-cherished desire to be a missionary, and what a trial it had been to abandon it. He did not seem to have much missionary enthusiasm, but advised me to think more favorably of

the opening western field. I was received into the Boston church. It is true that I had understood through *The Morning Star* that the Free Baptist Mission Board were then looking for a candidate for their mission, but I had no idea that they would think for a moment of sending out one so lately received into the denomination.

"In the spring of 1839 I had fully determined to close my school to bury myself in the West, as teacher and lay preacher. On talking over the matter with Dr. Holman, he urged me to take out a preacher's license before going West. He urged this so strenuously, insisting that it would give me an introduction to friends and help me in many ways, that I finally consented that my name should be sent up asking for a preacher's license. I was ready to go West but consented to wait a week or two to attend this meeting.

"The time came and my case was presented, with the recommendation of the Boston church. To my surprise some objections were raised. Bro. Silas Curtis took the lead, claiming that as I had been teaching in Watertown, a strong Unitarian town, I should undergo a close exam-

ination, and that I should preach before the Quarterly Meeting. I thought this a very strange and unheard-of requirement, and for a time was strongly inclined to leave the meeting and flee to the West. To settle my disturbed mind and also to mature my plans, I took a stroll into a neighboring pasture (now a densely-populated part of Lowell). I was twenty-two years old, had never spoken from a text more than once or twice, and then to small companies. But here was a large congregation with a dozen or more ministers, and I was required to preach before them, not from any sense of duty, or for any purpose except to show them whether I could preach or not. A most preposterous idea, surely, for Free-will Baptists! My feelings rose in rebellion, but anon I felt a quiet independence and resignation, and I said to myself: 'This is none of my seeking, and I am not responsible. I shall soon be away, and whether I succeed or fail, it will make but little difference, and will soon be forgotten; and since they will have it so, so be it.' I returned to the meeting, and heard the notice given that a young brother would preach for a license in the vestry immediately

after the then present exercise. The meeting was prolonged, and I was congratulating myself that as it was already late, and all were tired, my congregation would be very small, but on going to the vestry, I found it packed, mostly with factory girls, and ministers who were there officially.

"With very little time for preparation, I took for my text James 5 : 20, — 'He which converteth the sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins.' I felt no diffidence and talked my allotted time without embarrassment. I had to put on the brakes to choke out from my mind the ridiculous part I was forced to act. Then came the examination, which was pronounced satisfactory."

Probably Dr. Bacheler could not have found a denomination more in sympathy with his anti-slavery convictions than were the Free Baptists at that time. The fight was going on among them, and the denomination very unitedly stood together against slavery. In the General Conference of 1837 it was "*Resolved*, that slavery as it exists in this country is a system of tyranny; of tyranny more cruel and wicked

than the oppression and wrong practiced by any other civilized nation in the known world." In the next Conference at Conneaut, Ohio, in 1839, even stronger resolutions were passed, setting forth the belief that the antislavery cause was the cause of God, and recommending every Christian and Christian minister to promote its interests. Dr. William M. Howsley, a licensed preacher from Kentucky, came to the Conference, united with the church in Conneaut, and asked ordination at the hands of the Conference. He acknowledged slavery to be a great moral evil, but declined to give freedom to slaves that he owned. The report of the committee on his case was decisive and plain. It was this: "As Dr. Howsley claims property in human beings, we cannot ordain him as a minister, or fellowship him as a Christian." This report was unanimously adopted. Dr. Howsley claimed to represent twenty thousand Free Baptists in Kentucky. The same Conference decided not to continue fellowship with five thousand Free Baptists in North and South Carolina who advocated slavery, thus decreasing their numbers, and putting a barrier against further growth in the slave-

holding South for many years. But the Free Baptist denomination said, "Not quantity but quality; let the church represent righteousness." Dr. Bacheler was in hearty sympathy with the attitude of this people, and among them found a home.

At the time of Dr. Bacheler's examination for license Dr. Mack, Secretary of the Free Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, was searching for a candidate for the mission field. He was present at the examination, and requested the privilege of asking one question. Having permission, he asked, "In case the path of duty is made plain would you be willing to become a missionary to the heathen?" Without waiting for the candidate to reply Dr. Holman answered, "Brother Bacheler has long cherished that desire, and has long been studying with that object in view."

The candidate was asked to retire while the council consulted. As he did so Dr. Mack followed him, and in a few moments learned his history, and concerning his fondly cherished plans. He was deeply interested when the candidate told him that he had been quietly

studying medicine with the purpose of becoming a medical missionary, for the work of the mission had been much interrupted on account of the need of a medical missionary. Dr. Mack advised the candidate to form no plans until he had opportunity to confer with others, assuring him that he would write him in a few days. Without any doubt, during those few moments in which these two men were together, Dr. Mack decided that he had found the man for whom he was searching. Future developments show that such was the fact.

At once the western plan vanished; the horizon did not stop with North or South America, or with Africa; it reached out to the land of the Vedas. The man whose first mission inspiration led him to prepare for Africa was to go to India, but in this respect he was not unlike many other missionaries. Judson felt called to India but found no welcome until he reached Burmah. Carey at first purposed to go to Tahiti, and David Livingstone shaped all his early plans for China. In each case it was doubtless necessary for these men to begin as they did, for God to get them where he wanted them.

Dr. Bacheler was urged to supply a little church which had just been organized at Grafton. He concluded to do so, going the next Lord's day. He supplied here for several months, living at his father's during the week, and pursuing his medical studies. Very soon after this meeting with Dr. Mack he received a letter from him asking him to meet the Mission Board at Livingstone, Me. He went as invited, and, after an examination, was appointed a missionary to India, with the instruction to sail on the first ship going from Boston to Calcutta; it was uncertain when that would be. In the meantime he was advised to continue his studies.

Up to this time he had not confided his plans to his parents, and how they learned of them is not known. Reticence in regard to one's self is said to be a prominent Bacheler trait. His parents did not oppose his plans, however, for which he was very thankful. Concerning this matter, he said: "Being the youngest and smallest of the family, I had always been called 'little Otis,' and my big, prosperous brothers told me I was a foolish boy, and had better stay at home. One of them said I would

come back in the same ship I went out in." But they evidently did not realize the firm grasp that God had upon the life of "little Otis."

During his school-days at Holliston he became intimately acquainted with Catharine E. Palmer, who was about his own age. They boarded at the same place, and had ample opportunity of knowing each other. They had agreed to try the experiences of life together, and to be married when the proper time should come. He at once told her of the opening for them to go to India, to which she responded at once, saying that mission work had been much in her mind, and that she would be ready to engage in it, if such should be their privilege.

No ship was expected to sail for Calcutta until late in the autumn, so in August he entered Dartmouth Medical School at Hanover. As he had supported himself thus far he determined to do so now. He must needs make close calculations. At Holliston he had made shoes enough to pay his board. The people at Grafton had paid him six dollars each Lord's day for his services; with this he could pay his tuition, but he had very little left for board. He planned

to hire a room, and dispense with a bed, making a quantity of straw and his cloak answer to sleep upon; but when he met the faculty and told them that he was preparing for a mission field, they informed him that they took no fees from mission students. This saved him fifty dollars, gave him the luxury of a bed, and the opportunity to board himself in a comfortable manner. His expenses for board did not exceed one dollar per week.

While at Hanover he had a preaching experience which he never forgot, and which he sometimes repeated to others. The Congregational minister at Hartford on the Vermont side of the river from Hanover was having a vacation and he was asked to supply for one Lord's day. He says: —

"I walked over Sabbath morning, arriving just in time; took my seat in the pulpit and was selecting my hymns, when to my surprise the minister came in. I had understood that he had left the place, but he had been delayed. He was very kind, offered to select my hymns, and asked for my text. My modesty was such that I was completely floored. I begged him to take

the service, but he would not hear of that. I had prepared two sermons, supposing there were to be two services. Thinking I could do better with the afternoon one, I dropped the morning one, and took the other. In a word, I changed front in the face of battle, always a dangerous, if not foolish thing to do. To add to my annoyance and confusion, some of my fellow-students had come in. I stammered, staggered, and felt that if there had been a hole in the pulpit floor, I would have slipped through out of sight. I worried through about twenty minutes, then took my hat, telling the minister I must go. He begged me to stay for the afternoon and said I had done very well, but I knew better, and I hastened away, the first out of the house. I walked quietly till out of sight, and then ran, jumped, and danced till I had covered three or four miles, and reached the bridge over the Connecticut and into Hanover. This raised a serious question in my mind: Could I ever be a preacher? Mr. Wood, the Congregational minister at Hanover, had arranged for me to preach the next Sabbath at a schoolhouse over the mountain on the Canaan side, where he said there were a few Free

Baptist families, and I had engaged to go, so I decided to make this a test. If I should fail there I would give the matter up; if I should succeed, then I would go on. I went; had perfect freedom and no embarrassment. I went home feeling strong, and wishing that I might have a chance to go to Hartford again. During the week, to my surprise one of the deacons from Hartford called at my room and asked me to take the service the next Sabbath. I responded at once, 'Yes, most gladly.' The Sabbath came and I went over. This time I felt strong and went prepared. I even wished some of my fellow-students might be there, but none came. I enjoyed it all and felt no diffidence. One of the deacons invited me home to dinner, and asked me rather significantly, I thought, if I was the same man who had preached to them two Sabbaths before. I walked home quietly this time and was very happy. That was my first and only breakdown. I never was much of a preacher, but have always been able to say what I wished to say."

When he finished the medical term he left Hanover with quite a little money in his pocket,

and entered the Harvard Medical School, as its winter course of lectures was then just about to open. The same advantages were offered him there as at Hanover, namely, no fees for lectures, and only five dollars for matriculation. He says: "The Dean received me kindly, and only asked me to remember the college, and send them some specimens from India. Poor man, he was afterwards hanged for the murder of Dr. Parkman!"

Arrangements must now be made for a five months' residence in Boston. He had but little money, yet he did not lack for courage. He engaged a room in Belknap Street, of a Mrs. Wilde, a Christian woman who occupied a small upper tenement with her two daughters. He paid her one dollar per week for a small room, furnished with a straw bed, a table, and two or three chairs. To this he added a small stove, and felt quite independent. During these months he lived chiefly on potatoes, bread, and crackers. When speaking of these experiences, he said: "I think I did not take meat while in the Medical School at Harvard, and only once while I was at Hanover." His board while in

Boston, including room rent, was something less than three dollars a week. One breakfast dish, exceedingly convenient and a great favorite, was fried potatoes. He would boil up a quantity of potatoes, slice some of these, add a little lard and salt, sprinkle over them crumbed crackers, cover up this mixture in a frying-pan and place it on the stove. This he could do in the evening before going to bed; then in the morning, with kindlings ready, he would jump out of bed, start the fire, then get into bed for a few moments; when his room would be warm, his breakfast ready, — a breakfast which he said was "fit for a king." On this he could walk a mile or more to the college on Mason Street; then back a mile further to the Massachusetts General Hospital twice daily, attend five or six lectures, spend an hour in the eye infirmary or smallpox hospital, take notes, and read up to follow the lectures, having intermission for a piece of bread at noonday.

The church at Grafton, where he supplied before going to Hanover, was again vacant. He was in need of funds, and he engaged to supply there for the winter, receiving six dollars each

Lord's day. Grafton was forty miles from Boston; he could go to New England Village on the Worcester Railroad, a distance of thirty-five miles, then walk to Farnumsville on the Blackstone River, a distance of five miles. He could leave Boston at 4 P. M., reach New England Village in the evening, preach twice next day, get his breakfast on Monday morning without disturbing the family, walk back the five miles, and at early dawn meet the Worcester train, and reach Boston at ten o'clock, losing only two lectures. After paying carfare he had left about four dollars a week.

As a medical student he took up dentistry, giving special attention to filling teeth. This gave him work occasionally, and added a little to his resources. With so much work during the short winter days he found it impossible to keep awake and study through the evening, but he could not be idle; consequently he arranged with his brother William to buy him a case of shoes ready for bottoming, and found a shoe shop near by with a spare bench and one man at work, who was glad to give him use of the shop for his company. Here at his old trade he

spent his evenings, keeping himself awake, and earning a little more money. With these helps he was able to pay his expenses, and purchase a *new* coat, the first that he had for years, for he had long patronized the second-hand clothing stores on Brattle Street, when he was obliged to replenish his wardrobe. He rarely indulged in a new article of any kind. When relating these experiences in later life he says : —

"When I recur to this after more than fifty-five years, with what I have observed of student life, and of different plans for securing an education, the question arises, Was all this necessary in my case? To which I reply that my spirit of independence was unconquerable, and though my older brothers were thriving business men with ample means, and, if I asked, would, I presume, have helped me, yet I could never ask for help, and certainly I should never have accepted it if it had been proffered. I preferred to enter upon the active duties of life with a limited education, without aid from others, trusting to habits of study to make up the deficiency afterwards, rather than to take a higher course at the expense of others. This

may have been the offspring of pride, but I could not do otherwise."

We have been especially particular to mention these facts concerning that heroic struggle for an education, not only because it is due him that this be done, but also that they may become an encouragement to others engaged in the same struggle. No young man can read these experiences in the early life of our sainted missionary, whatever difficulties he may encounter, without gaining great courage and inspiration, and feeling ashamed to give up the struggle, plainly seeing that God helps those who help themselves.

Of Allen Gardiner, the founder of the Patagonian mission, it is related that when he said "yes" to his divine call to become a missionary, he disciplined himself for the work before him in many ways, one of which was to sleep upon the bare floor. Our prospective missionary found plenty of rugged discipline all through his preparation which well fitted him for the jungle and mountain wilds of Bengal and Orissa. He regarded these experiences as friends, and used them as such. He says:—

"There was one incident connected with my life in Boston that I have often boasted of, in reproving our India native preachers, when they have complained of the hardships they had to endure in walking a few miles in prosecuting their work. I have mentioned that I was supplying every Sabbath at Grafton. As I was not ordained the people wished for an exchange in order that they might have communion. On Saturday afternoon I received a letter informing me that arrangements had been made with the minister of Woonsocket, R. I., to administer to them the sacrament the next Sabbath, and I must supply his place. I immediately looked about to find by what means I could reach Woonsocket for the morning service next day. There were no railroads or stage routes in that direction then, so I very soon marked out a plan which I was sure I could accomplish. I took the train at 4 P. M. for Framingham, twenty miles; then a walk of five miles brought me to my father's in Holliston. My mother was taken quite by surprise as I emerged from the darkness into her quiet sitting-room. She hastily prepared me a little supper, and in half an hour or so I was

again on the road. A walk of ten miles brought me to Mendon, where I slept for the night in a wayside inn. By sunrise or before I was again on the road, and a walk of eight miles brought me into Woonsocket. The parsonage was a mile farther on at Blackstone. Thither I went and got my breakfast, then back to the church. After preaching twice, one of the brethren invited me home to a late dinner, after which I began my homeward journey. I walked back to my father's that evening, eighteen miles, and most of the time it was raining. My mother was more surprised to see me than on the evening before, as it was late, nearly bedtime. My cloak was wet and it took some time to dry it, so I was not off very early the next morning. I thought I would sacrifice a little in time, and save my railroad fare, so after breakfast I took the road again, and walked to Newton, sixteen miles. My brother Frederick was in the Theological Seminary at the time, and I was glad to sleep with him for a night in the Seminary. That was the nearest I ever came to a theological education, which, by the way, I have never regretted. The next morning I was up early

and off to Boston, eight miles. I was in season for the first lecture of Tuesday morning. I had travelled eighty-seven miles in filling that appointment, sixty-seven of which I had walked. I never thought this worth mentioning, it was all done so easily, till I came in contact with the native preachers in India, who seemed to think a walk of ten or twenty miles was hard lines; then I began to think that I had really done something worth telling."

In the spring of 1840 the new ship *General Harrison* was chartered to take a cargo of ice to Calcutta, and passage was engaged on her for three missionaries, Otis R. Bacheler, Miss Catharine E. Palmer (soon to be Mrs. Bacheler), and Miss Hannah Cummings. Preparations were speedily made, but much had to be done. Ocean voyages were different then from what they now are; travellers must go all the way by a sailing vessel, and the voyage would take four months at least. They must take a large amount of clothing and considerable furniture. Benjamin Bacheler, a brother of Otis, loaned him fifty dollars for the purchase of surgical instruments, which, with a little added from his own scanty

means, gave him a very fair outfit. The Mission Board appropriated seventy dollars for medicines, which afforded him a good supply for a year or more. He had accumulated some books and added a few more from the outfit allowance.

March 7, 1840, was the date fixed for the ordination of Brother Bacheler "as an evangelist to join our mission in Hindustan." It was to occur in the Free Baptist church at Lowell, Mass., and Rev. Martin Cheney, of Providence, R. I., was to preach the sermon. The announcement was made accordingly. The people gathered at the appointed place. The afternoon was spent in fasting and prayer, and a large degree of the divine presence was manifest. In the evening the house was filled; the exercises were very solemn and interesting. The following is the program as recorded: —

1. Invocation by N. Thurston.
2. Anthem by the choir.
3. Reading Scripture by A. Caverno.
4. Prayer by B. Phelon.
5. Singing hymn 661 ("Christian Melody").
6. Sermon by M. Cheney.
7. Ordaining prayer by S. Curtis.

8. Charge by D. P. Cilley.
9. Right hand of fellowship by B. Phelon.
10. Hymn 664 ("Christian Melody").
11. Address to the missionaries by E. Mack.
12. Address to the congregation by J. W. Holman.
13. Collection.
14. Original hymn by a lady of Lowell.
15. Benediction by the candidate.

Martin Cheney's sermon was preached from the text, "Go ye," etc. Miss Palmer and Miss Cummings were also set apart for mission work at this meeting. When the corresponding secretary gave his hand to the three missionaries, the great congregation rose spontaneously, thus manifesting their interest and sympathy.

On extending to Mr. Bacheler the hand of fellowship, Mr. Phelon made lengthy remarks upon several reasons which the people had for respecting him. He said: —

"First, as a man we respect you." He here spoke of his industry, economy, and self-reliance. "Secondly, we respect you as a Christian," especially emphasizing his devotional spirit. "Thirdly, we respect you as a minister of Jesus Christ.

Fourthly, we respect you because you are destined for Orissa in Hindustan, the land of darkness. Fifthly, and lastly, we respect you and fellowship you because you are going to the land of darkness, to do good to the souls of men. You will benefit the body, so did Christ; but it was for their souls that he died."

This extract shows to some extent in what high esteem Brother Bacheler was held by those who knew him. We believe that it was but a feeble portrayal of his real virtues.

But other important preparations were to be made; another event of great interest was at hand. Upon the day following the ordination — the 8th of May, 1840 — the marriage of Otis R. Bacheler and Catharine E. Palmer occurred. It was a very quiet occasion; no outside guests were present, for duties connected with preparation for their departure left neither time nor strength for the formalities customary at such occasions. On the morning of the 10th, the second day after their marriage, they went on board the ship. A large company gathered to see them off, among whom were Mrs. Bacheler's father and mother, brother and sisters, several

members of Mr. Bacheler's family, brothers and sisters from their own and neighboring churches, and many unknown to them. At this time both Mr. and Mrs. Bacheler were members of the Second Free Baptist Church in Boston. At the wharf there were services conducted by Dr. Mack. "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was sung, a prayer in which the missionaries were committed to the care of God the Father was offered; then "All ashore, going ashore," and the ship, loosed from her moorings, swung out into the channel. The band at the Charlestown Navy Yard, where these events had been closely watched, then began to play "Home, Sweet Home," the last audible utterance from native land. Slowly they floated with the tide down the harbor; slowly the crowd on the wharf diminished and faded out until only a few family friends remained, waving their handkerchiefs. It was a joyful, sad time. The friends on the wharf were deeply affected at the parting. No one but those who have experienced it know the intense, peculiar heart-longing of those who are leaving their native land. And yet under those circumstances, with the band playing that most

touching of airs, with a long, disagreeable voyage before them, it was so much a joyful time to the missionaries that " on their part, no tears were shed " ; the day long prayed for, long looked for, had come; they had indeed begun the long journey to the land and people which God had made dearer to them than their own lives.

And now since we have been introduced to Mrs. Bacheler, the wife of our missionary, whose life we are especially called upon to record, herself a missionary thoroughly possessed of the mission spirit, and one with her husband in devotion, zeal, and self-denial, so long as life lasted, it is well for us to know something of her previous life. Catharine Elizabeth Palmer was born in West Roxbury, Mass., in 1816. Her father was a well-to-do farmer, owning and tilling an excellent farm, carrying his produce to the Boston market. Her mother was a prudent, hard-working woman. Both parents were members of the Methodist church at Newton Upper Falls. She had three brothers and three sisters, William, Charlotte, Lavina, Thomas, George, and Caroline. In 1895 all of them were residing in California. Catharine was next to the oldest.

She had some experience in district school teaching, having for those times a good English education. She also learned dressmaking and millinery. In 1837 she went to Holliston and established a business for herself. Here she and her future husband became acquainted with and interested in each other.

Early in life she confessed Christ and united with the church of which her parents were members. A few weeks before her marriage and start for India she changed her church membership to the Second Free Baptist Church of Boston, of which Rev. Benjamin Phelon was pastor, by whom she was immersed, her former Methodist pastor being opposed to this form of baptism. Mrs. Bacheler was a faithful and noble woman, with a devotion to mission work equal to that of her husband, and in this work so dear to her she early surrendered her life.

With happy anticipations these two young people set out, beginning their life together, ambassadors to "the regions beyond."

CHAPTER III

THE VOYAGE AND ARRIVAL — SICKNESS — GETTING TO WORK — MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

SEA voyages were not as comfortable and inviting in those days as at the present time. Then our missionaries must make the trip to India in a sailing vessel, a freighter with few and poor accommodations for passengers. The *General Harrison* had but one vacant stateroom, and, of course, Miss Cummings was justly entitled to that. For Mr. and Mrs. Bacheler a temporary room was made between decks opening out of the after cabin, the only light for which was a glass sunk in the deck about ten inches by four, except when the door into the cabin was open. Captain Bullard was in command, a young man, but an excellent seaman.

The bill of fare was very different from that furnished on a ship of the American Line or a "P and O" steamship to-day. For the first two weeks they had potatoes, afterwards hard biscuit to the end of the voyage. The biscuit was

wet with hot water and buttered for breakfast, the same for supper. Salt beef and pork were always on the table, and this with "hard tack," and something in the shape of a soft pudding, constituted dinner. On Lord's day dinner was a little more pretentious, when a plum pudding, an institution of the sea which the sailors called "duff," was brought on. With this meal some raisins were usually supplied for dessert. While a scanty stock lasted, roast pork and fowl helped to make a very enjoyable dinner. The ship and her water-casks were new, consequently the water soon became putrid, and every mixture prepared to remedy it failed. Once or twice the steward attempted to make bread, but gave it up as a bad job. And yet our missionaries kept hearty and healthy on this fare.

Time was not heavy on their hands; they could plan, and watch the ever-changing sea. Now there was a whale in sight, then a school of porpoises to vary the monotony. At night the stars were a delightful study. Every Lord's day, when the weather permitted, Captain Bullard arranged to have religious services on deck. The missionaries were privileged to con-

duct these meetings, and all on board were cordially invited to attend. On these occasions God seemed very near. They were profitable — to what extent He only knows. Any opportunity for helpful conversation with the sailors was not overlooked, and such opportunities frequently occurred, which with the rest of the world so far away, and God's omnipotence constantly suggested, made it one of the best places to be found for that purpose.

Dr. Bacheler found it necessary to study, arrange, and to some extent compound his medicines for future use. To one of the sailors his medicine-chest was quite a curiosity, a fact to which the Doctor sometimes referred with considerable merriment. He said concerning it:—

"One of the sailors, a West India negro, had the idea that with so much medicine I could not only cure disease, but that by judicious treatment any disease that flesh is heir to might be prevented. So he would think up, as far as his limited knowledge would allow, such and such diseases as he might possibly be subject to in the future, and come to me for the anticipatory treatment. His continued calls annoyed

me and I mentioned it to the captain. He said, 'Send him to me when he comes again.' He soon came, and I told him the captain had the medicine for him. Soon after he was seen prostrate on deck, and violently engaged in that exercise which reminds one of an ancient prophet. He troubled me no more. One dose of lobelia cured him of all desire for medicine."

Excepting one sad occurrence the voyage was pleasant and quite uneventful. During a heavy gale a boy seventeen or eighteen years old fell from aloft and was lost. It was his first voyage. He carelessly went to his work with a heavy pea-jacket on, and lost his hold. An attempt to lower a boat failed, and he found his grave in the wide, deep sea. This event cast a gloom over all on board.

After one hundred and ten days, in which they had seen nothing shorelike except the uninhabited rocks in the south Atlantic, they beheld the black pagoda, and then the temple of Jagurnath, on the coast of Orissa. Calcutta was not far away, and upon reaching it they were met by Mr. Noyes, one of our first missionaries. Here they spent two weeks, being

entertained in the kind, Christian family of Mr. Biss. They secured passage to Balasore on a small coasting schooner, expecting to make this voyage of one hundred and fifty miles in three days; but instead it occupied thirteen. With an extra supply of biscuit they managed to subsist. It was in the month of October; the weather was fair with no wind, the drinking water was almost putrid, mosquitoes were large and ravenous, the nearly vertical sun made the day intensely hot, the nights were damp. Having to sleep on deck under the open sky they laid the foundation for fever, which developed after they arrived at Balasore, and nearly proved fatal to Mrs. Bacheler. Only through sad experiences have missionaries learned that undue exposure and lack of care before they became acclimated have shortened the time of service and even the lives of many of their number.

After thirteen days, — in which time a trip can now be made from New York to Liverpool and return, — they anchored at the mouth of the Balasore River, at noon, on an ebb tide, under a tropical sun. Even now we see them —

Rev. Eli Noyes, Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, and Hannah Cummings — landing on the sandy shore, walking three miles through sand and occasional pools of water to the Chandipore bungalow, a European seaside house; there remaining until late in the evening without food, water, or light, Mrs. Bacheler and Miss Cummings enduring the discomfortures within, while Dr. Bacheler tramps the veranda continuously, humming snatches of an old and dolorous hymn, which Mrs Hannah Cummings Phillips would rather not hear sung, even to this day.

From a far-off country they came, impelled by a burning love for the souls of their fellowmen in this strange land, not only because some centuries back they had a common ancestry, but more because they had a common Saviour who had said to His disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." All of this little band excepting Hannah Cummings Phillips have joined that great company of those who have finished their earthly toils.

At 9 P. M. conveyances arrived and they took up their slow march toward Balasore, a distance

of eight miles, arriving there at midnight. Balasore had been occupied by our missionaries for two years, and here Dr. Bacheler was to begin his work for India. It was then a small town of about 15,000 inhabitants. Rev. Eli Noyes was the missionary in charge, but hardships and fever had so impaired his health that he was then able to do but little, and was obliged to leave the country very soon. Rev. and Mrs. Noyes had a boarding school for girls and boys numbering about forty; they also had the nucleus of a church numbering seven. A small house, vacated a few months before, was for sale, and Dr. Bacheler purchased it for $300.

These workers, eager to talk to the heathen, found themselves tongue-tied. They must learn new languages and this they set themselves about at once. Together with the study of the language Dr. Bacheler looked after the construction of new houses for the children. These children in the boarding school were orphans, brought in from a severe famine the year before, and they had to be fed, clothed, and trained. Mrs. Bacheler entered into the work with interest. As soon as she could make herself under-

stood she took charge of the larger girls, taking them to her own room, where she taught them not only the rudiments of the language but also to sew, knit, and do domestic work. This she continued year after year with unflagging devotion.

Together with learning the language the new missionary can make himself very useful in building and repairing houses, looking after the food supply, and holding a limited conversation with the natives. Dr. Bacheler spent fully six hours of the day in the study of Oriya in connection with the cognate languages of India. In speaking of this he says, "My progress was not rapid." Every evening he accompanied a native preacher into the town where he preached, always having good congregations. There were at that time in the station two very acceptable preachers, one from the General Baptist Mission at Cuttack, and the other an old man converted at Balasore not long before this time, so that they were able to keep up regular bazaar preaching, a work which has always distinguished our mission. During the months of the cold season, from November to February inclusive, he joined

in the tent work, moving from village to village every few days. This has been another distinguishing work throughout the history of the mission, and it has been very profitable to the natives and interesting to the missionary and native preacher. Dr. Bacheler at first went with these two efficient native preachers and others who could well occupy the preaching time, wisely declining to speak publicly until he had been in the country a year and a half. Bazaar preaching was a work fondly cherished by Dr. Bacheler. He regarded it as one of the most important branches of the mission effort, and when upon his return to India after his first furlough to America he located at Midnapore he at once fitted up a stand in the city, under a tree, where every night at about sunset the gospel might be heard. When at home he was usually there himself with students and native preachers, surrounded by a motley crowd easily brought together, and when he was not there other missionaries took his place. What a sacred place this seemed to us as we were permitted to stand upon that same platform when in India, and tell the listeners of Jesus Christ, having that

most intelligent and consecrated man of God, Sachidananda Rai, to interpret for us. To-day preaching is kept up at that place — "School Bazaar"; to-day the spot is fragant with tender memories of Dr. Bacheler, and during his last years in this country, even until he died, they tell us that when the men came to that place to listen they frequently inquired for him whom they so truly loved. To many of them he seemed as Moses did to the Israelites. But we shall speak of both bazaar and cold-season work at greater length further on.

When Dr. Bacheler and his party reached India we had three missionaries in the field to welcome them, Rev. and Mrs. Eli Noyes and Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, the first two at Balasore, and the last at Jellasore, twenty-eight miles away. Of these fellow-laborers we will let Dr. Bacheler speak himself, and express his estimate. He says: —

"Arriving at Balasore, October, 1840, I found two missionaries, Rev. Eli Noyes and wife, who had been there about two years. He was about twenty-eight years of age, and had been in India four years. He was a remarkable man, with only

OLD SCHOOL BAZAAR, MIDNAPORE. DR. BACHELER'S FAVORITE PREACHING STAND.

a district school education, but he was a natural scholar, and a very able preacher. He made great proficiency in the language, and after his return to America, became somewhat distinguished as a Hebrew teacher, and also published a Hebrew Grammar which was a valuable help to beginners. He was an excellent missionary, laid out work well, and prosecuted it persistently. His social qualities were of a superior order, and he was a great favorite with the natives. Mrs. Noyes also was an excellent worker. Brother Noyes had suffered some months from dysentery, and soon after our arrival returned home.

"Jeremiah Phillips, about the same age, had been colaborer with Brother Noyes in Sumbulpore, where he had buried a wife and child under painful circumstances. On account of the bad climate they had been transferred to Balasore, and a few months before our arrival Brother Phillips had opened a new station at Jellasore, twenty-eight miles north of Balasore. He had buried a second wife. Afterward he married our fellow-passenger, Hannah Cummings. His twin boys, James and John, were about a year old when we arrived. James became the dis-

tinguished J. L. Phillips, M. D., D. D., who devoted his life to mission work in India. Brother Phillips and I were very intimate coworkers for many years, and we grew elderly together. He, too, was a remarkable man. Brought up on a farm, with limited education, with no unusual ability according to the world's judgment, he accomplished a great work by mere plodding perseverance. He was eminently a *good* man, and his earthly record without a spot. We two were alone in the mission for six years. J. C. Dow and Ruel Cooley came later, the former remaining only three or four years, when broken health compelled him to come home. The latter took charge of my work at Balasore when we were compelled to leave India, the last of 1851."

Some extracts from letters written by him to the Home Secretary concerning this first voyage, and the condition of things at the stations, may be of interest. From one dated Balasore, India, Nov. 6, 1840, we cull the following: —

DEAR BROTHER MACK: —

Your letters by way of England, of July 17th, arrived here Oct. 28th. We had a very pleasant and prosperous voyage of 113 days from pilot to pilot, and 119 to Calcutta, being about a week in passing up the Hooghly.

Our health during the passage was very good, our sea-sickness lasting but three or four days. During the remainder of the voyage we generally enjoyed the most perfect health. Our passage to the Cape was very long,—seventy-six days; the winds were light and baffling; we had nearly three weeks of perfect calm. But our passage from the Cape to Calcutta was quick and prosperous. Aug. 10th, after passing the Cape, having rather rough weather, a heavy sea came on board, throwing our ship on to one side so violently that ten or twelve bales of cotton cloth were dashed with great force into our state-room, crushing our table, boxes, etc., but fortunately doing but little essential damage. We considered it very providential that we were absent at the time, for had we been there we might have been severely injured. Soon after this we came into calmer weather, and enjoyed a delightful passage up the bay.

After speaking of the delay in Calcutta, and describing the disagreeable voyage in the dirty, poorly-managed schooner from Calcutta to Balasore, and the consequent sickness, he says: —

Brother Phillips came down to Balasore to meet us on our arrival, and remained with us several days, and during our illness assisted us not a little. Although late at night when we arrived we found Prasuram and several of the native Christians up to receive us. He welcomed us with a warm and affectionate heart. He is indeed a valuable assistant in our mission, a man of very prepossessing appearance, with a countenance indicating great mental activity, possessing the fiery look of a great orator, combined with a considerable share of mirthfulness

and benevolence. I have not seen a man in the country with a more intellectual appearance than Prasuram. Balasore appears to be an unusually fine station for India, although like most other parts of the country it must be subject to intermittent fever. It is said that there is not so much as a single hill in the province of Bengal, and the whole province is alluvial; the soil of Balasore appears to be diluvial, and we have high mountains within ten miles. Then we are but six miles from the sea, so that on one hand we have fine mountain air, and on the other the cooling breezes of the ocean. The mission appears to be prospering. The first Sabbath of the present month was a very interesting day.

Nov. 17th. Three days since my dear wife, who has been ill for a time, of renal inflammation, with slight attacks of fever, became afflicted with inflammation of the brain, so that for three or four days we all despaired of her life. But "prayer was made of the church for her," and, thanks be to God, prayer has been answered. She is now decidedly better. There are now no marks of active disease about her. We have every reason to hope that she will be well. I have deferred sending this till the last moment on her account. I hope it will reach you in good time.

Yours as ever,

O. R. BACHELER.

We insert a portion of the next letter which follows, for the sake of what is said concerning the recovery of Mrs. Bacheler, and for the report of the mission work at this time.

COOROOMA, 15 m. S. E. of Balasore,
Dec. 9, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER MACK: —

When I wrote you last Mrs. Bacheler was dangerously ill. I am now happy to say that in two weeks from the time that we despaired of her life, she was so far recovered that I was able to leave her and go into the country with Brother Noyes. Her disease was chronic nephritis, complicated with slow fever, which finally resulted in effusion on the brain. The difficulty was probably induced first by exposure on the voyage from Calcutta to Balasore, and afterward by over-exertion. But the Lord has seen fit to spare her, and we can but feel that it is in answer to prayer.

The mission appears to be in a prosperous state. The church at Balasore consists of four native members; two have lately joined. There are some three or four enquirers. At Jellasore there are six native members and some enquirers. The boarding schools are doing well — nobly. At Balasore there are twenty-seven children entirely supported by the mission, besides seven children of native Christians. At Jellasore there are also twenty-seven children, also supported by the mission. These children are constantly receiving instruction, both religious and literary. There are, then, sixty-one children who a short time since were heathen now receiving religious education. And I am happy to say that among this number there are many who bid fair to be useful in the church of the Lord. *The schools are the hope of the mission.*

There are Oriyah services twice in the chapel on Sabbath, and in English once. The native congregation is about forty, including school children. Generally there is bazaar preaching every day. . . .

I have said that two have lately joined the church; their baptism occurred soon after our arrival. One was

the case of a man, an East Indian, or half-blood, who had been living in sin for many years, and who had become a cripple as a result of his dreadful life. The other was a vile woman with whom he had lived for twelve years, but to whom he was married after conversion. He was unable to walk, and was carried into the water in a chair by four heathen. It was an interesting sight to see "publicans and harlots" pressing into the kingdom of heaven. *That was a blessed day*, and we hope that it is but the dawning of a more glorious day to our mission.

I have stated that Balasore is one of the best stations in India. It numbers about 15,000 inhabitants, has easy water communication with Calcutta, is a place of considerable trade, especially in salt, and when I tell you that nearly fifty vessels of different descriptions accompanied us when we came here, all belonging to the native inhabitants of Balasore, you will see that it is a place of considerable importance. Salt, which is manufactured in this region in great abundance, is the principal business. The climate must be healthful on account of the nearness of both the sea and the mountains. Yet, though favored more than many of our mission brethren, *we must suffer;* fever and ague we must endure. In the changes and inconveniences incident to a separation from the land of our birth, to a country entirely different in its climate, habits, and customs — the *antipodes* of our own — we must suffer much. Yet we regret not our choice, nor do we sigh for our native land. . . .

Having fitted himself as a medical missionary by studying privately, taking a course of lectures at Dartmouth, and another at the Harvard Medical School, and then, while waiting for the ship

to take him to Calcutta, making careful observations at the Boston hospitals for some weeks, he was eager to enter upon medical work. He had studied medicine nearly three years, and could pass the examinations, but the law which required a student to be entered three years with a practicing physician forbade him from taking his degree. Understanding the case and appreciating his worth, Dr. Crosby secured for him M. D. as an honorary degree. It proved to be a great advantage to him, and he went to India, not only with a degree, but also well prepared for the practice of medicine and surgery.

It may be well for us to take a brief survey of his medical work at this point. Immediately upon his arrival at Balasore it was understood that he would attend gratuitously all who wished medical assistance. This at once made him popular with the natives, and he had patients daily.

Attention to bodily ailments has often opened the way for a proclamation of the gospel in modern times as well as in the time of our Saviour; especially has this been true of medical missionaries. Whether the attention be given to a leper by the roadside, a helpless one on a cot, a

case of acute disease, or a broken limb, to show interest, to apply some remedy, is to secure an eager congregation to hear what is said. Dr. J. L. Phillips says : —

"One day I was galloping towards a market, when suddenly my horse halted before the huge body of a buffalo that lay prostrate in the road. These animals are very useful in India both for labor and for milk. This one had met with a serious accident. His right hind leg was out of joint, and the immense beast was in great pain. A native or two were trying to help the poor creature, but to no purpose. These people have very little idea of anatomy and less of surgery, and they are fearfully rough in all their manipulations. Upon my arrival the villagers began to gather, and after showing them how to relieve the distressed buffalo, I found a fine audience to preach to, standing thick all around us. The poor patient beast lay in the center of the crowd, and served for a text, and it was easy talking to ready listeners."

He also tells us how in one place, when it was very difficult to get the attention of the people, a child was brought to him with tumor of the

lower lip. The operation of removing this was tedious, the blood spurted in his face and flowed freely, but it served to attract the people, "and when all was over, the wound dressed, and the baby quietly helping himself from the mother's full breast, then was the time to preach and be heard. No one could ask for a better congregation. Everybody was respectful and attentive." Such experiences are common to the medical missionary; and while the many thousands have at different times been waiting their turn at Dr. Bacheler's office in Balasore and Midnapore, the opportunity has generally been improved to give to them the gospel message in word and tract. Thus the medical missionary has the twofold ministry of relieving physical suffering and preaching the gospel, either of which should always help the other. Dr. Bacheler opened a dispensary, where he treated cases and dispensed medicines. Early he formed a medical class to which he lectured, fitting the students to practice. After ten years of this work at this place, he says:—

"The Hindu system of medicine, deficient and in many respects erroneous as it is, is not

generally understood, even by the majority of native practitioners. Their knowledge does not extend beyond the mere rudiments of the profession. Of surgery they understand little. The blacksmith with his tongs serves as dentist, and the barber with his razor as surgeon, since these are the only persons supposed to have tools adapted to the practice of these professions.

" All our missionaries have found it necessary to engage, more or less, in alleviating the physical sufferings of the people among whom they have labored. A Dispensary was established in Balasore, which for ten years has been extensively patronized. Medicines have been dispensed to all who applied, and surgical operations performed for the last nine years. These applicants have usually been poor, such as were not able to pay for medical advice. The pilgrims on their return from Jagurnath have afforded a large number of patients; and many came from remote parts of the district, as well as from the town and vicinity of Balasore. During the last year, the number of applicants has very much increased, in consequence, probably, of the introduction of chloroform. A few

successful operations under its influence seemed to establish the confidence of the people to an extent never before known — not only in regard to surgical operations, but also in the use of European medicines generally.

"A small medical class has been formed, composed of young men from different parts of the province. They are pursuing a course of study sufficiently thorough, it is hoped, to enable them to practice medicine and surgery with success, according to European principles.

"In the absence of medical books, a lecture has been delivered daily, which each student has copied out for future reference; and these, when the course is completed, will embrace a sufficient amount of information to enable them to perform the duties of their calling with acceptance. They have rendered great assistance in the Dispensary, most of the labor of preparing and dispensing the medicines having been performed by them."

He says concerning the apparent results: —

"1. The time devoted to dispensing medicines has not, on the average, exceeded one hour daily.

"2. The expenses have been provided by friends who feel a particular interest in this cause, who might not, perhaps, feel the same interest in other departments of missionary labor.

"3. The missionary is brought much more in contact with the people than he could otherwise be. Wherever he goes he is sought after. At home, numbers throng his house; in the country, when on missionary excursions, his congregation is brought to his tent, and he is not under the necessity of going from village to village to collect a small company to which to preach the word of life. He is introduced to the retirement of the family, where the foot of the stranger seldom treads; he sits down as the familiar friend and adviser of those who seek his aid.

"4. He is more respected and loved than he would otherwise be; respected because he is able to render assistance in time of need; and loved, because he is willing to do so."

During the year 1850 number of cases treated,	2,407*
Surgical operations,	126
Operations under the influence of chloroform,	12

*"Hinduism and Christianity in Orissa," Messrs. C. Rand & Avery, Boston, 1856.

In his report published in 1864 Dr. Bacheler says: "Although located in the midst of hospitals, dispensaries, doctors, and quacks, in sufficient variety and abundance, we have still found occasion for the practice of the healing art. We rejoice in this from the fact that there are no circumstances in life where the distinctive and practical features of Christianity are so clearly marked as by the side of the sick and the dying. . . . We have found it necessary, however, to modify our plan of former years to meet local circumstances. A purely charitable Dispensary we could not sustain; hence we have adopted the plan of requiring payment for medicines from such as are able, while the poor are treated gratuitously." In his report of 1874, he says: "We still regard the Dispensary as a valuable means of good. The sale of medicine to those who are able to pay, meets the current expenses."

In his report of 1882 he says: "The last rainy season had an unusual rainfall. Our usual monthly average of patients had been about two hundred and fifty. There was a marked increase in August. In September and October

we registered two thousand for each month, in November three thousand, in December two thousand, in January one thousand, making ten thousand during five months." How busy he must have been! And yet he does not forget to add: "The opportunity for imparting Christian instruction has been greatly enlarged by this influx of patients. Our native preachers have been in attendance, more or less, to remind those seeking relief from physical suffering of their still greater need of looking to the Great Physician." Surely the combination of physician and minister could hardly find a more worthy exponent than in this man.

It will be remembered that when Dr. Bacheler returned to India in December, 1862, he located in Midnapore and established a Dispensary at that place. The Balasore Dispensary, established in 1840, was discontinued after a faithful service of twenty years, averaging about 2,200 patients a year during the last eighteen years of its existence. A branch dispensary was also established in connection with the mission station at Jellasore. The chief cause of its discontinuance at Balasore was the establishment of a

government hospital in the vicinity of the town. The native medical students under Dr. Bacheler's instruction proved valuable assistants in surgical operations and in medical work. Several of them rendered important service subsequently in other missions. One was called to Cuttack, one to Barhampore, and another to Calcutta, while several remained at Balasore. To help these students he published a "Medical Guide," at first in Oriya and subsequently much enlarged in Bengali. So far as known, these were the first books published in these languages, in which the European system of medical practice was set forth.

In 1884, when Dr. Bacheler was in this country, Dr. J. L. Phillips wrote concerning the Dispensary in Midnapore: "Dr. Bacheler's twenty years in this city had attached many people to our mission Dispensary, some of them patients living miles away in the district. . . . It would be such a joy to us, as I have intimated in former reports, could we make this medical department more distinctively missionary. The only hope of doing this now seems to hang on Dr. Bacheler's return to his old post. Relieved

as he could be, were he to come again, of some of his former burdens, we might make our Dispensary in this city such a missionary agency as it should be, and a valuable auxiliary to our work. . . . This important department owes its origin in our Mission to his labors, and he has been permitted to devote much time and strength to it."

When Dr. Bacheler returned to India he became principal of the Bible School, a place which he filled during the remaining years of his life in India, but even then he did not give up his work in the Dispensary. Ably assisted by his daughter, Mary W. Bacheler, M. D., he attended to thousands of the sick. In 1887 he reported: "About the average number — three thousand — have been to us for treatment this year." To see how the appreciation of this Dispensary grew, and how the numbers increased we have only to look at the Mission Report of 1895, which gives us *the much greater average of 9,200 patients for the year*. As time has gone on, other medical missionaries have gone into service in that field in the persons of James L. Phillips, Mary W. Bacheler, Harry M. Bacheler, Nellie M. Phillips,

and Thomas W. Burkholder, all of whom have been abundantly blessed in their ministrations to the bodies and souls of the natives of India; all of whom bear cheerful testimony to the great importance of this department of mission work

CHAPTER IV

BAZAAR PREACHING — COLD-SEASON WORK — MR. NOYES GIVES UP HIS WORK.

TWO departments of work in which all the missionaries of this mission have been more or less interested, and in which Dr. Bacheler engaged from the beginning to the close of his life in India, so far as he was able, deserve our consideration here. We have referred to them, but they deserve our attention more fully. We mean "Bazaar preaching" and "itinerating," or "cold-season work."

He describes his first visit to the Bazaar with Mr. Noyes and a native preacher, which occurred before he had been in Balasore twenty-four hours, in the following manner: —

"We took our stand in the principal street. Prasuram* commenced by singing, or rather chanting, from a tract which began: —

'O people of the world, consider,
From darkest sin how
You can obtain salvation.'

* The native preacher.

One and then another and another of those passing by stopped to listen; soon quite a congregation had collected. He then commenced to talk, perhaps by asking a question. Some raised objections, which he would answer, the missionary and bystanders engaging in the discussion. The native preacher spoke for fifteen or twenty minutes. Brother Noyes then began to speak, but had not proceeded far before another discussion arose, lasting for some time; then came the distribution of tracts, which to an inexperienced person was rather novel. The bystanders rush quite unceremoniously upon the distributers, each one anxious to obtain a tract, and each one fearing that he will not succeed. One seizes a tract and runs with it; another pursues him; the strongest bears away the prize. In the shoving and pulling which attend these events, the missionary is not certain that he will not get roughly handled. This was a sample of the daily Bazaar preaching which the missionaries of the various stations would engage in. Brother Noyes, who had preceded me in the Mission, was an able missionary. It was providential that I had such a man to induct me into

the work. I have ever been thankful for the example of this good brother, who from the first put me on the track of the best method of prosecuting missionary work."

In this work the teachings of the Bible are kept before the minds of the hearers as much as possible, but often the natives argue from the Shasters and then the missionary must argue from the Shasters too; this requires that he have a thorough understanding of them. When he goes out to preach he has no idea what turn the occasion will take in argument, so by diligent research and study he must be well and widely prepared with his subject, — prepared not only to take care of himself, but also of the reputation of his Lord; and if he accomplishes anything, he must be not only able on the defensive but also aggressive and positive. Dr. Bacheler was remarkably successful in this field; he was far-seeing, cool, collected, and self-possessed, — characteristics of generalship in Bazaar preaching as necessary as learning. Bazaar preaching must be awakening, and the Bazaar preacher must be awake. Interruptions are frequent, sometimes savage. Consecutive discourse is out

of the question, and after the preacher gets used to it he regards it very dull if he is allowed to talk over ten minutes without interruption. All this is splendid discipline ; it makes the speaker careful and alert. Sometimes he contends with youthful natives filled with bombast, egotism, and much wind, induced by a little education ; then with venerable, sober men, learned in their sacred books and in infidel works ; sometimes with indecent and derisive nondescripts who are as willing to do violence to the missionary's body as to his argument ; then with veritable religious fools glorying in their foolishness. In the Bazaar Dr. Bacheler's generalship excelled.

Dr. J. L. Phillips says : "One day a young Brahmo, or Hindu Unitarian, did his best to break us up. He found the people listening attentively to our words, and could not long be quiet. First he asked a question in English, which at once gives a man prominence in such a company. 'What is your worship of Jesus Christ but a kind of refined idolatry?' For some reason this man dislikes to enter into an argument in his own language, still our standing rule is not to talk English to one or two in the pres-

ence of a large Bengali-speaking audience. So we take to Bengali, and hold on to the Babu until he is disposed to keep still for want of something to say. . . . These natives have heard and some of them have read about American and English free-thinkers and French and German infidels, and we have to be ready to answer them. Let no one fancy that to accomplish this is always the lightest task. There are men in the ranks of Hindu infidelity who are something besides empty declaimers, and venders of other men's wares. The ablest missionary in India will not infrequently meet men who will make him hesitate and gird himself anew for the conflict. It may be easy enough to dispose of pretenders, and upset the dwarf-on-stilts gentry, but to join battle with a strong man amid the confusion of the Bazaar, and, holding him close up, one by one expose his errors, and thus for an hour, it may be, deal heavy blows fast,— this is not exactly gala-day parade, nor does it belong to the province of ordinary preaching.

" The opponents who meet us more frequently in the Bazaar are men of less calibre than the class just alluded to; still they are not slow to

appear in defence of their ancestral faith. . . . In this connection it should be remarked that Bazaar controversy has essentially changed its base of late years. The pioneer missionaries used to hear much of the Shasters, and great efforts were made to understand these in order to be able to refute them. The Brahmins, whenever caught or cornered in debate, invariably took refuge in the Shasters. But this is seldom the case now. Indeed it may truthfully be said that the Shasters have quit the field, and the same is true of the Koran. The Bible now stands alone, and the controversy turns upon its claims to be received as the only true book. Now the Brahmins attack Christ instead of defending Krishna. Hinduism is past apology. It is only a very ignorant priest who now and then lifts his lone voice in its defence. The people are dumb and the idols dead. 'On against Christianity' is the war cry now. . . . The most gratifying feature of Bazaar controversy is the fact that now and then people seem to so far assent to the truth as to frankly admit that every objection has been fully met and every argument completely refuted that the opposition

has brought forward." (*Baptist Quarterly*, 1869.) Every year good reports were sent home concerning the work in Midnapore Bazaar. The native preachers and Bible School students were taken to help; also the new missionaries as soon as they got their tongue, and so we heard of Stiles and Miner, and H. M. Bacheler as engaging in this evangelistic effort with the Nestor of the Midnapore work. Dr. H. M. Bacheler proved a great attraction with his cornet.

In 1882 Bazaar work was hindered for a time in a very peculiar way. A Hindu preacher took up his stand near to that of the missionaries and so divided the audience. How he was disposed of, Dr. Bacheler must tell you in his own words. He says: —

"The most cheering event of the year was the coming of a Hindu preacher, preaching for a few days orthodox Hinduism. We had heard of Mohammedan preachers and Brahmo preachers, but preachers of Hinduism we had never seen before. He came while I was away, and started an opposition exercise within a few feet of our stand. Jacob had endeavored to hold his own till my return, but with partial success.

Sometimes one drew the people, sometimes the other, but the stranger had the advantage beyond a doubt. When I first met him I declined to enter into any argument. I told him that as we were teachers of religion we must not quarrel about it, but make one party, and invited him to our stand, promising that he should have all the time that he wished, and we would speak in turn. He held back, but I insisted, and finally he reluctantly consented. At first he said he did not care to speak, as he had already been talking for some time. The next night he was there with his friends, but attempted no opposition. I asked him to speak. He seemed doubtful whether I was in earnest, but I said, 'Come, speak; I want to hear you. He then took the stand and made a very good speech, saying what he could in favor of Hinduism, and at the same time complimenting Christianity. I followed, making no reference to what he said, but instead gave an account of my religious experience from childhood to that time. He stood by and assented, and at times even applauded. Clearly he was disappointed. The college boys who had come with him were disappointed too.

Opposition was what they wanted; then they would have had some *fun*, possibly a *row*. But there was no chance, and so they gave it up.

"I invited the preacher to my house. He came the next day, and we had a long and friendly talk. I again invited him to join us in the Bazaar, but evidently his plans were frustrated, and we had triumphed. He returned to Calcutta whence he came, and we saw him no more. This little matter helped us. The people understood us better, and our congregations became larger and more interested.

"In 1887 a Mohammedan preacher did the same thing, with the apparent purpose of exposing Hinduism, but our missionaries did not oppose him and he soon left. The result to our work was good."

How plainly these few events, chosen from many, show that Dr. Bacheler was not only zealous, but a master workman in the Bazaar. Sometimes three parties preached daily in different parts of the town. At some seasons of the year, the Santal students made up two parties, and visiting the five Santal villages within a mile and a half of the town, read and

sang, and talked to them. In the morning the young preachers visited from house to house, while the superannuated preachers distributed

ANOTHER FAVORITE PLACE FOR BAZAAR PREACHING IN MIDNAPORE.

tracts in front of the chapel. Such were some of the methods used in connection with Bazaar work.

Another method of work carried on by the mission from the first is that of "itinerating." It is also called "cold-season work," and "camp work." This occurs during the three months of cool weather, when the missionary takes native preachers and helpers, sometimes his wife, and, living in a tent, goes from village to village, market to market, preaching, distributing tracts and Gospels. These exercises are conducted in much the same way as the Bazaar preaching. Wherever the tent is pitched, there the people congregate, stand or sit, listen, object or ask questions, as they please. The good which has been accomplished in this way cannot be measured by us. It is a kind of evangelistic tour which has been carried on from year to year, by different missionaries, and thus the jungle and distant people have been reached, and the gospel has been scattered in all directions. These tours vary each year with peculiar experiences, no one of them ever being duplicated, and yet a year's experience of any missionary will furnish us a fair sample of the whole. It would be easy for us to turn to some of the recent accounts of this work as given

by Missionaries Lougher and Murphy in *The Morning Star*, but the work done in the early years of the mission, as Dr. Bacheler engaged in it, is most interesting in connection with this biography. In Missionary Cooley's journal he tells us of going to Baripada, the capital of the Mohurbunge Territory. They must carry tents. In the van was what is called a *banghi wallah*, a man who carries burdens suspended from a stick across his shoulders. In two large baskets thus suspended, dishes and food were carried. Then came another *banghi wallah*, with grain for the horses in one basket and books for distribution in the other. Then came two more with camp-bedsteads, the tent pole, and stools. Then came the missionaries on horseback, and the syces, — men who care for the horses, — with blankets, ropes, and stakes for the tents, and instruments for cutting grass, and digging grass roots, for when they find no grass they dig the roots for the horses. Then came the native preachers and Christians, and, behind all, four bullocks and their drivers, bearing on their backs the tent, bedding, valises of clothing, cooking utensils, and firearms, which, of course,

must find a place somewhere among this equipment necessary for defence and supplying food. All these things could be taken by an American horse and wagon over American roads in half the time that it takes this company to accomplish the job. Thus the procession is very plainly brought before us; it would seem sufficient in itself to attract marked attention, but is all necessary for travelling through the country in India.

Dr. J. L. Phillips, who wrote so lucidly, so vivaciously and interestingly as to almost carry his readers into the jungle with him, gives a most graphic account of his experiences in "Four Months in Camp," and "Preaching Tours in India," in the *Baptist Quarterly* for 1866 and 1867. He tells us that at one place he comes across the body of a pilgrim who had died scarcely an hour before, which is being devoured by vultures, dogs, and jackals. He makes a stand, gathers a congregation, and begins to preach. The company ridicules him, and some one shouts, "*Jesus Christ again! Well, who was His mother? She wasn't a married woman, was she?*" Another calls out, "*So you want*

us all to eat beef, wear beards, and be Christians, do you?" When the din ceases another cries: *"Shall we all turn white by obeying Christ?"* Others become more serious. They say: *"If we become Christians, stop lying and cheating, our work is at once at a standstill. We cannot live without these."* Still others seem not to understand the motive of the missionary, and ask: *"Sir, I want to know just what salary we can get by becoming Christians. What appointments can you secure for us in the government service?"* But there are others who hear the word gladly, who accept it and are greatly comforted. Many are very friendly to the missionary, help to provide food for him, and invite him to their homes for private conversation. Altogether it is preaching the gospel through a kind of gypsy life, moving from place to place as circumstances indicate, gathering some food by the way, and making one's self at home among strangers, and under many difficulties; yet thus is improved one of the opportunities which the light-bearer gets for lighting dark places through personal hardship.

Dr. Bacheler was greatly interested in this

kind of work. Two months after reaching Balasore Rev. Mr. Noyes took him for his first trip into the country. Mr. Noyes had a tent ten feet square, which accommodated two cots for them and a small table. Their course took them away from the road and over the ricefields. Mr. Noyes travelled in a palanquin, and Dr. Bacheler on his pony. Their luggage was carried on men's shoulders, as already described. Including a native preacher and a cook their party numbered fifteen. The men were employed by the day, at about eight cents each, and remained with them during the trip. Bhekari was the native preacher who accompanied them, a man of considerable power. The plan was to spend a week or more at a place, visiting the villages near by, and then to move on a few miles to some other central place. But on account of the illness of Mr. Noyes they spent only ten days. Mr. Noyes's health was very poor at this time, and about six months after Dr. Bacheler's arrival he was obliged to leave the country, making over the work of the Balasore station, which consisted of a church, boarding school, and Bazaar preaching, to the

Bachelers. Of this tour, the first which he made in India, one full of novelty and interest to him, one which became to some extent an example for the rest, we will let Dr. Bacheler speak as he recorded the events in his journal. It runs as follows: —

Dec. 4th, 1840. Left Balasore this morning and joined Brothers Noyes and Bhekari at Cooleyahat, where they had advanced with the tent the day before. Found the tent pitched under a large banyan tree, in the midst of a small village. A few people were at the tent door, listening to the Word of Life. They appeared very attentive. Some acknowledged that our religion is true, but said: "If we buy these books how shall we fill our bellies? How shall we live if we cannot lie, and cheat, and steal?" Others said, "How can we worship God whom we cannot see?"

At 2 P. M. went to attend a market at another village about four miles distant. Our course for most of the way lay through ricefields, which had just yielded their crop. We found about five hundred people assembled to sell their rice, vegetables, cloth, and various merchandise. Bhekari commenced by singing; then he talked about fifteen minutes, and Brother Noyes followed for the same length of time. Then we distributed about four hundred tracts and a few Gospels. While Bhekari was speaking on the subject of licentiousness, a Brahmin remarked: "As is my wife, so are all other women. Adultery is no crime." Thus he acknowledged that virtue does not exist among Hindu women.

5th. Called to see two men who were severely burned last night in the ricefields, their temporary straw hut

having taken fire while they were asleep. We found the entrance to their habitation occupied by the cattle as a stable. Notwithstanding, the attendants had the politeness to request us to take off our shoes before entering this filthy enclosure. We found the men suffering excruciating pain ; one of them was so dreadfully burned that the skin had separated from most of his body. We administered what relief we were able, and went on.

6th. Boitalee Hat. Removed our tent to this place this forenoon. There is to be a market here to-day.

At 1 P. M. there were about one hundred and fifty people at the market. Bhekari and Brother Noyes spoke for some time, and gave out about two hundred tracts and books. These markets are held, not in villages, but in the fields, and under the shade of large trees; the merchant sits upon the ground after the manner of a tailor, with his merchandise before him.

7th. Seargunge. At 10 o'clock, struck our tent and moved to this place, twelve miles. Our route to-day lay through ricefields, for a considerable distance, as formerly, but for a part of the way through fields of high groves, where we saw numerous head of cattle, each attended by a herdsman in true oriental style. We find travelling very difficult in the fields, especially the ricefields, as they are cut up into patches of from three to six rods square, by raising a ridge of earth about one foot high, and eight or ten inches in width, in order to retain the water during the rains. Imagine, then, these extended stubble-fields, with sometimes a rough and crooked path, and some of the way none, and you have something of the inconvenience of our country travelling. We are now encamped beneath a spreading tamarind tree, in the midst of a large village, which has more the appearance of industry than we have yet seen. A few people came around the tent and received instruction and tracts.

Passed through the village and gave tracts to some anxious applicants. Were invited into the court of a temple, where Bhekari spoke to a few people, and gave tracts. Gave a Gospel to the attending Brahmins, who received it kindly. We have scattered the means of information among many of the blind idolators, but fear the seed thus sown will not take effect extensively, until many of the people have passed the bounds of time.

8th. Hearing that we were near the great salt works, we took a large supply of books and tracts, and set out at an early hour. We travelled through low jungle and thick underbrush, and with much difficulty arrived at our place of destination. Found but a small establishment and few people. Bhekari and Brother Noyes spoke for a short time, and gave away a few books and tracts.

The salt works are very different from those in America. The salt is made entirely by boiling. About one hundred small pots, holding perhaps two quarts each, are cemented into the exterior of a large oven. A fire is then built of grass inside, and the water boiled until nothing is left but salt. It is then conveyed to a large eminence, piled upon the ground, and stamped with large letters over the entire surface, so that should any be stolen, the thief would be easily detected.

Our tent has been thronged to-day by those eager for books. We have left many in the village, and we can but hope that the people will be blessed by reading the same, and that the instruction here imparted will not soon be forgotten.

9th. Set out at an early hour for Cooroonea, five miles distant. We passed through an extensive plain; interspersed were numerous villages. Finding that I could travel faster horseback than Brother Noyes could in his palanquin, I embraced the opportunity to ride around among the different villages lying near our route, for the

purpose of distributing tracts. I was thus enabled to put in circulation one hundred and fifty tracts in four different villages. They were kindly received. I am not able to speak to the people intelligently, but find no difficulty in distributing tracts. After a pleasant jaunt of two hours, we found an agreeable shade in the outskirts of a village of about 10,000 inhabitants. Being in advance of Brother Noyes, I galloped into the village unattended. The principal men, supposing me to be an officer of government come to collect taxes and inspect the crops, came around me and in a most servile manner seized my horse, and insisted that I should go to their fields immediately; but finding me not disposed to go, they brought bundles of their grain as specimens. It was, indeed, miserable stuff, not one-quarter of an average crop. It is indeed hard for the poor in years of famine, and such years come very frequently. They find but little left for their own subsistence after paying the enormous taxes.

This afternoon we attended a market near the village, found about fifty people, and gave a few tracts. The country here is rather more fertile, and sugar-cane is cultivated somewhat extensively.

10th. In the afternoon visited a large market about one mile from this one. This market was held under some very large trees in the midst of a broad plain. About six hundred people were present. Brother Noyes preached from the text, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." After this we gave out about six hundred tracts and books. The people listened with good attention, and received the tracts with eagerness. It sometimes happens that in their eagerness to obtain tracts they rush upon the missionary with considerable violence. Several times to-day I found myself surrounded by a very large crowd with outstretched hands ready to snatch the tracts faster than they could possibly be given,

and when they pressed too hard I had only to turn round suddenly, exercising my elbows at the same time, and a circle was soon formed. The Hindus are frail creatures; a white man of moderate strength is a Hercules among them. We are now about fifteen miles southeast of Balasore, in a part of the country never before visited by any missionary. The people are very much surprised to see us, and inquire with astonishment why we give away so many books. To-day two men returned books which they had received, saying that they were the Sahib's papers, and they knew not what would become of them if they kept them. Doubtless most of our books are read, and the consequence must be that they will become enlightened, and be led to think on the subject of religion, if not converted.

11th. As some of our men were absent, we were unable to remove the tent to-day. And as Brother Noyes was not well, did not go out until afternoon. Bhekari spoke to a few men, women, and children; gave a few tracts and returned. It was the first time I have seen respectable women in attendance on preaching in the bazaar. The women generally are not allowed to have anything to do in matters of religion. This part of the country seems to be in a more prosperous condition than the more immediate vicinity of Balasore. The soil is more fertile, and although the country is densely populated, and they derive a good support from the soil, yet with a little labor it might be rendered abundantly more productive; but idolatry fills the land, and improvement is out of the question. O may it speedily cease, and the religion of Christ prevail!

12th. Bamangar. Struck our tent at an early hour, and moved on through fields of rice stubble to this place, which is situated on the great Jagurnath road, three miles from our former stopping-place. Having the advan-

tage of a good horse, I was able to gallop over stubble fields and through jungle, and visit seven or eight different villages which lay near our route, distributing tracts as I went. Most of these villages have never been visited by any missionary. At a village, beneath the shade of a large tree, I found quite a respectable school. I called the teacher and gave him several tracts, with which he appeared to be highly delighted. With a smiling countenance he blessed me with words which I could not understand. At another place I found an old Brahmin beating out rice. I called him and gave him a Gospel. He appeared as pleased as a child with a rattle; his sides shook with hearty and long-continued laughter.

In the afternoon, visited a large market within a few rods of our tent. Perhaps six hundred people were present. Gave tracts to as many as desired them and about fifty volumes. Many who apply for books desire that a "large book" may be given, and seem unwilling to receive any other. As Brother Noyes's health was not good it seemed best to return to Balasore. The country which we visited is southeast from Balasore, between the Jagurnath road and the sea. In the space of ten days we had visited twenty different villages and five markets, in which we had distributed 2,500 tracts and 150 volumes of Scripture selections. We pray that the seed thus sown may in due season spring up, and yield an abundant harvest. We may not see the day, but we have reason to believe that it will not be long delayed.

Although much the same program is carried out each cold season, the incidents and experiences vary. As Dr. Bacheler got the language and became acquainted with the people, his interest and efficiency increased. From a dis-

tributer of tracts and Gospels he became an expounder of the Word, and gained large influence among the natives. So soon after his arrival was Mr. Noyes obliged to leave the field that he felt obliged to take all the responsibility that he was able to carry. In the following cold season he began the tent work much earlier, leaving Balasore Oct. 25th, 1841. In writing of it he says, "The long-desired time has at length arrived when we are able to commence our cold-season excursions." He took two native preachers, Prasuram and Bhekari. At first they went south of Balasore; found plenty of water in the ricefields, which kept them to the road for a time. A shower drove them into a dirty native house, provided for the accommodation of Hindu pilgrims. Of the many objections to breaking caste, and the various arguments which they met, the following is a sample.

"Well, brother, what will become of you when you die?" asked the preacher.

"We shall die, what else?" was answered.

"But have you not a spirit which will live when the body is no more?"

"Yes."

"What will become of that?"

"It will inhabit the body of a horse, a cow, a reptile, or perhaps a man."

"Has it inhabited any animal previous to yourself?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I cannot tell."

"Are you conscious of any previous existence?

"No."

"Then how do you know that you have had any previous existence? Or how do you know that you will exist hereafter?"

"The Shasters say so, that is all."

"Very well. What god do you worship?

"I worship Krishna," says one.

"And who is Krishna?"

"The most powerful of all gods."

"And is it not very hard that after worshipping him all your days he should suffer you to enter the body of a horse, when you can suffer so much pain, or a serpent when you would always be in danger of being killed?"

But these arguments frequently seem to make

little impression even though the native confesses to the weakness of his doctrine. Hinduism gives license to every worldly lust, and however vicious the life, if the criminal only repeats the name of Krishna in his last moments it will be well with him.

This was a short trip on account of the wet weather, which sickened some of the party. On returning home the missionary was met by a very old man, who inquired how he might know the truth of what he had heard. He was one who had heard some of the country preaching, had received a New Testament, and become a sincere seeker. The way was made as clear to him as possible, and he promised to follow the teaching received. Such cases were not infrequent.

In December and January the party went out in another direction, going beyond Bhadrak, which is forty-four miles from Balasore, a place where for several years the mission has had a permanent station. Crossing the river to Jaiypoor, they came upon a somewhat dilapidated Mohammedan mosque, built of hewn granite, upon which were inscriptions stating that the mosque

was built one thousand and five or six hundred years before. Not far from this were Hindu temples of various sizes, which were built long before the temple at Jagurnath, and tradition claimed that they were built in one night. Without doubt that place contained some of the most ancient specimens of Hindu architecture in the country. Everywhere there was eagerness for tracts and the Gospels; everywhere there were more or less attentive listeners, and everywhere there was some seriousness and questioning. This was an extensive tour full of varied experiences.

On Jan. 8th a tiger paid them a visit in the night and severely bit one of the oxen, which was tied beside the tent. The ox was a very small one, and the tiger evidently intended to carry him off; but the noise awakened the men who were sleeping near by, and the tiger departed quietly for his own preservation. On leaving that place they travelled through jungle and tall grass for eight miles, resting beneath a large tree during the heat of the day, but hastening away when the villagers told them that tigers were very numerous in that locality,

especially when they corroborated these statements by examining the tracks in the sand.

Jan. 13th they pitched their tent at Borassy, a Santal village containing about three hundred people. This was among Dr. Bacheler's first experiences with the Santals, a people in whom he became deeply interested, and for whom he did much during his connection with the mission. On the day of their arrival the Santals held their great annual dance. Not less than two thousand of them were present, besides many Oriyas as spectators. The dance was held in the open field. Ten or twelve large circles of men and women were formed, each circle having a separate band of music, consisting of three or four drums and fifes. The musicians were in the centre of the circle, and around them the company danced at a slow, hitching pace. At night the company dispersed; those who had come from neighboring villages to their homes, while the villagers continued their dancing in different parts of the village until late in the evening. "These people are much more numerous here than I expected," said Dr. Bacheler. "This company of two thousand people had

assembled from villages within six or eight miles of this place; and probably not more than one-half the population attended this dance."

At this place two intelligent (?) Brahmins troubled the preachers by their turbulent and boisterous meddling. They contended that everything was God, and that "the Sahib is white, and wise, and true, and therefore a great god, but we *poor, black liars* are small gods, and the animals are smaller gods still; but we are all gods. Therefore, in obeying the impulses of our nature, we obey the laws of God." "Well," says Bhekari, "you say that you are God; then let me see you make one little ant! Again, you say that we are all God, and God is one. Yet here are perhaps fifty persons and no two think alike. Again, all animals are God; some you kill and eat; then you kill and eat God." The argument changed their thought and they soon departed with a good company of more sober people.

At Managobindapoor they found a man who had been bitten by a bear, a sad object indeed. One eye was destroyed, his face, arms, and legs dreadfully mangled. His putrefying sores had

not been dressed. He had been permitted to lie for more than a week in blood and filth without even the washing of water. Dr. Bacheler removed the injured eye, had the man washed, and in a few hours experienced the pleasure of seeing him quite comfortable. This created much interest. People afflicted with various diseases came to "get mended." A blind woman over one hundred years old called to get her eyesight restored. The villagers sent the native preachers to ask if when a man had lost an eye the Doctor could not supply a new one. This interest and curiosity made it easy to present the Gospel, which quite disturbed the religious teachers and set them to fabricating a story to hold the people. They said that a few days before, their goddess Luckeram informed them that whoever went out of the village in a certain direction would have his eyes torn out by a bear, and that this young man, disregarding the predictions of the goddess, had suffered the painful consequences. Bhekari replied that if she had foretold this, and it had come to pass, then she could now tell where the bear was, and we would go and kill it. They replied that

she could, and that with four annas they would make an offering, and obtain the desired information. The money was counted out on the conditions that the offering should be made during the day, and if they did not obtain an answer they should renounce their worship of the goddess. All agreed to this; but those who had deceived the people, perceiving that they had been caught, and knowing what the result would be, refused to take the money away. They were wiser than the prophets of Baal before Elijah. In heathen as well as in Christian lands, not only are there those who labor to deceive, but also those who love to be deceived.

CHAPTER V

COLD-SEASON WORK — THE QUESTION OF SERVANTS — THE DISPENSARY — MANY SUGGESTIONS.

DR. BACHELER'S longest cold-season trip seems to have been for about four months. He says: —

"It led through regions before unexplored. During the trip I visited the territories of twelve native rajahs. There were some three hundred miles of wild mountain country, with much dense forest, where tigers and bears abounded, with here and there a village. My tent was gotten up for this kind of work. It was just six feet square, and so light that one man could carry it. One half of it was occupied by my cot, which was eighteen inches wide, and my table of the same width, while the other half was occupied at night by the native preacher.

"The trip was altogether very interesting. It took me to Sumbhulpore, the station first occupied by our missionaries, to which I expected to go when I left America. I had taken my

coolies — hired men — from Jellasore, and it was not many days before we had reached what they had ever considered 'the jumping-off place' of the world. They had determined, so I heard, that they would go no further into the unknown regions beyond, but they did go a hundred miles beyond, and then rose in open mutiny. They were very obstinate for a time, but I reminded them that we had already come through a very dangerous country infested with tigers, and that if they attempted to return alone, they would very likely be eaten up, and never see their wives and children more. And then how could I account to them — their wives and children — for having led them away to perish in the jungles? I promised them that if they would go on I would take them all home in safety.

"After some deliberation they concluded that it was best to go on, and there was no more trouble. As I took them to several sacred places, including a visit to Jagurnath at Puri, they were very enthusiastic in pouring blessings on my head, after they had safely reached their homes. It was on this journey that I heard the first and only Mohammedan prayer of my life. We had

made a long stage, it was late, and all were tired, when we reached a few huts in the forest, one of which we took possession of for the night. The Mohammedan cook got me a tea and I went to bed. He came in shortly, too tired to cook for himself, and, wrapping his blanket about him, threw himself onto the floor, and as he was falling cried out, 'Ya, Alla, hia hum sut a hai,' ('O Lord, I am going to sleep here'); meaning, 'If I am wanted, you know where to find me.' I have heard many Mohammedan prayers, but never before or since have I heard one that had any point to it."

Concerning Bazaar and Camp preaching, Dr. Bacheler says: —

"Some missionaries have doubted whether these methods have been or are most successful in the conversion of souls. My idea is that they serve as the great advertising medium to show far and near what true Christianity is. Other methods are local and cannot reach the masses as these two methods do. The great change in public sentiment in the last fifty years is due largely to Bazaar preaching and itinerating in the cold season."

Sumbhulpore, which he mentions in his account of this itinerary, was of special interest to him, not only because he expected to locate there when he left America, but also because of the experiences of the families of Mr. Noyes and Mr. Phillips. Here Rev. and Mrs. Noyes buried a child; here they themselves were brought near to death's door; and here they waited until, after regaining sufficient strength, they were placed in a boat and floated down to Cuttack.

Rev. and Mrs. Phillips had a more distressing time. A few days after consigning their infant child to the grave, Mrs. Phillips followed it. The bereaved husband with six native children was left to prepare the body for the grave, and to lay it away in that far-off land, to wait the resurrection morning. She did what she could and left a testimony of loyalty to Jesus not soon to be forgotten. All of her possessions she gave to the mission, and said: "*Had I thousands of gold and of silver I would lay it all on the altar of missions to the last mite.*" The disconsolate husband went from her grave to his bed, to struggle with fever, and when life was faintly lingering, he, too, was put into a boat, and floated down to Cuttack.

It is not strange, then, that when Dr. Bacheler visited Sumbhulpore, one of his first acts was to seek out the grave of Mrs. J. Phillips. The place was not difficult to find, as a substantial stone monument had been erected over it soon after her death. He says: —

"I pitched my tent in a beautiful mango grove near the grave. The moon was at its full, the evenings were delightful, and I often spent them in solitary musings at the monument. The Coles, who inhabit a small hamlet close by, often came out to ascertain the cause of my loitering about a grave at such a time. They, no doubt, thought me a singular being, as they look upon the resting-place of the dead only with feelings of horror.

"The grave was but a few rods from Brother Phillips's house, of which nothing now remains but a heap of dirt and a few loose stones to mark the spot. That of Brother Noyes was at the other end of the town, half a mile distant. The site is now occupied by a small village, a portion of the brick floor still remaining, on which stands a small native hospital.

"I had not been long in the place before I

had ample proof that, though our brethren had been absent more than eight years, neither they nor their instructions were forgotten. One interesting young man, who had received a New Testament from Brother Noyes, which he had lost by the burning of his house, besought me to supply him with another. One man had received two or three tracts from Brother Phillips which he had carefully kept; and, to convince me that his statement was true, he repeated a considerable portion of one of them. And most were familiar with the instructions of those who taught them the worship of the Nirakara, or God without form. As our brethren were but imperfectly acquainted with the language at the time of their residence here, and labored under many severe trials, I did not expect to find any remains of their influence. But in this I was most happily disappointed, as I found that their instructions were as fresh in the minds of the people as though they had been absent but a few months, instead of eight years." ("Hinduism and Christianity in Orissa," 1856.)

Such glimpses of the work, the care, the hardships of the missionaries' life, lead us to

conclude that superior wisdom, combined with a very healthful body and a consecrated spirit, kept Dr. Bacheler active and efficient to an unusual degree throughout his busy career.

During the writer's acquaintance with Dr. Bacheler we saw him under many different circumstances. His face as well as his spirit has a lasting impression upon our mind, but there are two impressions more lasting than any others. One was made by that master word-painter, Prof. J. Fullonton, D. D., when in '86 Dr. Bacheler returned to India, and in *The Morning Star* he described the veteran missionary as standing on the prow of the ship in mid-ocean gazing eagerly toward India, the land of his devotion, impatient to renew the conflict with idolatry, because there were no young men ready to go. The other we caught of him when he was out for cold-season work; it was at Narayanghur, a few miles north of Dantoon. We were working our way up through the mission from Chandbali to Midnapore and expected to meet Dr. Bacheler and Rev. M. C. Miner in their tent beyond the village where they were then located. But when we came

in sight of the dak bungalow, there was our missionary Nestor, pacing up and down the veranda, occasionally glancing down the road over which we were expected. His *topi* covered his gray hair, and shaded his ruddy face, — a face strong with purpose, mellow with devotion to God and love for mankind, now beaming with hearty, almost unspeakable welcome. These are our favorite portraits of this "grand old man."

At this place we had a taste of Indian camp life; hard bread and jam, eggs, and "Auntie Bacheler's" spiced beef supplied our table, while evening furnished an opportunity for speaking to those who gathered at the tent door, to hear the Word of Life.

From this place we too went away, as the missionary had often done, praying that the good seed might fall upon good ground, take root, and bear fruit.

It will be of much interest to insert here extracts of communications from Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler. Under date of Jan. 4, 1841, Mrs. Bacheler writes as follows to Mr. Mack, the Corresponding Secretary: —

We have been permitted by the goodness of our Heavenly Father to see the commencement of another year. Although we have been afflicted we realize it was for our good. I have been brought to the borders of the grave, and when all human aid failed, and hope was gone, I have been raised up to health, and feel that it was done by the power of God, and I trust for some wise purpose, and that I may be enabled to do his will alone.

Jan. 1st. We left Balasore early for Jellasore, in company with Sister Cummings. Mr. Bacheler had traveled with Mr. Noyes ten days, but his [Noyes's] health was so feeble they thought it advisable for him to stay out no longer, and as Brother Phillips could not leave home without some one to take the care while he was out, we have come to take charge while he and Mr. Bacheler travel in the jungle, which affords a fine opportunity for him to learn the language. We had a very pleasant journey, passing through a number of villages beautifully ornamented with trees of a very large size, covered with the deepest verdure, though in the middle of winter. We arrived here before sundown, with renewed strength. The following Sabbath we had worship both in English and Oriya, and enjoyed the communion with the native Christians very much. On the first of the week they [Phillips and Bacheler] made preparations for leaving us to go on a preaching excursion in the jungle.

While they are out we take charge of the things at home — a school of twenty-six children, with a native teacher, besides a number of native Christians, who are to be taught to read and write, and the girls to sew, take care of their clothing and food, to see that they keep their rooms clean, bathe every day, and attend to their devotions. Brother Phillips's houses for the children and schoolhouses are the best of the kind I have seen

in the country. They are constructed with a view to healthfulness.

We hear from our folks in the jungle almost every day, and constantly supply them with provisions, clothing, tracts, and books for distribution. Brother Phillips has two healthy little boys now about a year old [James L. and John]. He is calculating to be married after his present excursion is over, and I know of no place where Sister Cummings will be more useful; for it is very little that an unmarried female can do in this country. It appears to me altogether improper for one to come without parents to protect them, even if she is a pious, devoted Christian, and has taken care of herself at home. The English people all suppose when they hear of the arrival of a young lady that she has come for the sole purpose of getting a husband.

Before we arrived at Balasore one of the government officials had been to Sister Noyes, and wished to be introduced to Sister Cummings when she should come. The natives, also, are particular to inquire if a female is married; they think it impossible for them to be pure unless they are, as that is the case among themselves. She must keep herself mostly out of sight, for should she go out alone, she would expose herself to censure from the English. On board ship she needs a protector, for it is not a very common thing for ladies to go such long voyages. A woman's greatest work is to take care of everything at home, and do all she can to prevent her husband's being called from his studies. It is so universally the custom for her to do the work that usually devolves on the husband in America, that a native never thinks of going to a Sahib, unless sent for something. They take care of schools so far as circumstances will permit. Our example in neatness and industry will do much to raise them from their degraded condition.

After all I had read and heard concerning the natives of this country, I knew nothing comparatively until I came here. It requires much patience and grace to live among them as we ought, and if we thought of their wickedness as we do of the people at home, we could not love them sufficiently to do them much good. But we consider their ignorant, degraded state, and our souls are drawn out in compassion toward them, and instead of loving them less, by seeing their miserable situation I love them more. One would suppose there was no such thing as gratitude in a native's heart, but the native Christians show in a singular degree what they would be, were the precepts of Christianity universally believed and practiced among them.

There are a number of inquirers at Jellasore and Balasore, and some we humbly trust have of late given their hearts to God. They are very interesting, and give us great encouragement to labor with this people. They show that they have intellects which only need cultivation to make them members, useful members and ornaments of society.

Brother Phillips, when at home, converses daily with the children. This makes them appear much more intelligent. By taking these children out of the jungles and bringing them up to Christian principles, the best way seems to have been found for introducing them to Christianity. They have to-day sent us home a fine, bright-looking little boy.

At this time Dr. Bacheler pleads for money for schools, declaring that schools will not interfere with other work, as the missionaries can preach as much, distribute as many tracts, travel as far, having schools, as though there

were none. He pleads that the missionaries are supported at great expense and wish to earn the money paid them; that if they are faithful in their work, their lives must sooner or later be sacrificed, and that it seemed a pity that they should not have the means by which the sacrifice should bring large returns. He expresses the hope that the Board will direct them to take all the children they can get and do their best with them.

Under date of Dec. 19, 1841, Dr. Bacheler replies to Mr. Mack, the Secretary, explaining to the home Board why so many servants were required by the missionaries in India. As the same question often arises on the part of those unacquainted with East Indian conditions and customs, it seems well to insert the explanations here. He says: —

"The reason why Europeans are not able to do their own work is not because they are not strong, but because the debilitating effects of the climate are such that they cannot exert their strength any continuous length of time, especially when exertion is required in the sun. There is nothing in this country so destructive

to life and health as exposure to the direct rays of the sun, and a large portion of Europeans die here, in consequence of such exposure. Thus although a white man may be able to lift as much as two or three natives, and flog eight or ten of them, a few hours' exposure to the sun would result in serious injury, if not in death. When we speak, therefore, of a European as being superior to a native in strength, we do not mean that he can dig in the sun as long, sleep on the ground as well, and endure the same exposure that the native endures; this would kill him at once; but we mean that in cases of emergency he can do much more, and this in circumstances when the disadvantages of a foreign climate are not against him.

"Another reason why a man cannot do all his work is, that there is so much more to do. When you can buy nothing but raw meat, and must make everything, of course the labor is much greater than in a country of mechanics and farmers, where you can purchase everything ready made.

"You ask, 'How many servants are required in India to make a missionary most like Christ,

and, of course, most successful in his ministry?' I answer, According to your idea of servants, none at all. Should you ask, 'How much manual assistance does a missionary need?' I would reply, as much as would enable him to devote his whole time to the work of the ministry. One native can do but little work, and we have found the following assistants necessary: (1) A man to cut grass for the horse, and cook his grain, etc. (2) A man to do our cooking, etc. (3) A man to take care of the house, clean the furniture and books, destroy the insects and reptiles which are constantly collecting, do errands, purchase provisions, etc. (4) A woman to clean the house daily as well as clean up around it, to do anything needed to be done which others will not do. While we have a garden, we have a man to take care of that. Few if any people here do with so few persons to assist them. Yet we have not found more absolutely necessary, probably because we can get more done for a less price than those who receive a higher salary.

You doubtless understand that there is no such thing as *community* in India — no reciprocal

interchange. In America if you want hay for your horse you can buy it, but here we cannot buy it, and must have a man to cut it daily, while there is grass; but during the six months in which grass is dried up, he must dig it up by the roots. Now you never think that the farmer who sells you hay is just as much your servant as the man who sells us grass. So the man who grinds your grain is just as much your servant as the man who sits on our veranda and grinds ours. Is the man who works by the month any more a servant than he who does the same work by the job? In every community you can buy what you want, but when there is no reciprocal interchange you must make your own community. I will state, however, for your comfort, that all the missionary families with whom I am acquainted actually perform more manual labor than any minister's family I ever knew in America. I have made bread and cooked during Mrs. Bacheler's illness until I was severely reproved by my brethren, who told me very plainly that they guessed our society did not send me to India to cook, when I could have a man to do it much better for two dollars per month.

"Mrs. Bacheler has been obliged to do so much service in order to keep ourselves from going ragged, as our clothing was very poorly made, that she has been obliged to greatly neglect the language. Now if our Society really wishes us to 'leave the Word of God and serve tables,' let them inform us of their desire, and while we remain their servants, we will endeavor to comply with their wishes."

Mr. Phillips wrote the secretary concerning the same matter as follows: —

"1. The heat is so great that food cannot be kept on hand as in a cold climate, but must be prepared daily. This occasions both waste and extra labor.

"2. Our perspiration is so abundant that our linen must be changed three times a week and sometimes oftener.

"3. Every garment must be thin and light, and hence is easily destroyed.

"4. We lay up no hay for a horse or cow, and have to keep grass cut for the former. I once laughed at a syce — horse-tender — for the little work which he did, and told him how many horses one man tends in America. His reply

was in the question, "Did he cut grass for them all?' The syce often has to go miles for his grass, to dig it up by the roots and bring it home on his head.

"5. The labor of taking care of our house and its contents is very much. The floors and walls get filled with white ants, which never slumber. Destruction is their work. A chest of drawers or case of books may be entered and destroyed in a day. All provisions must be carefully insulated with water, or they are filled with ants. Every hole and corner becomes the habitation of poisonous reptiles and insects. Indeed, hosts of creeping, jumping, or flying creatures are sure to take up their abode in every neglected place. Everything must be cleaned daily. Trunks and boxes must be swept under, books must be brushed, and clothing attended to or there is no safety. Most provisions and wood must be purchased in small quantities, and frequently replenished, or they would mold or be destroyed by insects. Some time since I purchased a quantity of wood, perhaps a quarter of a cord, and stood it in my house; but in the course of two weeks it became

filled with white ants; thus we see that everything must be purchased in small quantities, and preserved with greatest care."

How plainly all this shows us that it is difficult for those in America to fully understand the conditions in which the missionaries are placed, and that the best way is to secure good, capable missionaries, and then trust them.

In those early days we find by the correspondence that Midnapore was regarded by Dr. Bacheler as a very desirable place for a mission station; that a printing-press was desirable, though not absolutely necessary; that often their mail was delayed for a long time on account of the war in Egypt; that they hailed with delight the proposed establishment of a steamship line between Calcutta and Suez, which would give better mail facilities, when they might receive *The Morning Star* once a month, two or three months after it was published; that they had paid forty-two cents for a letter or duplicate sent from the homeland; that while they pleaded earnestly for missionaries they insisted upon having those of superior qualities. Dr. Bacheler informed the Board that in his

opinion single women missionaries could be useful; that he had established a two years' course in medicine for native Christians; he stated that the climate had a degenerating influence upon the morals of the children, and asked prayers for them. He early adopted the use of chloroform, and it made a great impression upon the natives when dangerous operations could be performed without pain. In treating 2,407 patients in one year he performed 126 surgical operations, removing cataracts, tumors, and limbs. One day he operated upon a patien under the influence of chloroform, taking off an arm. He had just received a small quantity of chloroform from Calcutta, which cost ten rupees. An English government official witnessed the operation. Soon after he left, Dr. Bacheler received the following note, with ten rupees inclosed: —

MY DEAR MR. BACHELER: —

As I do not think you or your Society ought to pay for the benefit derived from charitable exertions in our district, I send my mite, ten rupees, for the chloroform. I hope that your efforts may be looked upon by the natives as an incentive to them to attend to their soul's welfare.

CHAPTER VI

CLOSE CONTACT WITH THE NATIVES — FIRST TWO CHILDREN BORN — ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MRS. BACHELER.

A VARIETY of work busied the missionaries. In '41 Hannah Cummings became Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips, and went with her husband to Jellasore. Much time was devoted to a study of the language by each of the newcomers. Together with this study and the care of her home, Mrs. Bacheler devoted herself to the children who had been gathered, teaching them to read, to work, and to love the true Saviour. Care of the native Christians was constant, though the church was small. In '42 two houses for the children were finished, each forty-five feet long by twelve wide, and containing three rooms. They were enclosed with a shrub fence to keep the children in, and unwelcome visitors out.

Pilgrims go to Puri to see Jagurnath more or less throughout the year, but in much larger numbers during the *rath jatra*, or car festival.

This is the occasion upon which Jagurnath is given his annual ride, exposed to public view. This hideous, armless, limbless piece of badly carved and painted wood is one of the most worshipped images in India. The great temple of this idol is at Puri, but he has temples in every town in Orissa and Bengal. The *rath jatra* occurs in the last of June or in July, a wet and unhealthful season of the year for pilgrims. In '42 it occurred or began on June 21st — the *rath* usually occupies several days. In all the towns in unison with Jagurnath's festival at Puri it is customary to take the images of Jagurnath from their temples and give them a ride. In Balasore two cars were constructed for this purpose, about twenty feet square and thirty high, made of rude poles and placed on rough wheels, each car containing a stage in the upper part, on which the gods were to be placed. In the afternoon Jagurnath and his sister were brought from their temples in town and placed on the stages prepared for them. A small company assembled; they dragged the car a short distance — a very lazy affair — and then put the images back into their temples to abide

in dust for another year. Dr. Bacheler watched this event, and saw that it made but little impression upon the people. What next? In a few days the multitudes of pilgrims began to drift by, more than twenty thousand in a day, until it was thought that from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand had passed through the town. In their train came jackals, dogs, vultures, and crows; and it was well, for the receptacles for the sick overflowed, and the roadsides were strewed with the sick, dying, and dead. The stench left by the multitude was almost suffocating. So great was the number of the dead at Puri that the innumerable beasts and birds of prey were able to devour but a small portion of them, and the officials were obliged to have great pits dug, into which many were thrown together. As rice was about eight times its usual price it was thought that the majority died of starvation. This was the missionary's opportunity, and Dr. Bacheler was not slow to see it. Two native preachers labored from morning until night, preaching and distributing the Word; about four thousand publications were given out at this time.

This year he describes his observations of the penance of hook-swinging, extensively practised by the Oriyas. He had then seen four exhibitions in different parts of Balasore. He says: —

"The swinging grounds were without the city, on the banks of the river. In the centre was a post twenty feet in height, surmounted by a pole about thirty feet in length, turning upon it horizontally. A dense crowd surrounded the post, and filled the street, while the tops of the neighboring houses were covered with anxious spectators. The victims, fantastically dressed and painted, soon appeared, preceded by a band of music, and followed by the crowd. After dancing about for a while, the hooks were inserted. The subject hung over the shoulders of another, while the operator pinched and raised the skin of the upper back, and then inserted the hooks, the rough points having been previously inserted into a pointed canula. The portion of skin included in the hooks is about two inches. A person then seizes the rope attached to the hooks with one hand, and with the other hand, pressed against the back, draws

the skin to its utmost tension. In this state they jump and dance about, shouting and drawling, more like demons than human beings. This done, the ropes are attached to the horizontal pole, while several people seize the rope attached to the opposite extremity, raise the victim into the air, and turn him round with the greatest rapidity. Sometimes he takes a shovel, with the pointed handle piercing his side, constantly heated with burning pitch and other combustible material. In the cases which I have witnessed I have seen nothing positively indicative of pain. They have generally endured all with the most unflinching fortitude. While swinging, they usually halloo, talk, laugh, sing, eat fruit and sweetmeats, and distribute the same among the crowd.

"Sometime previous to swinging they undergo a fiery ordeal. The subject is tied up to the trunk of a tree by the feet, and a fire is built under the head; here he is smoked and warmed for awhile. Last night an accident occurred. A man had been hanging up as usual, but as his friends were taking him down, he slipped from their hands into the fire, and was so severely

burned that he was necessarily excused from service to-day. I have inquired the object of this *pujah*, but have not ascertained anything definite. Some say it is the performance of a vow made by the parents before the birth of the individual; others that it is the performance of a vow made by the individual himself; others that the individual is lured to perform the vow of another. These vows are made to Mahadabe with the expectation that he will bestow a temporal blessing, such as children or property. But I have inquired of several who have swung, and they do not acknowledge any vow or any intentional act of worship. One man, of whom I purchased a pair of hooks, and who had swung for ten successive years, declared that he had received nothing but a little pain, a few pice, and sweetmeats. Another, who had swung four or five times, says that he suffered a little pain, swelled up under the arms, and got a few presents.

"From all I could learn I have come to the conclusion that the principal thing is sport. As many people in our own country attend balls, feasts, and celebrations for the pleasure which

they afford, so the Hindus, less refined in taste, perhaps, undergo self-torture of the most painful description that the multitudes beholding may laugh."

Only low-caste men are permitted to swing, consequently a man of high caste must hire another to swing for him. From ten to twenty-five cents is considered proper compensation for such a service.

As Dr. Bacheler was permitted to mingle with the Santals his interest in them increased. He was impressed with three distinguishing points between them and the Hindus. He saw that while the quintessence of Hinduism is licentiousness, the crime of adultery is rare among the Santals, and that it is severely punished; that while Hindu women are kept in the worst ignorance and degradation, subservient to the passions of their husbands, the Santal women are the companions of their husbands in their pastimes and sports as well as their labors. Further he saw that while the Hindus are famous for dishonesty, lying, and stealing, the Santals are acknowledged to be honest in all their dealings, and not disposed to steal. They are, however,

particularly fond of intoxicating drink. Up to this time he had met about five thousand of these people.

Dr. Bacheler was feeling most keenly the great responsibility of the mission. On the Sabbath, morning and evening, services were held at his house and in the chapel, — in the afternoon at the chapel. On Wednesday evening there was a prayer meeting. The compound, only a few months before little better than a jungle, now was enlivened by the presence of nearly fifty persons. A native teacher had been engaged to take charge of the school, so that Prasuram might devote himself more particularly to preaching. The children were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, during six hours of the day ; nearly all engaged in manual labor during three hours. There were sixty-two children to care for, seven church members, eight nominal Christians, with ninety-seven in the Christian community. It might be well to state here that nominal Christians in India are Hindus who have lost or renounced caste, who wish to be called Christians, and who attend Christian worship, but who are worse than

common heathen, and as bad as sin can make them.

Nevertheless in the cold season of '43 Dr. Bacheler visited twenty-four markets and thirty-four villages, distributing with his helpers 888 single Gospels, 1,111 Scripture selections, and three thousand tracts. With a pained heart he felt that multitudes had heard the Gospel for the *first and last time*. He was coming to see that there must be an efficient native ministry to make the mission effort a success, and that the Holy Spirit must be poured out upon the work and workers. For these things he prayed, while he united with Mr. Phillips in a most urgent appeal to the Home Board for re-enforcements to be sent out. As usual his experiences this cold season were varied. In one place he engaged in the following conversation : —

"How do you expect to obtain salvation?" he asked.

"For worshipping the *tulsi* tree, eating Jagurnath's food," was the reply.

This gave opportunity to introduce the subject of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of men. "Jesus Christ!" they exclaimed; "who is that? We

have heard of Krishna, Jagurnath, and others, but who is Jesus Christ? We never heard that name before."

At another place the following conversation occurred as the missionary and native preacher seated themselves on the veranda of a temple: —

"What temple is this?"

"Mahadeb's."

"What is Mahadeb?"

"An idol; what else?"

"Is it wood, or stone, or mud, or what?"

"It is stone."

"Is it anything else? Has it any power, or can it do anything?"

"No."

"Then why do you worship it?"

"Because we cannot worship what we cannot see; therefore we make idols and worship them."

"So, then, you deny your Creator, the only true God, simply because you cannot see Him, but you can worship stone, which according to your own confession has no power whatever, because you can see it."

Still another conversation was carried on in the following manner: —

"How can you obtain forgiveness of sin?" asked Dr. Bacheler.

"By good works," was the reply.

"The law of God requires perfect obedience. Can you render more than perfect obedience? How, then, can you obtain forgiveness for sins that are past?"

"We cannot tell."

"Examine your ten incarnations of Krishna, in whom you place so much confidence; among them all there is no Saviour. One came to destroy a giant, another to dethrone a king, a third to explain the Bades, and so on to the end of the chapter, but not one word is said of any atoning sacrifice for sin. But Christ became incarnate that he might atone for sin, and open the way to heaven. Read whatever Shaster you please, examine any and every religious system, and you will find no other Saviour."

"We cannot answer your words."

Here we see the superficiality of Hinduism, some of the work which the missionary must do, and how masterful was Dr. Bacheler in his intellectual contact with the native.

His heart was as sympathetic toward the

wretched creatures as his mind was acute in dislodging them in argument. Sitting one day at noon on a veranda, waiting for a market to gather, he saw a poor, sick man crawling out to a neighboring tank to bathe. A sick Hindu can bathe if he is strong enough to do anything. After washing himself and his clothing, he attempted to return but was unable. Unlike the man waiting at the pool to be put in, he wanted to be taken out. He called for assistance but no one went to help. He wept, but his tears moved no one. Seeing none willing to help, Dr. Bacheler reproved the bystanders for their indifference, but neither reproof nor entreaty availed. He actually had to compel a native to go in and pull him out; had he not done so the man would probably have died in the tank. Hinduism is merciless, unsympathetic. It is Christ that "goes down into the pit."

Another experience at this time helped to reveal the true genius of Hinduism, and the fact that a man's misfortunes fail to entitle him to sympathy, but instead make him the object of cruelty and oppression. When Dr. Bacheler was on his way to Bhadrak, one day, an old

Brahmin came running after him, his countenance revealing the utmost anxiety and distress. He besought the missionary to take pity on him and help him. He said that three months previous his house had been accidentally burned, and the worst of the catastrophe was that *a cow was burned to death.* As a result he had lost caste; his family had disowned him; no one would associate with or touch him; the barber would not shave him; the washer-man would not wash his clothes; he was in every sense an outcast — ostracised. He had made a pilgrimage to Jagurnath, and offerings to the gods, but without avail. "What can be done?" asked the missionary. With a smile he said, "If I can obtain twenty rupees with which to make a feast for the Brahmins, they promise to restore me to their society." The missionary urged him to embrace a better religion, and left him to settle the matter with his inhuman brethren.

One day when a company were invited to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, they replied: "We sit in our comfortable houses and enjoy ourselves; you are constantly going about in your tent. The sun scorches you by day, you are chilled

by night; you have no rest. If this is what you get by worshipping Christ, we prefer to worship Jagurnath." Poor souls! they could not see how the grandest, only true and saving religion in the world constrained its sincerest votaries to voluntarily give themselves for others.

There were cheering events by the way. Mr. Phillips baptized two at Jellasore, and Dr. Bacheler five at Balasore. Two of these were girls of fifteen, who had come to them a few years before. Hannah was the daughter of a fisherman who was very poor. Finding it difficult to support his family, he took her and a brother to Balasore to sell them, and with the price to buy provisions. Not succeeding, he turned her over to the mission. Lucy was found, one cold, blustering night in November, in a most wretched and disgusting condition, hiding behind one of the pillars of the veranda, to which she had come for shelter. She was half naked and had a dozen maggot-filled cavities in her head, resulting from uncared-for bruises. Now both were clothed and in their right mind. There were many evidences that marked impressions were being made by the preached word. Accord-

ing to the promise, it would not return void, but it was apparent that the mission force should be strengthened, and Dr. Bacheler with Mr. Phillips continued to urge this upon the churches at home.

Surely this was more necessary than the missionaries themselves knew. The consciousness of this need was doubtless, to some extent, a premonition of things to come, which as yet they did not understand. A shadow was soon to fall upon the little band; already the clouds were gathering; there was to be bereavement, and sorrow, and loneliness.

To be sure the mission was cheered by re-enforcements in the persons of Rev. James C. Dow and his wife, who reached India May 7, 1844. The home of Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler was especially brightened by the advent of two promising children, — destined to provide much assistance and comfort to Dr. Bacheler throughout his life, and especially during his last years — Maria Elizabeth, born Oct. 16, 1842, and Albert William, born July 16, 1844. But Mrs. Bacheler's health was rapidly failing. Soon after reaching Balasore she had a dangerous illness,

resulting from the exposure endured while going from Calcutta to that place. Her recovery from this illness was rapid, and apparently complete; and from that time until her last illness — nearly four years — she enjoyed uninterrupted good health. About a month after the birth of Albert she had an attack of diarrhœa which resisted all medicine. At that time it was difficult to procure suitable nourishment for invalids, and there were few delicacies in that part of the world; however, the best was done for her that could be under the circumstances. With great solicitude, plans for restoration were discussed, and advice was asked of the Home Board. A trip to other countries was considered, a sea voyage, a return to the home land, although it was hoped that restoration would be found without returning home.

Under date of Nov. 14, 1844, Rev. J. Phillips wrote for *The Morning Star*, saying, "Sister Bacheler's health is very poor, and has been for several months." Previous to this time Dr. Bacheler had written home to the Secretary, Rev. E. Hutchins, stating grave fears concerning his wife's illness. These were dark days; his

heart was burdened for his wife, his children, and for the mission. In a letter, abstracts from which were published in *The Star* Feb. 19, 1845, he says : —

"During this affliction the concerns of th mission lie heavily upon my mind. At times the way seems dark and uncertain. When I see my dear wife sinking, day after day, in spite of all our efforts, and I know not how soon it may be my duty to leave, for a season at least, I assure you that I feel for this mission as I have never felt before. My work has been *very interesting*, and to leave it now I should consider the greatest misfortune of my life. But should duty call me hence, what would become of the lambs of Jesus? My soul feels for them. Oh, how long will our brethren permit this interesting field to lie exposed? Our operations are constantly liable to result in disappointment for the want of more help. The time has come when another man should be sent for the Balasore district; we cannot consider the interests of our cause as safe until such an one *is sent*.

"My own parish consists of nearly half a million of souls. After we have done our best

to instruct this people, what a multitude must die as ignorant of a Saviour as though a Saviour had never died for man! Oh, when will our brethren be prepared to do their duty to the perishing millions of Hindustan?"

Here was a double care, a double solicitude bearing heavily upon his heart, — his family and the mission. What was the future for them? What was his duty to them? It is not strange, under these circumstances, that while he sought for personal guidance, he also sent frequent and urgent appeals for re-enforcements. Another letter to the Home Secretary sets forth the conditions, as they developed, in a very plain way: —

BALASORE, Dec. 13, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER HUTCHINS: —

I wrote you two months ago, giving some account of Mrs. Bacheler's illness. I had hoped long ere this to be able to report her entire recovery. In former years the bracing air of the cold season has been sufficient to restore her, but this year we have been disappointed. She has been suffering for four months with chronic dysentery, accompanied by occasional attacks of fever. Four weeks since, she had so far recovered, or rather her complaint was so far stayed, that we had strong hopes of her rapid and complete recovery. I left her for a short visit to Calcutta, and during my absence she continued to improve, but just before my return

experienced an attack of fever, which brought her down again at once, and seemed to destroy all our fond hopes of her recovery here.

I have consulted with Dr. Dicken, the government physician here, and he gives it as his opinion that there can be no hope of her recovery without a long sea voyage, and an absence of at least one year from the country, and advises our hastening away with all possible despatch.

We are indeed placed in trying circumstances. We have served a long apprenticeship, and are getting pretty well initiated into our work. The trials incident to newcomers have, in a measure, passed away. One by one we have been able to surround ourselves with comforts. The difficulties of the language have been, in a measure, overcome. The preaching of the Gospel to a strange people in a stranger tongue, from being a cross has become a pleasure. God has given us some little fruit of our labor, over which we rejoice. A little band of native Christians and orphan children have been collected around us, and we were ready to say, "Here let us toil; *here*, if it be the will of God, *let us die*."

But, in the midst of all this, how are our plans frustrated and our fondest hopes destroyed! I fear, *I greatly fear*, that we shall be obliged to leave our interesting field for a season. Mrs. Bacheler feels that if her own life alone were concerned, she would prefer remaining at all risks, rather than have me leave my work on her account. But she feels for the little ones whom God has given us in our exile, and for them she is anxious to live. We think, therefore, that duty requires us to do all we can for the preservation of life. We are not as yet without hope that the cold season, with change to the seaside, may do something toward restoring the debilitated system to a measure of health,

so as to enable us to prolong our stay in India for a while, but that hope is very feeble.

We purpose going to the seaside next week, and should a sea voyage seem indispensable, we can have an opportunity of going to Calcutta about the last of January in a salt vessel; but previous to that time we cannot get away. Should we find it necessary to go to America, we shall not be able to get off much before the 1st of March. Here again we are placed in another difficulty. Our babe is only four months old, and for the last three months has lived almost entirely on cow's milk because the mother could not nurse it. To take it to sea at this early age, thus depriving it of all milk, causes us to tremble for the result.

Then, again, the temporal embarrassment which our departure must occasion, both to ourselves and to the Society, is not among the least of our trials.

But in the midst of our afflictions our confidence in God is unshaken. In six troubles he has been with us; in the seventh he will not forsake us.

I have just received a letter from Brother Phillips, in which he suggests that we might first try a voyage to Ceylon, Burmah, or China — anywhere rather than go home. My own judgment favors such a course. The only difference is that voyages in this part of the world are so dear that I hardly dare to take the responsibility of spending so much, without a partial prospect of obtaining the desired result.

I can now call to mind several instances of missionaries going home, who, as the result has shown, might have been cured by a sea voyage to the Mauritius or the Cape of Good Hope. Others, with a similar complaint, have continued ill, even after they arrived home. My impression is that one-half the missionaries that go home might recover by a voyage here. But it is too often the case

that they are obliged to count the cost in dollars and cents rather than in time. A voyage home is not much more expensive than a moderate voyage here, where if health should not be the result, friends are generally ready to render assistance, so as to save the Society expense. Still, could we command the means, how much better would it be to try first the resources of this part of the world, with even a partial prospect of success, and only a small sacrifice of time, rather than take so long a voyage with the certainty of a loss to the mission of two or three years of valuable time.*

We expect Brother Sutton here to-morrow, on his way to Calcutta. We shall endeavor to avail ourselves of his valuable experience and advice.

We have long felt that it was not safe to go on with so little help. The moment one is called away by sickness or death, the work, in a great measure, stops. We have no reserve, no provision, for emergencies. Can you not, dear brother, send out an additional family at once? No time is to be lost. Unless help arrives soon, our cause must suffer. It seems to me that a mighty effort should be made at once to send at least one additional laborer to Orissa. Four years ago our Society was able to support three missionaries and a single teacher. Can it not do as much now? Oh, when will our people awake?

You will doubtless hear from us by next overland mail, but ere this reaches you, it is possible, yea, it is quite probable, that we shall be far away, in search of health, unless death shall have rendered such a step unnecessary. Oh, may God enable our Board to provide for this emergency by sending another man to our aid without the least delay!

* The voyage between India and the United States was by sailing vessels and occupied from four to six months; their business was to carry merchandise, and they sailed infrequently.

Dec. 11. Brother Sutton is now with us. He is rather of the opinion that if we can take a voyage to some neighboring port, say China or some other place, on reasonable terms, we had better do it rather than go home. So, as yet, our affairs are entirely unsettled. Pray for us.

Your as ever,

O. R. BACHELER.

Such was the devotion of both Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler that they thought of their mission to the heathen first, of themselves last, doing for themselves only when absolutely necessary, and that to prolong life, for the sake of the mission — a devotion which has probably never been surpassed by any foreign missionaries.

In the meantime a valuable and beloved missionary was fluctuating between life and death. Ordinary remedies failed. A government physician was consulted, who insisted that only an immediate return home would save the life. As soon as arrangements could be made — though with great reluctance on her part — they set out for Calcutta, Mrs. Bacheler going in a palanquin and her husband on horseback. After stopping a few days with Mr. Phillips at Jellasore, they went on fifty miles to Midnapore. Mrs. Bacheler bore the journey without serious inconvenience,

but it was evident that she was gradually growing weaker.

Midnapore was reached on the 15th of January, after a journey of six days, including the stop

DOUBLE TABLET AT THE GRAVE OF MRS. BACHELER AND MRS. PHILLIPS. OLD CEMETERY, MIDNAPORE.

at Jellasore. A delay was made at Midnapore for baggage to come up, but she failed rapidly and passed away on the 20th. Her courage

was good until the last, and she consented to have the arrangements for going to Calcutta countermanded only an hour or two before she breathed her last. Without any apparent pain she passed away. She was buried in the old cemetery at Midnapore, side by side with the second wife of Rev. J. Phillips. One monument, with a double tablet, marks the grave of both.

In the death of Mrs. Bacheler the mission sustained a great loss; to her husband it was a sad blow. She was a consecrated missionary, a devoted wife, a noble woman. In a letter to the Home Secretary, dated Feb. 5th, 1845, Dr. Bacheler says: —

> I doubt not, my dear brother, you are better able to sympathize in my present feelings, than I am to describe them, since you have been called to suffer a similar affliction. None but those who have experienced it can realize the painful loneliness, the awful blank, which one feels on being deprived of his bosom companion, especially in this lone land where friends are few. With two helpless babes, the younger having but just reached its seventh month, I feel that mine is a loss indeed, a consciousness of which is at times almost overwhelming. But the cup that is given me to drink is not an unmingled one. I thank God that I am permitted to believe that my loss, infinite as it is, has proved gain to her as

infinite. Her life and death were such as to leave no doubt of her present happiness. Why, then, should I mourn her early departure? She has only gone where I hope soon to be, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The warfare of life with her has closed in victory, and she now enjoys the crown. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The last days of my wife were characteristic of her life. . . . On the morning of her death, perceiving that the end was near, I asked her if she felt prepared to go. She replied, "I trust I do," and added, "I had hoped to live on account of my children, and that I might serve God more faithfully, but the will of the Lord be done." She spoke also of the pleasure which she had previously experienced in dedicating the children to God, particularly the elder, and remarked that she could but feel reconciled to the will of God concerning them. Brother Dow, coming in soon after, asked if she felt prepared for the great change which was about to take place. She replied, "O, yes; O, yes." She tried to say more, but was not able. She soon after asked to see the children. I brought them; we gave and received the parting kiss, and, after lying silently for a few minutes, she quietly breathed back her spirit into the bosom of her God.

How sublime a thing is the Christian's death! The body, with all its pains and infirmities, returns to its original elements; the spirit, encaged, confined, and cramped in all its movements, bursts at once from its prison-house, and soars away untrammeled, unconfined, to bask forever in the glory of the Great Eternal. As I stood beside the dying bed of my beloved wife, watching the last flickerings of life, I felt as I had never felt before. The fear, the uncertainty, the darkness of the "dark valley," seemed annihilated, and I could look forward with pleasure to the time when I should be

treading the same path, triumphing in the same conflict, preparing to receive the same glorious crown. "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" has not forsaken me in this sore affliction. His everlasting arms are my support, in Him do I desire to trust.

While at Midnapore we were most hospitably entertained by Captain and Mrs. Wakefield, with whom Brother and Sister Dow were boarding. They are an excellent couple, ardently devoted to the service of their Lord, and great was the kindness they showed us for the Lord's sake.

I sincerely hope that the trying circumstances in which our mission has been placed have induced our friends to make a strenuous effort to send out an additional missionary immediately. A month ago there was a strong probability of my being under the necessity of leaving the country for a season. I had left my station, and said farewell to the dear native Christians, not knowing the course that would be marked out for me. The result you already know.

You have doubtless felt for us and for the mission in these trials, but has anything effectual been done to meet the emergency? If so, let no time be lost in sending to our relief. The Board should lose no time in fitting one brother, at least, to be in the field by the next cold season. True, the melancholy turn our affairs have taken enables me at the present to remain at my post, but I feel like a broken reed, in whom little reliance can be placed. With two infant children who must claim a considerable portion of my attention, I feel that I shall not be a very efficient missionary. I do beseech our beloved brethren, therefore, to leave no means untried, but to put forth every possible effort to meet the present emergency, by sending reinforcements immediately. Am I too sanguine in expecting to have the unspeakable

joy of welcoming one brother and sister at least to the joys and sorrows of missionary life next cold season?

May God grant us all grace to do and be resigned to His will.

Your afflicted brother in Christ,

O. R. BACHELER.

CHAPTER VII

SORROW AND SERVICE — MISS SARAH P. MERRILL — ANOTHER MISSIONARY — THE VOYAGE — THE MARRIAGE

THE departure of Mrs. Bacheler necessitated changes. The boarding-school children, who had been her especial charge, were sent to Jellasore to remain for a time, and the two Bacheler children were placed in the care of Mrs. Phillips until other arrangements could be made. Dr. Bacheler took up his work again as best he could, amid solitude which had taken the place of conjugal love, in a vacant home where once there was greeting, companionship, and helpfulness. He busied himself in caring for the needs and sorrows of others. What a blessing labor is to those in affliction! How often the best remedy for sorrow is found in ministering to the sorrowing! Happy is he who can forget himself when others are in trouble. By consulting his diary and letters, we find the thoughts of our missionary oft returning to

"... The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

yet he went bravely forward. It was in the cold season, the time when the gospel could be taken from village to village, market to market; when the scattered children of the jungle might be awakened with the glad proclamation that there was a living God, a living Saviour. For fifteen days from Feb. 1st, he went out in this work so dear to him. On the second of March there was great rejoicing in the mission when Gourie, the wife of Bhekari, a native preacher, was baptized, and received into the Balasore church. A single convert as the apparent result of months of labor encouraged them, but others were on the way; the seed was being faithfully sown; the ground which Satan had been tilling was being overturned.

"Is it strange," wrote our missionary, "that we should hail with rapture the first indications that the long, dark night is drawing to a close? That we should exult at the slightest inroads upon the possession of our enemy, when we are able to demonstrate to the world that Moloch's mighty king is not invincible? . . . Our little churches, insignificant as they appear, are the germs of promise. From them an influ-

ence is going forth which shall continue to be felt, until the last star of the firmament shall have ceased its vigils, and nature shall have ceased to be. Let 'Onward' be our watchword, and let us never think of being discouraged." It is not strange that God should signally bless the spirit which prompted such words and such a noble endeavor under such trying circumstances.

Interest in the mission was also deepening in the home churches. The appeals for missionaries and money were bringing conviction. The following letter is from one whom God was preparing to do a large work in India as an especial helper to our missionary. The true missionary spirit is manifest in it.

LOWELL, Sept. 8, 1842.

BROTHER BURR: —

I herewith send you enclosed six dollars for the Foreign Mission cause. It is the avails of a weekly cent contribution in the juvenile Sunday school of the first Free-will Baptist church in Lowell.

The subject of a missionary box and contribution was mentioned in the school about six months ago, and met the approval of teachers and scholars. It was proposed that the children should bring only that money which their parents had given them for their own use, and from their self-denial they have contributed this sum for the benefit of those who sit in darkness, in the shadow

of moral death. If the example of this Sunday school were imitated throughout our denomination, would it not promote, in some considerable degree, this glorious cause? And will not souls rise up in the judgment and bless those who have helped rescue them from an idolater's eternity?

Brethren and sisters, have we any excuse for not considering this subject in its true light? Thousands of our kindred spirits have gone, and are now going, to the shades of eternal night, for the want of those very means which are needlessly expended in feeding and adorning these bodies of clay. How can we be said to possess the spirit of Christ, if our souls feel not for the heathen? What were the Gentile race when Christ our Saviour came to illumine their darkness — what, but superstitious, idolatrous, degraded men? And what but the gospel translated them from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of God's dear Son, and gave them hopes of immortal life through His redemption, and through them blessed us, their posterity?

Let no one say that their mite will avail nothing in this immense treasury, for do not sands compose the ocean's shore, and little drops fill up its mighty deep? And a little given to the Lord, if it be given in faith and love, will produce results which eternity alone can unfold.

S. P. M.

The writer of this letter, in trying to stir the interest of others, was, through her prayers, offerings, and labors, being drawn nearer to God and to India, consequently *The Morning Star* of June 3d, 1846, announced that "a female

teacher" would soon sail for Orissa, India. The *Star* of July 29th announced that this missionary, "Miss Sarah P. Merrill, daughter of Elder Asa Merrill, of Stratham, N. H.," had sailed from New York, in company with missionaries destined for China and Siam, sent out by the Old School Presbyterian Board.

It is proper that some account of Miss Merrill's ancestry and early life should be given here. Sarah P. Merrill was born in Stratham, N. H., March 10, 1820. She was the ninth child of Asa and Esther (Fowler) Merrill.*

In the earlier part of life her parents were members of the Congregational church, and in that church and Sunday school the first nine children were brought up.

Her father was ordained a Free Baptist minister at the age of forty-five, and became pastor of a small church which had been organized a short time before. The mother died when Sarah was eleven years old. At the early age of fourteen she went to Lowell, Mass., to work

* There were twelve children: James, who died in infancy, Nathan L., Hannah W., Elizabeth, Daniel Ford, Phineas, Dorothy L., James S., Sarah P., Joseph, Mary A., and Benjamin.

in the mill, under the care of her next older sister, who had preceded her. After working there about a year she returned home. At sixteen she went to New Market to work in the mill, boarding at Mrs. Shepherd's. Elder Elias Hutchins was pastor of the church at that time. By a sermon which he preached from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found," her mind was very much awakened, and she sought the Lord, but while others found Him, she got no light, and gradually lapsed into a state of despair. She believed herself a reprobate. At the age of seventeen she attended Hampton Academy for two terms, with her sister, paying the expenses from her own earnings. When she was eighteen she was working in the mill at Exeter. There was a great awakening in the church there at that time, and a large number were converted. But she was without hope and in despair. Of her condition she says: —

"I would have given the world for the power to shed one penitential tear. My room-mate was converted, and urged me to come to Christ. One evening I returned from meeting, and

cried to God for mercy. Some Christian sisters prayed for me, but after a time, on account of the severe cold, left me and went to their beds; but, insensible to the cold, I continued crying to God. About midnight I seemed to see Jesus, hanging on the cross, but not looking toward me, and I cried mightily in my despair. He turned and looked toward me. Suddenly all was quiet, and in the same moment I thought I was abandoned, and that the Spirit had left me forever. Yet I had sweet sleep. The next morning, with a strange calm, I sat down by the sitting-room stove, and opened the Bible. The first words that caught my eye were 'Praise the Lord,' and instantly I was filled with unutterable joy. When I went into the mill the next morning, my associates in labor looked at me curiously, as if they almost doubted my identity. It was just a week after this that I seemed to see the heathen world spread out before me, and recognized that my life-work would in some way be in a part of it. I went to Lowell to work in the mills. In the winter of 1839 I made a public profession of religion and was baptized in the Concord River by Elder N.

Thurston, and united with the First Free-will Baptist Church in Lowell. From then until my twenty-third year I worked in the mills, mostly in Lowell, attended school, and taught.

"In the years 1843, '44, '45, I was in Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, and sat under Miss Lyon's instruction. During this time I never lost sight of the mission field as the place of my life-work."

Such, briefly stated, are some of the facts concerning the early life of Miss Merrill. It was to her a happy day when, late in 1845, she was appointed missionary to Orissa. Aug. 12, 1846, was yet a happier day, when she sailed for Calcutta on the ship *Gulnare*. The voyage occupied five and one-half months.

The accommodations were meagre. The cabin of the *Gulnare* was eighteen feet long, ten wide, and four and one-half high. State and baggage rooms opened out of this. Miss Merrill's state-room was six feet long, four wide, and five and one-half feet high. The berth — a box two and one half feet wide — was fastened about two-thirds of the distance from the floor to the ceiling. Not much room for rolling or pitching, and not

a large amount of house-cleaning was possible. The journal of Miss Merrill, as kept and sent to the Home Secretary, will be of interest. It reads: —

BARQUE GULNARE, Lat. 36° 39′, Long. 46° 49′,
Aug. 19, 1846.

DEAR BROTHER HUTCHINS: —

We have been one week on the wide ocean. It seems like a fleeting dream, and yet like a long, sad reality. The entire week has been devoted to sea-sickness, every particular of which I wish to forget. Last night, for the first time, I was able to take off my dress, and to-day I have been up most of the time. In health I am much in advance of all the other ladies. The wind has been favorable ever since we started. We have come one thousand miles, which the captain says is very well. Last Saturday night and Sunday forenoon we were crossing the Gulf Stream. The sea was very rough, and the ship pitched and rolled frightfully. We could not remain in our berths, but sought the floor, and other movables followed our example. To me it was an amusing and distressing night; amusing because everything danced round so, distressing because I was really sick.

We watched you on shore as your forms gradually receded from our view, and every wave of each handkerchief sent an undefined and indescribable thrill through all my soul. It seemed the last farewell of my best friends. The thought rushed upon me with sudden reality that I was destined "to see your faces in the flesh no more"; that the "die was cast." I was really on my way to the heathen. And should I cast "one long, lingering look behind"? It was but for a moment, and I thanked God in the dust that He had permitted me

to start on such a glorious errand. The wings of faith bore my spirit away beyond the bounds of time, to that joyful day when we shall "meet again, meet ne'er to sever." That afternoon the missionaries said to me, "We must not be strangers now, and you must not think or feel yourselves such. We will all be brothers and sisters," and thus far they have been so truly.

Aug. 20. Since I saw you on India Wharf my heart has almost sunk within me. For the first few days I lay in my upper room, sad and gloomy. I remembered my friends. One by one they came before me, and one by one I prayed for strength and faith to give them up. Then my life and example appeared to my mind with painful vividness — the influence which I had exerted on others — how unlike a devoted missionary's! I could only weep and pray for pardon, and straightway I felt the sweets of pardoning love. But then the overwhelming thought that I had assumed the fearful responsibility of a missionary; that I had dared to walk in the steps of Mrs. Newell and other holy women, women whose lives and characters seemed imbued with the spirit of Christ; whose labors are blessed, and whose memories are precious! It seemed impossible that such an one as I could really be permitted to occupy such a station as that to which they seemed justly elevated. And yet I cannot bring myself to believe that, independent of the Saviour's guiding hand, I should have been here. Surely he chooses the weak things of this world, and the smallest and rudest stone he can make of some use in his great building.

Aug. 21. Is it imagination, or do I really feel the influence of your prayers? I must name my little stateroom *Bethel*, for I trust it has been hallowed by the presence of the God of Jacob, and it has often seemed as if the spirits of my dear friends were mingling with mine

around the throne of grace — ascending together the ladder that reaches from earth to heaven. Last evening, for the first time, family prayers were attended. It seemed pleasant to kneel down together and commit ourselves to the care of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand and is able to bring us in safety to our destined port. My heart thrills with warm emotion as I am wafted nearer and nearer to the poor heathen. O that I were even now with them! May I be prepared to do them good.

Sabbath, Aug. 23. Service in the morning on deck; none this afternoon. We were just called on deck to see a ship; it is very near us, — within a mile. Sadness and despondency often come over me. I feel that I am alone, and have no strength or wisdom; that however much I may need dear friends or counsellors, I have none. Yet the same voice that I heard before I left my father's roof whispers to my heart most cheeringly. "He will send you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, even the spirit of truth." O would this Comforter take up his abode in my heart, pervading all its faculties, inspiring all its motives, prompting all its actions! Then should I indeed be blessed, and be prepared to bless the heathen.

Aug. 24. May I adopt the language of Luther, "I seem to feel that prayer is being made for me"? God grant that my going to the heathen may bring to some hearts the spirit of missions.

Aug. 29. A most lovely eve;

> "The moon is in the heavens above,
> And the stars shine on the foaming sea."

I wish you were here to-night to enjoy this ocean scenery. The ship bounding in proud freedom before the freshening breeze; the moon upon the waters, making a path of

glittering diamonds on its darkly-rolling surface; and then the stars, the beautiful stars looking down, — the same that the sweet singer of Israel loved so well to behold. I gazed on the Northern Cross till my eyes were dimmed with tears. It is the constellation which Sister Elizabeth and myself years ago adopted as ours. May we emulate its constant light and never leave the course in our relation to the cross of Christ.

Sept. 8. Lat. 20° 49′. Since I wrote last, my eyes and head have been much affected, so that I could look steadily at nothing, and now I cannot see very well. I attribute it to reading on deck before I was able to do so. Last Friday eve, the fourth, we sat on deck very late, The moon and stars shone brightly, and there was every promise that the succeeding day would be a fine one. Early on Saturday morning a storm commenced which increased in violence through the day. The night was fearful. The wind blew strong from the northeast until about midnight, when it changed quite suddenly to the south. The cross seas thus produced threatened to founder the ship, and from twelve till about three we were in danger. I will not attempt to describe its effects in the cabin and staterooms. The baggage burst from the baggage rooms, and it really seemed as if the ship must be racked to pieces. You recollect my large chest. It rolled across my stateroom as if it were a light article. My writing-desk is almost spoiled. I put it in a place where I thought it would be protected from the rain which came into our staterooms, but I found it almost saturated with water. That night was a sleepless but not an unhappy one. For myself I felt perfectly safe, and almost indifferent as to the choice of seeing another day on earth. The Lord preserved us, and the storm passed by.

Sept. 11. I find I have brought with me the same unbelief that I possessed at home; prone to forget God —

the same disposition to sin. I find some consolation in prayer, and in the cheering thought that you and others are praying for me.

Sept. 12. Good! good! A vessel coming very near us! The captain has stopped ours for her; says he thinks it is an American brig, and that we can send letters. Oh, can it be! I will not indulge too much hope for fear of a disappointment. I must run up on deck to see if it is really getting nearer. . . . Disappointment is the common lot of us all. The brig is from the Isle of France, bound for London. One of the officers came on board; there are eighteen British soldiers going home to recruit. Another ship in sight; quite an adventurous day! The good missionaries brought several cases of different kinds of eatables, in which I have been a welcome sharer. Were it not for this I should really have suffered for want of food, not that there is not enough cooked on board, but I cannot eat it.

Sept. 16. Saw several whales to-day — monsters of the deep in truth. The Bible lesson this afternoon was on the subjects of "Baptism" and "The Trinity." It was absolute torture to preserve silence on the former subject, while to my mind it was twisted and contorted by every one present, but I did it, thinking it to be more prudent.

Sept. 23. Have been out six weeks and am yet several days from the equator. The equator is often reached in thirty days. We have every prospect of a long and tedious voyage. Yesterday a fine large dolphin was caught, and we were called on deck to see it die. Its beautiful varied colors I cannot describe, — red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, blending and separating and blending again, ever changing, until the whole surface settled into a deep sea-green, tinged with orange, and covered with small spots of the deepest blue. It was

a long time in dying, and nothing but the beauty of the fish and novelty of the sight could have induced me to witness its struggles.

We have but six sailors besides the two mates. No two of them are of the same nation. Yesterday at about 3 A. M., an Italian and a Frenchman were engaged in a quarrel; the Italian was much worsted. He received a cut in the head, and one of his shoulders was considerably lâmed. His groans and cries sounded dreadful to us in the cabin. The officers had some difficulty in separating them.

Sept. 26. Life is so oft like a dream that we know not where we are. When I awake in the morning, and hear the fowl and swine on deck, and at the same time feel the rolling of the ship, I fancy that I still dream; and when I sit on deck in the evening with my companions, and listen to their sweet, delicious music, and think that I am on my way to the heathen, it seems so like a dream that I do not know where I am. I am not always happy. "A deep and dismal gulf lies between comfort and my soul," a gulf of sin and unbelief, unfathomed by repentance and faith. I fear it may be fixed. My prayers are faint, and the presence and smiles of the Saviour I know not.

Oct. 2. We are now in the longitude of the Cape (Good Hope). The weather has been rough for a week or two past, and quite cold. My mind is much clearer than when I wrote last. The promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," has been precious, because I have ventured to apply it to myself. Though I stand as yet on the shore, and know not the deep water through which I am yet to pass, the more I contemplate a life among the heathen, the more desirable it seems. Is my heart deceived?

Oct. 11. The weather is very rough. I have been

obliged to sleep on the floor for several nights. Last night the sails were all taken in and we "lay to." Our progress is rather slow, as you might infer.

Dec. 14. Lat. 10° south. Long. 88° east. We are now hoping to see the end of our voyage soon. Since I wrote last we have had gales, storms, calms, and trade-winds. The southeast trade-winds left us at 14°. It was four months yesterday since we started. Just like a dream of night, it has passed away, and am I not ready to awake to action? Alas! I fear not; my heart shrinks from entering a field where each laborer must sustain such a fearful responsibility. My feelings, too, shrink from a land of strangers, but I must remember that "in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," and that if I trust Him, he will never leave me nor forsake me.

Dec. 22. Our latitude is now about 5° north. We fell in with the trade-winds, or little monsoon, at 8° south, blowing with unusual strength and uniformity. They took us in a few days to 4° above the equator. Now we have the northeast monsoon. It is very light, so that we are almost becalmed. The last ten days have been the most prosperous of our voyage, and we take courage. Our voyage has been long and, in some respects, unpleasant, yet we have had much, very much, cause for gratitude. For myself, I have heartfelt occasion to bless God for the lesson which I trust I have learned on this voyage. It is not necessary to speak of its particulars; it would be painful. I feel that I needed it, and that my past offences merited a thousand times more.

For a few days past I have felt more firmly established on the rock Jesus Christ than at any former part of my Christian experience. The sweet assurances, "Thy sins are forgiven," "My grace is sufficient for thee," are most precious to my soul. The gloomy clouds that have spread across my mental sky like an impenetrable veil,

have passed away, and, in communion with God, I find Him a sun and a shield. I needed a four and one-half months' sojourn on board the *Gulnare* to make me a confirmed Free-will Baptist. I have found in our denomination a certain simplicity, unaffected kindness, and the absence of conscious superiority and formal condescension, which I have not found elsewhere.

Dec. 24. I have just arisen from a breakfast on *shark*. I cannot say that I relish it much. It was caught last evening, and came over the side of the ship with most evident reluctance. It seemed disposed to devour us all.

Dec. 26. The fifth day of a dead calm beneath a tropical sun. The sea is smooth as glass, and may continue so for many days. I suppose you think of me now as having arrived in India, and a tolerable passage would have landed us there ere this hour. Most of the time in which I have strength to do anything, I spend in reading and writing. "The Lord is my light and strength, and in Him I find much peace."

Dec. 28. We are again going on in the Bay of Bengal. Oh, can it be possible that I shall soon see those for whom I have in secret, these many years, wept and prayed, and for whose eternal good I hope I have many years yet to labor?

Jan. 7, 1847. Our voyage is very long — longer even now by five weeks than the captain anticipated, and the time we have yet to remain in the Bay of Bengal remains to be decided. For a week we have been within two days' sail of Calcutta. The winds are indeed "contrary." But we have patience, and I am very happy. The Lord is the light of my countenance. I will trust and not be afraid. Indeed, dear brother, I can hardly realize my own identity. I have become much cheered. God knows if it is for the better, and permanent. I hope it is, though with trembling, because of the deceitfulness of the human heart.

Jan. 20. Last Sabbath (17th) we reached the light-ship and took a pilot on board. We were becalmed fifteen days within one day's sail of the light-ship. As soon as the pilot learned our situation he sent a boat to the light-ship for some fresh provisions, and we are now comparatively comfortable. Boats filled with natives are around our ship all the time.

I shall not attempt to add another to the thousand and one descriptions already written of the appearance of the natives. It is hard to believe that humanity is so debased, and I almost think I am looking on a troop of monkeys. The thought that they possess immortal souls bound to an idolater's eternity is overwhelming, and my heart sinks within me. Yesterday I received letters from Brothers Phillips and Bacheler. They were as cold water to a thirsty soul. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, English missionaries, have through Brother Phillips invited me to their house.

Jan. 22. Evening. Just arrived in Calcutta. Everything looks strange. We are going to remain on board to-night. There is a heathen festival on the shore just opposite to us. We have seen two of the idols drowned, after being borne about in high cars along the banks of the rivers. Our ship is surrounded by boats filled with natives, and the river around us is covered with ships, some very fine.

Jan. 24. I am stopping at the house of Mr. Bliss, as Mr. Pierce is out of the city. They sent a conveyance for me as soon as they knew of my arrival. I have parted with my dear missionary companions. They have yet twelve hundred miles to go, and the hot weather is already commencing. Yesterday I received your letter, and I cannot express to you how precious and comforting were its contents. I *did* thank God on my knees for his abundant and unmerited mercy. I already have felt

many times that you were praying for me. Your last words, "*I hope you will be a blessing to our mission in India*," are written on my heart. I shall ever pray that God may bless you. O that I had one thousand lives, and a spirit prompting me to spend them all for Christ! What can make our churches feel and act for the dying heathen? What can move them? I was going to say that the sight of these poor people in all their ignorance and degradation could not fail to do it; but no. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." If the truth of the Bible in relation to the duty of Christians to those who have not heard of Christ, will not affect the heart, there can be nothing more powerful. I am not aware of feeling more interested for the salvation of the heathen now than I did before I saw them. True, my sympathy is more excited, but otherwise I feel just the same in relation to them now as in years past. Many people seem inclined to attribute to missionaries a different spirit than that possessed by common Christians, but I cannot tell the difference between the spirit that would prompt to self-denial at home, and that which would lead to go abroad.

Jan. 28. Yesterday Mr. Pierce (Baptist missionary in Calcutta) kindly took me through all his establishment of schools. They were extremely interesting and evince a great amount of care and labor. The friends with whom I am staying say they wish I was to remain in Calcutta, and I almost wish so myself. Calcutta is a most beautiful place, and Christian friends are extremely kind. Mr. Pierce said to me last evening, "I hear you have seventy thousand members; you ought to have more than three missionaries." What could I say? I hope and trust our mission will be enlarged very soon. I have seen none of *our* missionaries, and I do not know when I shall get to

Orissa. Brother Phillips wishes me to come immediately, or at least very soon, to his house, instead of stopping at Midnapore. I hardly know what to do, but hope Providence will direct me. I feel consoled by the thought that you are praying for me. O, do not cease, I beseech you, to make mention of me in your prayers.

SARAH P. MERRILL.

A sea voyage of three weeks has seemed long and tedious to some of us, but Miss Merrill was one hundred and three days going from Boston to Calcutta, often in disagreeable and dangerous circumstances, always enduring privations. On reaching Calcutta, she still had the journey to Balasore before her. Calcutta friends accompanied her to Tumlook, where Mr. Dow, one of the missionaries, met her and took her to his home in Midnapore, which is about seventy miles from Calcutta. She stopped there a few days. Dr. Bacheler met her there and accompanied her to Jellasore, where they visited in the Phillips family for nearly three weeks.

Dr. Bacheler and Miss Merrill had met before but their acquaintance was slight. Soon after becoming better acquainted, the question came to him, should he ask her to become his wife. Seriously he revolved in his mind the circum-

stances, the sacredness of the question. One entire night he walked the floor in prayer over the matter, with the result that he submitted the question, received an affirmative answer, and they were married Feb. 26, 1847, by Rev. J. Phillips. She resumed her journey with her husband — the long journey which was to end at Balasore, in her own "home, sweet home," herself no longer Miss Merrill, but Mrs. Bacheler.

Her next letter was written from her new home, and dated March 4, 1847. It was full of gratitude for God's care and guidance during a long and perilous journey, deep interest in the heathen, and longing for the mission force to be increased.

On her way from Calcutta she stopped over night at Busta, and saw for the first time some of India's sad but common scenes. She saw skulls and bones of pilgrims strewed thick over the ground, the remains of those who had died on their way to and from Jagurnath. She saw one poor man die only a few feet from her. Unnoticed he lay in the hot sun, with the sand and dried leaves blowing about him. On the next morning nothing but a few bones and the

skull remained of him, and a dog was gnawing the latter. This was certainly a revolting introduction to heathenism.

Before leaving America she studied the Oriya language with Rev. Eli Noyes (missionary returned) for a few months, and was able to go into the native school and help the beginners, but she longed to be able to talk readily with the natives, and devoted herself to the study of the language as much as was consistent with her other duties. From the first she realized that she had married a husband with two children to whom she was to be a mother, concerning which fact she said: "Two children, Maria, aged five and a half, and Albert, aged two and a half years, were mine by inheritance from the former Mrs. Bacheler, so, from the beginning of my India life, I had a really home family."

CHAPTER VIII

A NEW FORM OF OPPOSITION — A DANGEROUS PREACHING TOUR — KHAND SACRIFICES

THE work of missions in India had been progressing so favorably that a new form of opposition was developed; especially had peculiar manifestations of this been made in Calcutta and its vicinity. The native press took an active part, and large assemblies were held, with the design to compel the natives to withhold all support and encouragement from the propagation of Christianity, and thereby force the missionaries to leave the country.

The immediate occasion of this new movement arose from the following facts: The missionaries of the Church of Scotland had for several years successfully operated a large and flourishing school which had given constant instruction, to nearly one thousand heathen youth, in science and English literature. But the teachers of this school were not merely teaching science and literature; they took special pains to store these

youthful minds with the principles of the gospel. So long as no converts were made, the native community was not only quiet, but also full of adulation for the missionaries. But when the seed sown in tears began to spring forth in joy, and several young men in the school — some of whom belonged to wealthy and influential families — became confessed Christians, there was opposition. Each new conversion created a fresh excitement, until their frequency aroused the community to a high pitch.

The long pent-up spirit of enmity to the gospel burst forth with all possible hatred and vindictiveness. A large assembly was called, and influential babus* were expected to adopt measures by which the influence of the missionaries would be counteracted. There were speeches full of enmity, misrepresentation, and abuse. Plans were made to raise Rs. 300,000 — nearly $150,000 — for the endowment of an English free school, which would provide instruction for one thousand young men. The following extracts from native papers reveal the real feeling which existed among that people. The first is from the *Prabha-*

* Bengali gentlemen.

kar, a Bengali newspaper, of May 16, 1845, and reads: —

The son of a brother of an acquaintance of ours, like a bird from its cage, having escaped with extended wings, in company with his wife, from his home, has fallen into the hands of a certain fowler in Calcutta [Dr. Duff, Scotch missionary]. On this our friend, with some of his relatives, by spreading the net of *habeas corpus* endeavored to rescue the silly little bird from the clutches of the fowler. But the fowler — the white incarnation — seeing this, said to our friends: "All your efforts are vain, for the little bird has come to my house, and I shall try to keep it. I cram it daily with the food of knowledge from my own bill; it has already learned to chirp a few pretty notes, so that it will no more relish your attentions." After saying this he dismissed our friends, without even allowing them a single sight of the boy. Alas! we fear that God has made the hearts of the white-faced ascetics of the hardest stone.

We fear the missionary more than we do the serpent by whose poisonous bite life is so much in danger, for the evil effects arising from the serpent's bite may be removed by the application of medicine, or by repeating suitable *muntras** ; but there is no remedy for the sting of the serpent-like, white-faced missionaries.

Another more liberal Bengali paper closes an article thus: —

Collecting their friends and sitting together in the house, they will for a few days make much ado; but ultimately the whole plan, dispersed in air, will come to naught. We are still more grateful for the courage of these babus when we consider that the missionaries

* Charms, incantations.

have established institutions in about every country of the world. The babus of this country believe that by the commencement of a college they will drive the missionaries away. In fact, in all quarters of the world, the strong roots of the missionary tree extend to the regions below, and the small roots are expanded over all parts of the earth. At present, without uprooting the earth itself, they cannot eradicate the missionary tree. But the marvellous thing is that these inexperienced babus are attempting to eradicate this mighty tree with a knife for paring the nails.

Surely the gospel seed was taking root in heathen soil. The foundations of Hinduism were being shaken. The light of Christianity was banishing the darkness of idolatry, but not without the consternation and protest of heathen votaries.

Ashamed of idolatry, the educated Hindus, while hating Christianity, endeavored to form a combination of the infidelity of heathenism and the erudition of Christian science. Dr. Bacheler says: —

"With this object in view, several associations have been formed, within the last few years, which have endeavored to so modify Hinduism as to make it compatible with the literature of the Christian world. The result has been a strange compound, having for its base the poly-

theistic deism of Hinduism combined with the atheism of infidel France, with the super-addition of the unbounded immorality and licentiousness of heathenism to complete the anomaly. To embrace this hydra is to renounce Hinduism as effectually as to embrace Christianity, and the consequence is that the mass of the people continue as they were, except that each successive conversion loosens the foundations of the mighty fabric of idolatry, modifies the prejudices of the people and prepares them to receive any new form of doctrine which may be presented with most force to their minds. There can be no reasonable doubt that the days of Hinduism are numbered. It must wither away before the light which is dawning upon it. But whether its votaries are to lapse into a state of infidelity, worse than heathenism, or to be subdued by the mild sceptre of Jesus, is a point which remains for the Christian world to decide." Thus he clearly sets forth the conditions as they appear to him from one point of view, and then he looks from another standpoint and says: "The strong opposition of the higher classes, the candor and willingness to concede the claims

of the gospel so generally manifested by a large mass of the people, and the revivals that are breaking out here and there, in interest and extent unprecedented in the history of Christianity in India — these are all indications of a more prosperous state of things. The advocates of idolatry are beginning to feel that their system is in danger, they are rallying for a final conflict. Let but the Christian church come up nobly to the work; let additional laborers be sent into the field; let the work of education, tract and Scripture distribution go on in an increasing ratio; let the prayers of the faithful go up unitedly to the throne of our omnipotent God, — then it will be seen that the days of Hinduism are numbered, and that the triumphs of Christianity, even in benighted India, are certain."

Such was the reasoning and the sanguine hope of Dr. Bacheler at this juncture. Time has shown that he reasoned prudently and that his hope was justified. In all his endeavor he worked upon the ideas which he here set forth.

One of the longest cold-season trips that he made while in India was accomplished at about this time. It is so interesting and sets forth

the condition of the people so clearly, that it will be better to reproduce an account of it here quite fully. It was published in *The Morning Star* under the title, "Some Accounts of a Journey through the Tributary States of Western Orissa," and reveals experiences almost as thrilling as any which Livingstone had in Africa. The account follows :—

"You are probably aware that on our western borders there are a number of tributary States occupying a large portion of the Province of Orissa and extending far into the interior, beyond Sumbhulpore to the Marhatta country of Central India. These territories are in most respects governed by their respective authorities, but pay a small tribute to the home Company for their protection. An agent of the Company exercises a general superintendence of their affairs. This protective system is probably one of the worst forms of government that can exist.

"The kings are not permitted to keep troops, except by the direction of the Company, nor engage in war on their own account. In case of insurrection or invasion, the home Company

is bound to protect them. All means of redress are thus taken away from the people, for there is no appeal from the oppression of their rulers, except an appeal to arms, and then the strong arm of British power comes in for their suppression.

"It will be a happy day for these poor people when the English shall take the exclusive government of these States into their own hands. By allowing the kings a moderate pension, they would do them no injustice, and confer the innumerable blessings of Christian government on the downtrodden subjects.

"The worst feature of the Hindu character is cruelty. In all ranks of society, from the king to the lowest subjects, the disposition to oppress, to the utmost extent of their power, is ever manifest. The Musselmans, the Marhattas, and the English have in their turn been the oppressors of India, but the most cruel forms of foreign oppression have no comparison with that which they exercise among themselves and toward each other. The most casual observer would not fail to notice a striking difference between the territories directly under

English control and those governed by the native rajahs. In the former, signs of wealth and prosperity everywhere appear; in the latter, if there is any wealth among the people it is invariably concealed. For when a person is known to possess property, the king or his emissary is sure to find some plausible pretext as an occasion for taking it from him. Consequently there are no comfortable houses, or cultivated gardens, and the various appearances of affluence, which are to be seen in the Company's territories, but everything bears the appearance of poverty. The administration of justice, as might be supposed, exists only in name; and he that can give the largest bribes, though guilty of the most daring crimes, is almost sure to escape with impunity, and the innocent who has the misfortune to be poor is always liable to be punished for the crimes of others. At a village where I recently encamped, a murder had just been committed. As capital crimes are punished by the English authorities, and the murderer in question had some little property, the rajah found it most profitable to compromise the matter and settle

it himself, so he hushed up the affair, taking the property of the delinquent as a bonus. The murderer is still suffered to go at large.

"Another circumstance connected with the same rajah was related to me at his capital, which serves to illustrate the oppression of the people. Before he came to the throne, he once broke into the house of the prime minister and defiled some members of his household. He complained to the king of the wickedness of the prince, and a severe reproof from the father was the consequence. The young man restrained his resentment for the time, but when he came to the throne had the minister in question assassinated. This was kept a secret so far as the English authorities were concerned, as, had it been known, he would have been subject to severe punishment. The consequence is that the present princes are permitted to roam at large, defiling whom they please, without fear or restraint, as no one dares to inform against them. The political agent whom I met in the jungles informs me that he had no doubt that murders are often committed by the rajah's men; but it would

be almost impossible to convict the parties in a court of justice, as no one would dare to testify against them. Thus anarchy and oppression exist to a fearful extent, even in the tributary territories of the Company.

"As these territories are but thinly inhabited, the villages being small and scattered over a large extent of jungle, with but very little cultivated lands, they do not afford the most inviting field for missionary labor. One traveling among them must be content with hard work, poor fare, and comparatively a small number of hearers. I have long desired to travel among these wild people and make known the blessed truths of the gospel, where it had never before been preached among a people who seldom or never come within the range of our influence, but circumstances have never been favorable to such an object, till the present season. As my labors did not particularly require my attention nearer home, I left Jellasore on the 9th of January, with Bhekari for my native assistant, a small tent six feet square, a bed, table and chair, all in miniature, to match, and five men to carry the

same, books, provisions, etc., with the intention of spending the remainder of the cold season in the western jungles. I left with no particular plan in view, determined to proceed as circumstances should seem to dictate, but hoped to be able to get through the county to Sumbhulpore. To avoid the monotony of a daily journal I shall endeavor to embody all that may be interesting in the letter form, making such extracts from my journal as occasion may require.

"Our first march was to Patapore, six miles, where we pitched our tent for the night. We arrived early in the afternoon, and were surrounded by interested hearers till late in the evening. The people were somewhat acquainted with the doctrines of the gospel, and were prepared to oppose with a variety of arguments. This enabled us to discuss the relative merits of Christianity and Heathenism with greater freedom than we are often able to do. They received books with some hesitation, as they feared they might be called upon to pay a heavy sum for them hereafter. After assuaging their fears they received a few joyfully.

"On the following morning we passed into the territory of the Mohurbunge rajah. As our path lay through thick jungle we had some difficulty in keeping it, so that we did not arrive at our next stopping-place until two o'clock, having been seven hours in going eight miles. Here we found three villages situated near together, but we did not obtain many hearers, as most of the men had gone to attend the annual coronation, or rather re-coronation, of the king, which takes place on the first of the Hindu year, or the 12th of our January.

"On this occasion a certain number of men, and a quantity of fruit, grain, etc., are required from each district in his territories, to feast the multitude assembled. The re-coronation of the king, his marriage to a new wife, or, if this is not convenient, his re-marriage to an old one, and the rededication of his idols, constitute the principal ceremonies of the occasion. After spending a quiet Sabbath preaching at two or three of the neighboring hamlets in the evening, we struck our tent early the following morning and arrived at Chardee at

noon. A good company assembled on our arrival, who listened attentively while we made known the unspeakable riches of the gospel. Hearing that there was to be a large *jatra* three miles farther on, we determined to attend. A large number of *retris*, or soldiers who formerly composed a large portion of the rajah's standing army, came to escort us. They are settled in all his villages, two or three families in a place, and receive a portion of land, rent free, for their support, and serve their master, the king, whenever their services are required. They also constitute the police of the country. They are mostly armed, some with guns, others with swords, battle-axes, etc. They gave us a specimen of their sword exercise, which consists in whirling the sword with great rapidity over the head in various directions. This may answer a good purpose in Indian warfare; but a European swordsman would find little difficulty in striking his victim at almost every thrust.

"Found about fifteen hundred people at the *jatra*, assembled around a temple of Jagur-

nath, attending the annual rededication of the idol. The exercises consisted of music, dancing, gymnastic exercises by the soldiers, and the making of various offerings to the idols.

"Spoke for nearly two hours, to an attentive audience. Some, at least, had never before heard the blessed name of our Saviour.

"During the two days following we traveled through extensive jungles, interspersed with a few small villages and cultivated spots, in which we preached as opportunity offered, and arrived at Baripoda, the residence of the rajah, on the 14th. This is a pleasant village well laid out, situated in the midst of a district 240 miles in circumference, the property of the rajah. A large portion of this consists of timber lands, from the sale of which he derives a large revenue. Not more than one twentieth of his territories is under cultivation. The Balasore market, where large quantities of timber are used for ship-building, etc., is principally supplied from this place. It is situated on a branch of the Balasore River, thirty-two miles from Balasore.

"During the four days of our stay here we

were treated with great hospitality by the rajah, from whom we received several presents of rice, vegetables, milk, etc.

"Through a mistake I did not see him. I sent him my card, requesting an interview when convenient. He replied that he would send a messenger to conduct me to the palace, but as the following day was a holy day, and we left on the succeeding day, they did not reach us till we were twenty miles distant. I replied to his message that I would try to pay him a visit at some future time. Bhekari, however, had an opportunity of preaching before him and his servants, and was kindly received. I met the princes, three in number, and explained the object of our mission, at their request. They behaved in a gentlemanly and becoming manner.

"We endeavored to improve our time while here in visiting the principal bazaar night and morning, where we usually obtained good congregations, but we generally met some violent opposers, who used every possible means to divert the people from the truth. One even-

g Bhekari, on visiting the rajah, found him

being entertained by an old ascetic, who was worshipping his elephants, feeding them with sweetmeats, etc., from whom he received three rupees and a blanket.

"The worshipping of the elephants was only a pretext by which to extort money. Bhekari freely exposed his tricks and he quickly took himself away. So strong is the influence of superstition on the Hindu mind that the most enlightened are slaves to it. This ascetic possessed such an influence over the rajah that he did not dare to turn him away, lest he should curse him, destroy his children, or bring upon him some great evil.

"Twice in the bazaar and once in the presence of the princes, a member of the rajah's household made the most violent opposition, flatly denying everything, even his own existence. He afterward frankly acknowledged to us privately that he fully believed the doctrines we preached were true, but as they aimed at the destruction of sin, without which he should lose his chief profits, he thought it for his interest to oppose. We felt most forcibly how true it is that 'one sinner destroyeth much good.'

"We did not fail to warn the people freely, both high and low, and if they perish it will not be because they 'have not known the truth.'

"The rajah's family appear rather amiable, but as they are educated to be imbeciles and the quiet instruments of others, they are but poorly prepared to act the part of rulers. Eastern princes are noted for their licentiousness, and not without reason. The part of a king is to spend his time in luxury, wasting his substance on horses, elephants, prostitutes, and *pujahs*, and leaving the management of his affairs to wily sycophants, whose chief object is to enrich themselves at the expense of the subjects. Justice, as might be expected, does not exist. The innocent are not protected; crime goes unpunished, provided the criminal can find the means for bribing the authorities.

"Leaving Baripoda we pursued our journey in a northwesterly direction, through dense forests, to Sirra, a large village on the road from Midnapore to Sumbhulpore. We passed but two or three villages on the way, a distance of twenty miles, at one of which, where

we tented for the night, the men all fled at our approach and did not appear while we remained. They probably thought we had come to take them away to labor on the road now being built through their country.

"As I made it a prominent object during my journey through the district to acquire as much information as possible concerning the Santals who abound here, I may as well give the result of my inquiry here. They inhabit small villages, scattered throughout the jungles of Mohurbunge. There is usually a small patch of cultivated land near each villager; but the principal wealth consists in buffaloes, neat cattle, and hogs. These run at large in the jungles during the day, and are brought home at night. Their principal labor consists in collecting wood and leaves, which they sell to their Hindu neighbors. In this way they manage to 'keep soul and body together,' but they are very poor and often suffer from want of the necessities of life, and in seasons of famine many of them perish. From the number of villages I had seen in the vicinity of Balasore, as well as from what information I could col-

lect there, I had formerly estimated that their whole number in the Mohurbunge might be about ten thousand, but from what I have seen on this journey I concluded that that estimate was far too low. It is difficult to form an estimate approaching to correctness, but I think we can safely calculate upon twenty thousand in this district. And when we consider that they have no religion, either false or true, neither caste nor priests, — the great obstacle to the introduction of Christianity among the Hindus, — may we not justly look upon this as a most inviting field of labor? Providence seems loudly calling upon us to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ to the rude inhabitants of these wild forests. The work has already commenced. Bro. Phillips has made considerable progress in their language, and is prepared to enter at once on this department of labor, whenever the necessary help and funds can be obtained, so that our present field of work shall not suffer. Shall the work go on, or shall it stop? Let the churches decide the important question.

"We are now at Sursa on the Sumbhulpore

road, forty two miles from Midnapore, and fifty miles from Balasore, prepared to pursue our journey through the western jungles. Here we spent the Sabbath.

"This is a large village, containing four or five hundred inhabitants. The reception we met with here was truly gratifying. On Sabbath morning we went into the village and found a large company at the house of the zemindar, to whom Bhekari preached from, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' We occupied an hour and a half, while our message was listened to with unusual attention. On coming away they invited us to come again in the afternoon, to which we agreed.

"After fulfilling our engagement in the afternoon, at which time we were listened to with serious attention, they pressed Bhekari to return after supper, and spend the evening with them. This is somewhat unusual, and I am inclined to think the anxiety arose from a sincere desire to learn something more perfectly of the doctrines of Christianity. We departed from them strongly encouraged to hope that our labors had not been in vain.

"The road now being built will open an easy communication between Calcutta and Bombay, via Sumbhulpore, a distance of thirteen hundred miles. Twenty thousand men are now engaged on it, and it will probably be completed during the present season. Taking this road toward Sumbhulpore, we arrived at evening at the base of a lofty range of mountains, over which it was necessary to pass, fifteen miles from where we encamped the previous night. Here a cluster of bold cliffs, thrown together in wild confusion, presented one of the most sublime and picturesque scenes I ever beheld. The mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, which have justly received the admiration of strangers, are as familiar to me as the cradle song of my childhood, but I am not prepared to say that those most striking views surpass in grandeur those I have witnessed to-day, though these are on a smaller scale. Had poesy ever formed a part of my nature, I could have been poetical there. Our path led up a broken defile, six miles in extent. The passage is abrupt and difficult, now ascending almost perpendicularly and then descending into

ravines or along the verge of deep runs. As we rise, a continual succession of mountains appear above and around us, hill peering over hill till we arrive at the summit which forms the entrance to the tablelands beyond.

"As we did not commence the ascent until five o'clock in the afternoon, night overtook us, when about two miles from the entrance to the defile, and we had still four miles to go, over the roughest road I have ever passed. To add to the interest of the scene, just after sunset we met two men in a great fright, who had just seen a tiger a few rods in advance. We moved on unconcerned and were not disturbed by the way. Once, just after dark, we heard a loud tramping in the jungle close to our path, which we took to be a tiger, but a loud shout from our men put him to silence, and we heard no more. The royal Bengal tiger, the most formidable of the beasts of the forest, inhabits the mountains in large numbers, so that the poor natives dislike to pass through them unless there are several in company, as these animals are not bold enough to attack a man except he be alone.

"We arrived at a post-house at the top of the mountain, at eight o'clock, where we found shelter for the night.

"On the following morning we passed on through a beautiful tableland thirty miles in extent. The mountains over which we had come were enclosed on all sides by hills varying in distance from six to twelve miles. This beautiful plain has only a few scattering villages; the remainder is jungle studded by heavy timber.

"The next day we emerged from this plain, and soon after came to Dospore, where Lieutenant Haynes, the engineer of the road, was encamped, with whom I spent the heat of the day. He informed me that I was the first European that had ventured through on this route alone, and offered to send a native officer with me to see that I was provided for on the way, but as I had no fears on the subject I refused. It is not strange that officers of government, traveling as they do with a large train of servants, should meet with some difficulty in obtaining food supplies, for though they usually pay well for all they re-

ceive yet their servants, through whom they obtain everything, are so unmerciful in their extortions, that the poor people receive little or nothing. We had an illustration of this in the village where we stopped to-day.

"A servant of Mr. Haynes came for some supplies. A goat was brought. He said, 'It is poor, you will get nothing for this.' A fowl is brought — 'It is small, you will get nothing for this.' Some eggs—'They are small, you will get nothing for them,' and so on to the end of the chapter. So that although the prices of everything are paid by the superintendent, and he invariably pays according to the estimate, his servants exact them from the people without pay, and pocket their value themselves. The consequence is that the people yield nothing willingly, and endeavor to conceal what they possess. Is it strange, then, that they should dread the approach of a European more than the ferocious beasts of their forests? We find the same traits of character in all classes of native society—unbounded extortion and oppression wherever they possess the power. Justice and mercy are principles

unknown to the heathen heart. When we settled our bill with the villagers, they expressed great surprise, saying, 'This Sahib pays for all he receives—we never saw such a Sahib before.' Obtaining a good hearing at the village, we were happy to be able to show them by our honest dealing the superiority of Christian principles over their own corrupt religion.

"During the two following days, we met with little but jungle, and on the night of the second, pitched our tent in the midst of a camp of coolies engaged on the road. Here a good opportunity for preaching offered, which we improved during our stay. Some of the overseers endeavored to oppose, but the greater part heard well. As all were away from their homes they encamped in the woods, in shanties built of bushes; when they lighted their fires for cooking the evening meal, the scene was truly enlivening. A circle, including an area of ten acres or so, was lighted up. Some engaged in cooking, some in singing, and others in playing on various musical instruments. We were thus lulled to sleep by the merry sounds

of music and of song. O, when shall these wild sons of the forest learn to chant the praises of redeeming grace!

"Soon after leaving this camp, we left the Mohurbunge territory, through the whole extent of which, eighty miles, we had traveled, and passed into the country of the Kenjuri rajah, and another day through the jungles brought us to his capital. During the last day of our journey we passed through a jungle much infested by tigers, which do not hesitate to attack travelers in the daytime. We saw a buffalo, fearfully wounded, with one leg broken by one of these ferocious beasts. By keeping together, with a good lookout we got through without harm.

"Kenjuri, the capital of the district of the same name, is a large village containing about five thousand inhabitants, situated in a deep valley surrounded by lofty hills. We had had a week of hard traveling, with but a few villages on the way, but felt amply repaid for our toil by finding a large number of people, many of whom were entirely unacquainted with the doctrines of the gospel. We remained

here three days and had excellent congregations night and morning during our stay. On Sabbath evening we collected a company at the door of the rajah's palace. He soon came out, listened for a few moments, and then went out for his evening ride. How true it is that not many noble and not many rich are called. The poor and middle classes hear the gospel joyfully, but the rich and powerful look upon its claims as beneath their notice.

"The rajah is a young man—not more than sixteen—yet he contrives to expend all his large income. There are now two companies of merchants encamped near our tent, of one of which he has purchased two ponies for about $120; but he is not able to pay so large a sum at once, and so must keep his creditors waiting till he can collect it from the tenants in the country. Of the other company he has purchased some $800 worth of cloths, but they must wait a month or so for their pay. Yet this boy keeps some twenty or thirty horses, three elephants, etc. This is a fair illustration of the profligacy of these princes. They are seldom able to raise any large amount without

several days' or weeks' notice, and consequently almost invariably purchase upon credit. It is customary with many, when they wish to purchase a horse or an elephant, or to get married, or to make a feast, to impose a tax on their subjects to cover the expense. Thus the people are impoverished to gratify the profligacy of their rulers. The interest manifested in the object of our visit was flattering, and the opposition from the Brahmins was not violent. Some had heard of Christianity at Balasore and Cuttack, but for the most part the gospel was new to them. We distributed a good number of books, and left them, strongly encouraged to hope that though we might never be permitted to visit them again, the labors then bestowed would not be entirely in vain. This place is about one hundred and twenty miles from Balasore.

"While here we saw some women belonging to a jungle tribe inhabiting this neighborhood, called Luanjas. They were clothed in the most primitive style in existence, having the fashion of their clothing directly from Mother Eve. A cluster of leaves before and behind, attached

to a string around the waist, formed the sum total of their dress. This is the costume of their tribe. They speak a distinct language and live principally in the mountains.

"On the 28th of January we left Kenjuri, and pursued our journey westward. After traveling over twenty miles of rugged mountains we arrived at the summit at sunset on the second day. Here we had a splendid view of this mountain region. Far as the eye could reach not a spot of cultivated ground appeared. In one direction I counted seven distinct ranges of mountains piled on mountains in wild confusion. Just before us stood the lofty peak of Malia Bunta (Holy Mountain), famous in Hindu mythology, and the highest in this region.

"The Shasters state that when Rama, one of the gods, went forth on his wanderings, in which Rabon, king of Ceylon, stole away his wife Sita, he spent four months in this mountain mourning her loss. The place of his residence is still pointed out, and is held sacred by the Hindus. It is hence called 'Holy Mountain.' The Hindus in our company were enraptured by a view of this celebrated spot. A succession

of abrupt descents brought us to a post-station near the foot of the mountains early in the evening. We had had a day of severe toil, and here nothing could be obtained in the shape of food. A Hindu will endure almost anything if he can obtain his customary food, but, if in addition to his toil you deprive him of his rice, he is, to use his own expression, 'dead.' After seeking in vain for food, we discovered a wild boar, which had been caught a few days before. A bargain was struck for this, and in a few minutes it was dispatched and distributed among our company. In the morning the paunch was pointed out to me as all that remained. The head, feet, skin and intestines had all been roasted and consumed. Shortly after one of my men had colic, and on inquiring I learned that he had indulged rather freely in the burnt skin. On the following day we left this mountainous region in our rear, and arrived at Madia.

"We remained here one day and were entertained by the rajah and his people. In the morning we had an interesting congregation of about sixty hearers at the entrance to the fort,

and afterwood preached to the rajah and a large number of his attendants. We found him in his court room in the fort above mentioned, which includes an area of about two acres, filled up with small huts surrounding his residence. He received us kindly and listened attentively for an hour and a half, while we proclaimed the blessed gospel to about one hundred of his people. He thankfully received a copy of the New Testament. We trust our labors were not in vain. The rajah is about forty years old, polite and well behaved, and appears to be more pious than princes generally are.

"A journey of two days brought us to the residence of the king of the Bambardie district, thirty miles distant. On our way we spent the Sabbath at a large village, where we found about fifty attentive hearers. They offered no opposition, but listened to the truth without any objections. They were rather an unlearned people, but by their replies we found they understood well. They appeared rejoiced to hear the word of life. Soon after arriving at Bambardie the rajah paid me a visit at my tent, accompanied by a number of his people.

After conversing awhile he invited us to his own residence. Here we found a large company assembled to hear the word of Divine truth. One of the principal Brahmins at first showed violent opposition, but a little plain speaking soon sobered him. After this we spoke freely for an hour and a half, with good effect. We find it best to be plain in exposing the crying sins of the people. We find them ready to confess their guilt when it is freely exposed.

"After hearing us patiently the king took us over his grounds and showed his gardens, etc. He is a young man about twenty-six, and moderately intellectual. An opinion prevails among the Hindus that kings have attained to their estate by performing severe penance in a former birth, and kings who perform penance in this state will become emperors in the next. In accordance with this opinion this king is devoting his life to bodily mortification. He wears no shoes, eats no dinner, bathes four times a day, etc., and as a reward for this he expects to become an emperor in the next birth. We endeavored to show him a more excellent way,

and trust his understanding was convinced, but fear that sin has too deep a footing in his heart for him to profit by it.

"From this place a journey of four days brought us to Sumbhulpore, where we arrived on the 6th of February. About fifteen miles from this place we descended from the mountains, or rather tablelands, over which we had come for nearly two hundred miles, into the valley of the Mahanadi River.

"I look with thrilling interest on the scenes of the former sufferings and toils of our missionaries while stationed here, and I pray God that his blessings may rest on my unworthy efforts to make known His word, where it has borne so noble a testimony in the midst of discouragements, sufferings, and death.

"The early struggles of our brethren, as well as its being the mortal resting-place of one of their number, had imparted an interest to this place that had long led me to desire to visit it, notwithstanding the many obstacles attending a journey of nearly three hundred miles through a thinly-populated country, interspersed with extensive jungles and lofty mountains.

"I had been advised not to undertake such a journey, as some considerable danger would be incurred from wild beasts, as well as the unhealthfulness of the jungles, while the opportunities for preaching would be comparatively small, and I well remember when, five years ago, Brother Noyes proposed to make the same excursion in company with me, the scheme was treated as wild in the extreme. Still, through the watchful care of our Heavenly Father, we have been preserved from all danger, and brought to the place of our destination in peace.

"My first object on arrival at Sumbhulpore was to seek out the grave of Sister Phillips. I had preceded my men, that I might have an opportunity before their arrival to look about for the ruins of the houses of our brethren. I had no difficulty in finding the grave, as a substantial stone monument had been erected over it soon after Brother Phillips left the place.

"I stood beside the mortal resting-place of our sister, with feelings of melancholy pleasure. The thought that she had died so young, when but just entering on a sphere of usefulness,

with more than ordinary talents for the work in which her whole soul was engaged, made me sad. But the reflection that she had died with her armor on, bearing a noble testimony to the blessedness of the gospel in the midst of the enemy's land; that her influence had not died with her, but had been felt across the ocean in her native land, exerting on the hearts of others that same spirit which had led her to forsake the endearments of home for the lonely lot of the missionary,— cheered my heart, and caused me to feel that, trying as the vocation of the missionary is, I would exchange it for no other.

"It is natural to mourn the premature departure of those who bid fair to be useful in their Master's service, yet it often happens that such, like Samson, accomplish more by their death than in all their life besides. The removal of Harriet Newell was a mysterious providence to her almost discouraged associates, but the influence of her death still continues to be felt, fanning in many a heart the missionary flame. Of such it may emphatically be said: —

"'Long do they live, nor die too soon,
Who live till life's great work is done.'"

Since much of what is said concerning Sumbhulpore in this connection has been previously recorded, as taken from "Hinduism and Christianity in Orissa," it is not necessary to repeat it here. Omitting this, we continue the account of this journey and work, as recorded by our missionary.

"After remaining at Sumbhulpore ten days, — having taken leave of my kind friend, Mr. Hunter, the government agent for that district, who had shown me no little kindness during my stay there, and having taken a last look at the very interesting scenes about here, and borne our final testimony to the blessedness of the gospel, and the willingness of our dear Redeemer to save the lost, before the unbelieving inhabitants of the place, — we set out on the 21st of February, on our return home down the Mahanadi River, by the way of Cuttack, a distance of thirty-five miles.

"A journey of five days brought us to Sanpore, a large town of perhaps five thousand inhabitants, on the west bank of the river, where

we remained two days. The king of this district is a boy about ten years old. We paid him an early visit, and preached to a large company before the door, he being among the number. I had taken a volume of Scripture for him, which I offered to his secretary in his presence. He refused it with a sneer, saying it would be of no use to him. The boy, however, came in the evening, with his retinue, and asked for the book I had offered in the morning. The secretary seemed anxious that he should receive instructions in no religion but that of his ancestors. How great are the opportunities of the wicked for doing evil! How true that 'one sinner destroyeth much good'!

"We found large congregations at the Bazaar. But here, too, the gospel was not new to them. They well remembered the visits of our brethren more than eight years ago, and their instructions were not forgotten. Many had also heard the gospel at Cuttack, and brought tracts and Scriptures to their homes. How great are our encouragements to sow the seed beside all waters, not knowing which shall prosper! Who that knows the transient nature of religious impres-

sions on the Hindu mind would have supposed that in an out-of-the-way place like this, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest mission station, he would find anything like a correct idea of religious truth among the people generally? Our visit here was rendered pleasant by the large number of hearers who constantly attended our preaching, and we humbly trust our labors were not in vain.

"Leaving this interesting place, a journey of two days brought us to Bond, another large town on the river, and the capital of a district of the same name.

"I called to see the rajah, but found he was absent in the country. His brother received me kindly, and I was called to visit his uncle, who was ill, and was happy in being able to afford some relief. We had a good congregation on the rajah's grounds, and some heard the word of life with serious attention. In the Bazaar, also, we were highly gratified with the attention paid to our message. We remained here two days and were highly pleased with the result of our labors.

"The occasion of the absence of the king

was to assist in the suppression of the human sacrifices among the Khands, who inhabit a portion of his territories. The English government has recently determined to put down these sacrifices by force, and three or four officers with a few soldiers are now in their country for that purpose. They inhabit a large tract of mountainous country, and are a wild, ungovernable people. Most of you are doubtless aware of the nature of these sacrifices. Children or young people are purchased or stolen from the people of the plains, and are fatted like cattle for the slaughter. At a particular season they are taken out to the fields, tied to a stake, and, after certain ceremonies have been performed, the crowd rush upon them, and with their battle-axes hack the flesh from their bones. Each takes a piece of flesh and buries it in his field as an offering to the god of the earth, to ensure a plentiful harvest.

"Some of these unfortunate victims have already been recovered by the Government, and quite a number of them are now receiving a Christian education in the mission schools at Cuttack, several of whom have recently

become pious. It is probable that the vigorous efforts now being made for the suppression of these cruel rites will soon be crowned with success, and human sacrifices will be remembered only with horror by those who now consider them essential to their prosperity. The subject of commencing a mission among these rude people has been agitated by the Cuttack brethren, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when they will be brought under the influence of the gospel.

"Leaving Bond, we struck off from the pilgrim track to Puri, which we had followed for several days, to visit a large town on the banks of the river, some thirty miles farther down. The route usually travelled by the pilgrims, on their way to Jagurnath, here verges off among the mountains to avoid a difficult pass, and approaches the river again about fifty miles below.

"We forsook the path we had chosen, a most difficult one, only passable by travellers on foot. Two chains of mountains line the river from Sumbhulpore, sometimes approaching to its very banks, and then receding to a

distance of ten or fifteen miles, leaving a fertile valley between, but here both ranges come to the river-bank, leaving but a narrow channel for the stream. Our path lay along the sides of the rugged cliffs, and then in the bed of the river, it being in places nearly dry. I found it impossible to ride, and had to lead my horse over the rough precipices. We entered the pass early in the morning, and did not arrive at Tiriripoder until ten o'clock, having been seven hours in travelling eight miles. The sun, pouring down upon the sides of the mountains and dry bed of the river, rendered it intensely hot. Here we spent the Sabbath. We had been informed that this was a large place, the residence of a rajah, but we were disappointed in finding only a small village, inhabited by a few fishermen and traders.

"The scenery about this place is most enchanting. A small curve in the mountains on one side leaves a small opening for the village, surrounded on all sides by lofty peaks. The river, during the rains, when the now small stream, becoming swollen to a mighty torrent, comes rushing down from the plains above, pent up

here by the mountains into a narrow compass must present an imposing sight. I have heard this pass spoken of as one of the most sublime in India, and I can easily imagine that to one passing up from the plains, where there are no mountains to break the fearful monotony of the scene, these jutting cliffs must present a very enchanting and picturesque appearance. But I have already passed over a most romantic region, in comparison with the mountains of which, these were but hills, so that I was not prepared to appreciate to the full extent the beauties of the scene. One thing, however, I could appreciate: that was the almost overwhelming heat. The breezes are effectually cut off, and the sun, pouring down upon the sides of the mountains, was reflected into the little valley below with fearful power. I found my tent intolerable, and so moved my cot into the shade of a large tree and panted upon it till the sun went down. This was on the first of March, just at the close of the coldest season. How human beings can endure the heat of April and May I cannot conceive. I dragged myself out at night to converse with the villagers, but

as there were only a few, we had but an indifferent season. Early on Monday we struck our tent, determined if possible to get out of the pass before another noonday sun should overtake us. We found a better path than that by which we had come in, though the overhanging thorns made a sad impression upon my clothes, so that, when we reached the open country, they looked as though they had not seen a tailor for many a day. By ten o'clock we had bidden farewell to mountain scenery, and merged upon the plains below, which extend for hundreds of miles along the coast, where a person may often travel for days without meeting even a hill to relieve the eye.

"Another day brought us to Contiloo, a large town about forty miles from Cuttack. The bed of the river is here about three miles wide, most of which is now sand. We had intended crossing the sands, early in the morning, some miles above the town, to avoid the heat of midday, but, owing to some misunderstanding with our guides, we were taken down opposite the town, where we arrived at about eleven o'clock. The sun was now becoming quite hot, but as

the sands were every hour becoming hotter, and would be impassable in the afternoon, we passed on. I succeeded, with some difficulty, in reaching the stream with a part of my company. On looking round for the remainder, they were not to be seen. One man soon came up, saying that three of them had fallen in the sand and were unable to proceed. The heat was now intense, and though I rode a large horse, the reflection was sufficient to render my feet uncomfortable, and an India rubber whip melted in my hand.

"The men who had come up were soon dispatched with some water to their fallen companions, whom they found digging holes in the sand in which they might cool their burning bodies. They had lain down, as they said, to die. A copious draught of water revived their sinking powers, so that they were able to move on. A bath in the river, which my horse seemed to enjoy as much as any of us, refreshed us all, so that we were able to reach the opposite bank in safety.

"We had been two and one half hours crossing. I felt the effects of this exposure for

several days, and did not entirely recover until I had had a slight attack of fever, which I experienced five days afterward at Puri. At Contiloo we fell in with the train of pilgrims from whom we had parted a week before. The *dole jatra* was just at hand, and they were hastening to the great capital of Moloch's Empire in the East to celebrate it there. As I had long felt a desire to visit Puri, and being now within fifty miles, I concluded to go on with the multitude. Leaving the Mahanadi River, we passed off to the south, through the best cultivated country I had ever seen in India. It was emphatically a land of palms; groves of cocoanut and palmyra trees were scattered here and there in rich profusion.

"These are the sacred territories of Jagurnath, in which, according to Hindu notions, if a man dies he is sure of Paradise. It is a pleasant land, but made over without reserve to the Prince of Darkness; yet how pleasing the thought that

> "'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run.'

O Lord, speed the day when the powers of darkness shall be beaten back, and He whose

right it is, shall reign. After spending two days at Puri, we pursued our journey homeward, and, after spending two or three days with our English brethren at Cuttack, reached Balasore on the 16th of March, truly thankful to that kind Providence which had been over us in our wanderings, and preserved us amid numerous dangers. I had been absent from home just four months, in which I had traveled nearly one thousand miles; five hundred of which were through a wild and thinly inhabited country.

"The results of the journey, the Great Day alone can determine. We have traveled through the territories of twelve native rajahs and preached Jesus the Saviour before kings and princes. But of this portion of our labors I am not particularly sanguine.

"The poor have had the gospel preached to them. We have made known the life-giving word to many who had never heard its joyful sound, who but for this excursion would have died ignorant of a Saviour's name. A large number of Gospels and tracts have been scattered in many a lonely jungle and secluded

hamlet, and we look for the blessing of Him who has said, 'My word shall not return unto me void.' 'In his appointed time the fruit of the seed sown beside many waters will doubtless appear.'"

BULLOCK CART

CHAPTER IX

MRS. BACHELER'S CORRESPONDENCE — THE KHAND CHILDREN — CHAPEL FOR BALASORE — RE-ENFORCEMENTS — ILLNESS OF MRS. BACHELER — RETURN TO AMERICA.

MRS. BACHELER was industrious in the study of the language, the care of native children, in the school, and in her own home; but she frequently wrote to the secretary, *The Star*, and friends in the home land. Many of these letters were published. In them she often expressed great love for the work, for the natives, especially the children, and for all friends of missions at home. She felt it a great privilege to be in India, and pleaded earnestly for larger interest in the home churches, for more money and re-enforcements. A class of boys in which she took great interest came to study at sunrise, went away at nine, came again at two o'clock, and remained until six. She often visited another school a mile away while Dr. Bacheler

was preaching in the Bazaar near by. Often she found herself to be a great curiosity. On every Friday afternoon, a company of native Christian women came to the bungalow to pray. In this meeting she took great delight. She was greatly interested in the preaching of Rama, a native Christian preacher, who was constantly at it, with earnestness and power. Now the word seems to have little effect; then individuals and entire families show the keenest interest, come for instruction and identify themselves with the Christian community. Among these was a Brahman *Boishnob*,* who had lived in a tree but who joined the religious community, after breaking caste. The self-torture of the Hindus was very revolting to her. One day she saw a man resting his head in a small brass dish — *lota* — with his hands on the ground, and his feet in the air; this position he kept for one day. On the second day he placed the palms of his hands on the ground, with the front of his body and his face turned upward, the body forming a semicircle above the ground — a most distressing sight. On the

* A religious mendicant.

third day he spent the time pitching himself forward with great violence by his hands and at the same time rolling his head with all the force which he could command. In a few words she graphically describes an Indian thunder-storm. She says: "The storms rise very suddenly, covering the heavens with blackness, and nature with the gloom of night. The large white birds flying silently against the dark sky make a wildly beautiful sight. Just before the storm bursts, there is a dead calm, as though nature were holding her breath for fear; then comes the rain, pouring down in torrents, while the parched earth greedily drinks it up, as though it could never get enough." Such were some of the pictures of India which she drew with her pen.

Mrs. Bacheler also wrote an interesting account of their manner of traveling through the country, in a covered bullock cart, six and one half feet long by three and one half wide, the first covering being made of palm leaves, and the second of a coarse cloth. The bottom of this cart is covered with straw; upon this is placed a mattress, pillows, and blankets. This

makes a fairly convenient way to travel excepting where the road is rough and uneven. The traveler takes a bottle of water, another of milk, a bag of bread, and is quite well furnished — with the attendants and their help — for a journey. This mode of traveling is still very common. In this manner the Bacheler family made the journey to Cuttack, a distance of one hundred miles, in response to an invitation from friends in the General Baptist Mission there. They left home on the sixth of December, and traveled ten miles on the first day, pitching their tent at Contapocta. Mrs. Bacheler describes the Bazaar of this place, which has the same general features of all Bazaars: —

"A Bazaar consists of rows of low mud houses, designed to be nearly in a straight line, on each side of the road. The thatched roof extends down over the sides, and covers a hard veranda, with a mud bottom, on which the natives sit, with their goods and chattels for sale beside them. At night these establishments are lighted with lamps made from burnt clay, in the form of a small shallow cup, with a pinch at the side, in which the lighted end of

the wick is laid, the other end being in the bottom of the cup, covered with oil. This oil is made from the mustard seed, and is of a thick, coarse kind; consequently the light is very dim. The roads of a Bazaar are always infested with many saucy dogs, miserable looking and without owners; they enjoy the unbounded privilege of putting their filthy noses into any place where food is to be seen. The poor Hindus are such firm believers in the transmigration of souls, that they dare not injure or kill them, lest in doing so they might be hurting or killing a departed friend. These dogs also delight to feed on the human dead, and, in the company of jackals and vultures, often regale themselves on the bodies of pilgrims and others left by the way.

"Dirt and all kinds of filth are piled up here and there, which makes the appearance of a Bazaar anything but agreeable. A heathen village, on the contrary, always looks romantic and often very pleasant. It is usually surrounded and embowered by trees and shrubbery, which conceal it from an outside view.

"The stately palm, the handsome date and

cocoa, the fruitful banana, the shady banyan, and other trees are mingled with various kinds of shrubbery and flowers. Amidst this foliage the homes are usually built."

On this trip sometimes the uneven rice-fields were crossed, and once a river was forded where the water reached the bottom of the cart, and up whose steep banks the cart had to be drawn with ropes. They also passed through a village from which a tiger had just before carried off twenty-one goats and several lambs, and saw the tiger, much to the consternation of the villagers, — not unusual incidents in Indian life. At Cuttack they found a royal welcome, and had a delightful visit of three weeks, although Mrs. Bacheler had a severe attack of fever during the time. They were two weeks on the journey home, but were much helped by this contact with the missionaries at Cuttack. It seems that here they acquired an increasing interest in the Khand children ; there were quite a number of these in the school there, and soon after their return, fifty were brought into the mission at Balasore.

At this time it was seen that a missionary

to the Santals was very much needed. Mrs. Phillips was greatly troubled with headache, which threatened paralysis or mental aberration. Mr. Dow, the missionary at Midnapore, was for many months unable to do any work, with the probability that he would be obliged to return home. Nearly all the cold season of '48 he was with the Bachelers in Balasore. Dr. Bacheler was deeply interested to have re-enforcements sent out to help in these directions, and did not fail to represent the needs to the home Board.

The arrival of the Khand children at the station was quite an event. These fifty children were selected from some two hundred victims, and were obliged to make a journey of three hundred miles to get to Balasore. As their coming had been somewhat delayed, and the rainy season had set in before they started, there were fears for their safety. There was a heavy rainfall after they left Cuttack, which flooded the country, and so broke away the road in some places, that they had to pass over on rafts; but they made the journey in safety, and when it was announced, on the eighth of July, that

the party had encamped, the night before, six miles out of Balasore, there was great expectation. Says Dr. Bacheler: —

"Some Khand boys were off early to meet the newcomers. Mrs. Bacheler and Mary Sutton soon followed in a buggy, accompanied by the girls. I took up my position on the top of the house, and, with my spy-glass, strained my eyes to catch the first view as they approached.

"Two elephants, loaded with tents, first appeared, but they stopped when they arrived in sight of the town. Soon after a long array of white clothes appeared in the distance, which we knew were forerunners of the long-expected. When they reached the place where the elephants had taken up their station, there was a great halt. The native soldiers in charge of the party evidently did not like to make their entrance into the place, except in military order. Soon the arrangements were made and all moved forward again, Mrs. Bacheler first, then our school-girls, and not far behind the boys, all dressed in their best Sunday clothes, — snowy white. Then came the two large elephants, with their towering burdens, followed by the

main body, consisting of the larger children, boys and girls, in solid phalanx, with five or six soldiers, muskets shouldered, on each flank; while the covered carts, with some of the small children, baggage, etc., brought up the rear. The new children — poor things — were so dirty, and their clothes so near the color of the earth, that I could not distinctly make them out, even with my glass, until they were within one hundred yards of us. Soon they drew up before our door; the soldiers presented arms, and told off their charges one by one, thirty-four boys, and sixteen girls." Houses were ready for them, and the work of accustoming them to proper food and care was at once begun. What a thrilling spectacle! What a grand work, not for carnal show, but for the glory of God in helping some of His benighted ones, this was!

The day after the coming of these children Rev. and Mrs. Ruel Cooley arrived at Balasore and began to help at once, the care being divided between them and the Bachelers. It had already become apparent that Maria, the older child, would be obliged to go to America very soon, on account of delicate health, and Mrs. Bacheler's

health was gradually declining. Moreover, Dr. Bacheler had been in India nearly ten years, as long as it had been thought safe for a missionary to work in that country without a furlough, and they began to formulate plans for a change. How difficult it was! Devotion to the field, and conditions constantly demanding their care, led them to hold on, and look for temporary relief, at least.

Cholera broke out in the neighboring villages, taking off entire families, and requiring much care for the station. The Khand children had become very interesting, giving themselves to learning and industries, and also to religion. A fearful cyclone had injured all the dwellings in the Christian village, and some of them severely; unroofing them, and even tumbling down the walls; these had to be repaired or rebuilt. Then the foundations of a church building had been laid, and work on that needed to be pushed, for the building had become a necessity. Moreover, it was a question where the funds were coming from to erect the building. Under the date of March 3rd, 1850, Dr. Bacheler says: —

"We must drive on with our new chapel, the foundations of which are just being laid; but, alas! we have no funds to do it with. Shall we receive no assistance from the friends at home? It is likely to be a work of faith, but I doubt not we shall have a chapel, though whence the funds are coming is as yet unknown to us."

Consequently, we find our missionaries trying to recuperate near home, at Midnapore, Calcutta, and farther up the Ganges. But it availed little, Mrs. Bacheler's health was rapidly giving way; it was feared that it had entirely broken. On the second of August, 1851, Dr. Bacheler wrote the secretary as follows: —

"Providence seems now to indicate that we must leave India as soon as possible. Mrs. Bacheler has been confined to her room most of the time for the last five weeks, and is now very little better. Her great trials have usually commenced towards the close of the rains, and continued four or five months. This year they came on nearly three months earlier than in former years, and with increasing severity. Her constitution is gone, and it is useless to flatter ourselves with hopes that can never be realized."

The Mission Committee in Orissa passed the following resolution: —

"*Resolved*, That in view of Sister Bacheler's long-continued ill health, and in accordance with medical advice, we are of the opinion that unless there should be a speedy change for the better, Brother Bacheler should seek the restoration of her health by a return for a season to their native land."

The work had become very dear to them; they had many important things in hand. The Balasore church building* which Dr. Bacheler was constructing was not yet completed, but the preservation of Mrs. Bacheler's life was an important matter. The best possible provision for the field had been made. The Rev. and Mrs. Phillips had decided to remain for a time longer. The Rev. Ruel Cooley, wife, and Miss Crawford had come to Balasore, and the

*This church was completed and dedicated on March 12th, 1854, during a session of the Quarterly Meeting, held at that place. It was a fine, substantial building, made of brick, seventy-four feet long and forty feet wide. After being four years in construction, the dedicatory exercises of the church brought joy to the mission. It reflected much credit on Dr. Bacheler, who planned the building, and — seconded by Mr. Cooley, into whose hands it fell for completion — he was the inspiration for its construction. It remains, to the present time, a monument to his sagacity and perseverance.

Rev. Benjamin B. Smith and his wife had been accepted as missionaries.

On the 17th of October, 1851, Mrs. Bacheler, with three of the children, left the Balasore

BALASORE CHURCH

mission station, and went on board a Government brig bound for Calcutta. The captain was a neighbor, and had kindly offered her a free passage. For some days a headwind prevented

the brig from getting out of the river; then a gale came on, which wrecked some seventy-five out of eighty vessels, belonging to Balasore. Dr. Bacheler went on board just as the gale began. The brig dragged her anchor, and was saved from stranding only by cutting away her masts. After this narrow escape from shipwreck — which was a great strain upon the invalid — they were compelled to go to Calcutta by land. They arrived there November 17th, and were obliged to remain until the 22nd of December.

Passage was engaged to London on a large English passenger ship, for $950. It was impossible for them to remain in India, and yet how great was the undertaking for them to return home. Mrs. Bacheler was an invalid. There were in the party, besides Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, Maria and Albert, Dr. Bacheler's oldest children, the two boys of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, James and John, coming to America to be educated, and the three children born to the second Mrs. Bacheler in Balasore, Kate (Katherine Elizabeth), Harry (Henry Martyn), and Frank Frederick. On the earnest recommendation of friends, they took a native to assist

the family in the passage. They were fortunate in securing the services of one of Dr. Bacheler's converts, whose wife had gone to England in attendance upon a lady. Desiring to meet his wife there, he was glad to go for his fare out and back, which was $120. It was fortunate that he went, for he was very attentive and helpful when the party was brought into severe straits. All the children and Dr. Bacheler had whooping-cough after leaving the Cape of Good Hope. During the voyage a baby girl — Annie Barham — was born to them, and both child and mother required special care. The cough took a severe hold of little Katie, and, after the party reached London, she died. Her death, under these circumstances, left a deep mark upon the mother's heart which was never quite obliterated. In a letter to her sister Dora, after arriving home, Mrs. Bacheler says: "You have heard ere this of the death of our darling Kate. She became an angel in London, on the 17th of May (1852), and her dear remains repose in Brompton Cemetery, in the suburbs of London, a sweeter place than which I cannot imagine, and we trust that the place

of the earthly repose symbolizes in some slight degree the abode of her happy spirit." Katie was about four years of age when she died. The party arrived in London on the 30th of April and left the 28th of May, in the packet ship *Ocean Queen*, arriving in New York on July 10th.

There must have been great sadness in this home-coming to Dr. Bacheler. The wife who went out with him had finished her work, and her mortal form had been laid amid the burning sands of India. One little child had been buried on the home journey. It was feared that the present Mrs. Bacheler would never recover from the shock which her constitution had received; he must provide for his family and do what he could for the mission, although his own health had felt the effects of over eleven years spent in trying, hard work, amid difficult conditions and under a tropical sun. He entered upon the task before him with great fortitude, realizing that he belonged to Him upon whose altar he had laid himself and his.

CHAPTER X

HOME-MAKING IN NEW HAMPTON — MISSION AGENT TO THE CHURCHES — CORRESPONDING SECRETARY — TO INDIA THE SECOND TIME.

It had been apparent for some time that the work of a returned missionary among the churches would afford stimulus and create interest. Dr. Bacheler seemed to be just the man for this, and the opportunity to secure him for such a service had come. Consequently, he was at once constituted mission agent, to labor among the churches.

For a time, Maria and Albert went to live with their mother's older brother, William Palmer, of Roxbury, Mass. Mrs. Bacheler and the three younger children remained with Dr. Bacheler's sister, Mrs. Johnson, at Topsham, Me., for six weeks, and then went to Hanover, N. H., to spend the winter, boarding with a Mrs. Eaton. In the next spring the family went to New Hampton, N. H., to live.

The annual allowance from the Society was $350. Dr. Bacheler worked one year, and fell behind $100. The Society then raised the amount to $400. He worked another year, and fell behind $100 again. Finally, he informed the Society that he could not live upon his allowance, and made the proposition that he preach in the interest of missions on Lord's Days, without pay, and have the remainder of the time to work as he chose for the support of his family. To this the Society agreed. During the week he devoted himself to lecturing, having purchased, of a Rev. Mr. Wright, oil paintings of Indian life and scenery, with which he illustrated his lectures in a panoramic manner.

The paintings cost him $350. With these lectures he brought up arrearages, and supported his family. Not only did he raise money for the mission, but he instructed and interested as well. Not long ago (Aug. 9, 1903) a gentleman told the writer that the first missionary address which he ever heard was delivered by Dr. Bacheler, with his panorama.

In 1854, Dr. Bacheler bought four acres of poor, sandy land of Col. R. G. Lewis. He then

purchased an old barn of Deacon Gordon, moved it onto a prepared elevation, fitted it up for a temporary residence, and began to build a home. He improved the land, added more to it, set out fruit and shade trees, built a house, and paid for all this before he returned to India.

HOME MADE BY DR. BACHELER AT NEW HAMPTON, NOW OWNED BY DR. DOLLOFF

He was penniless, but, strange to say, the people took him to be a person of means, and gave him all the credit he wanted. About this time he prepared and published a book, called "Hinduism and Christianity in Orissa," which passed through three editions. Taking a small

quantity of these books with him on his travels, he sold them as he could. The three editions cost about $1,000, but they sold readily, and the expense was soon met. It is unfortunate that this book has been entirely sold out, for it is of nearly as much value now as it was when published, fifty years ago. It gives a historical account of India, and particularly of the portions occupied by the Free Baptist Mission, treats of the animals, reptiles, insects, birds, and fish of the country ; also, of the seasons, customs, manners, and life of the people, the different races, the languages, literature, and religions. Considerable space is devoted to Hindu mythology, the gods, temples, and worship, human sacrifices, and Indian philosophy.

It also contains a valuable account of the origin of the Free Baptist Mission Society and its work up to that time, the stations, different kinds of people dealt with, and the various sorts of work undertaken, with a summary of results in each department of endeavor. Those who are fortunate enough to possess this work are fortunate indeed. But how he found time to write and publish it, with his manifold other

duties, is almost a mystery. It came as a part of the great product of untiring, methodical, painstaking industry which ever characterized his life. He was necessarily away from home most of the time, and consequently his purchases of material and lumber for his house were not advantageous. The years of '54 and '55 were severe for the family, and for him as well, but his courage was good, and he worked on cheerfully. When speaking of these years afterwards, he said: "I now look back with wonder at my courage and hopefulness." In those times, after an absence of weeks, he would come home for a few days, always finding bills to be paid, but rarely, if ever, finding their equivalent in work. But he was quite helpless, his duties kept him much away, and amid them he earned the money to pay the bills. Once he got thoroughly homesick, and longed for a little time to be with his family, and superintend the work of building. He asked the treasurer of the Society for a loan of $100, and offered security on his library. He declined, saying that such security was not satisfactory, consequently he was obliged to continue his work

among the churches, but during the time that the $100 would have lasted he had the unprecedented good fortune to clear $300, with the feeling that Providence favored his efforts.

For a time, when the family first came to New Hampton, a home was found in a cottage afterward owned by Deacon Carter. Then, in order to be just opposite the house being built, they moved into a cottage owned by Polly Sanborn. Here, in March, 1854, the youngest child, Annie Barham, who was born on the way from India, died of membraneous croup. She is said to have been a very sweet and beautiful child. Dr. Bacheler was away in Maine at the time of her death, off the line of usual communication, and it was five days after before he could reach home; but it was winter, and she retained her beauty even in death.

Dr. Bacheler was the wonder and curiosity of the village in those days. The barn, fitted up as an ell, seemed very high, as it was placed on stilts for underfilling. The first winter of its occupancy was a very windy one. A neighbor, Mr. Burpee, said he sometimes got up in the night to see if it had not blown down.

It was rough and curious in appearance, but the family were brave, a home was the aim, and it was secured. In 1856, a comfortable two-story house was finished, to which the ell was attached as a kitchen.

During the first year after his agency for the mission work began, the income for the Home Mission treasury increased $1,448.61, and that for the Foreign Mission treasury increased $1,381.82. During the following year the income was still larger. Rev. Henry Covil, of Michigan, became greatly interested in the work, travelled several months with Dr. Bacheler, visiting churches, and finally was sent out as a missionary, sailing from Boston in September, 1854. His stay in the field was not a lengthy one, however.

Among the first fields visited by the new mission agent was Rhode Island. Of his work there, and the attitude of the churches toward it, he wrote as follows in *The Morning Star* of Sept. 29, 1852: —

EAST LONGMEADOW, Sept. 17, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER BURR: —

I have nearly accomplished my agency in Rhode Island, having visited most of the churches in that state, and

the neighboring ones in Massachusetts. I have been received with kindness by the brethren there, and have been in many respects pleased with my visit. It strikes me that great improvements have been made in our denomination these last few years. The ministers generally are of an improved class, and there are, I should think, a greater number of educated men than can be found elsewhere in the same extent of country. The churches are neater and more commodious than I had expected to see. Many of them have bells, and nearly all have organs or seraphines. All this is indicative of progress in the right direction. In regard to ministerial support, there has been considerable improvement in some places, no doubt, still there is great need for more. Most of our ministers have to struggle hard to live, and that not for the want of wealth in the churches, for in most places it would not be difficult to give these ministers a comfortable support, were it not that the spirit of Christian benevolence is at a very low ebb. Doctrines contrary to the spirit of the gospel have long since been preached and have taken deep hold on the public mind. A "free gospel" and a "free salvation," by which is understood freedom from supporting the gospel and freedom from consecration to the service of Christ, have been favorite doctrines with many. And these sentiments are so much in consonance with the carnal feeling, that it will be long before they can be thoroughly counteracted and rooted out, and, until they are, a high degree of prosperity cannot be expected.

My mission has been one of mingled pleasure and pain. I have met with a kind, and, in many places, a cordial reception. The congregations that I have had the pleasure of addressing have been as attentive, apparently as interested, as I could desire, but the collections have been extremely small, and this not for a want of interest, but

for a want of due appreciation of the claims of the heathen upon the Christian church. Many do not acknowledge that duty requires them to serve God with their property, or to make sacrifices for their fellow-men. The collections have averaged about two cents for each person attending my lectures. In some of the largest and most wealthy churches, they have rather fallen short of that. I have often seen the people weep at the description of the wretchedness of the heathen, who, when the collection was taken, would show that their feelings were only two cents deep! How cheap are tears in Rhode Island! I wonder if I shall find it the same among our people generally.

It is but just to mention that my appointments for several places were given out on a rainy Sabbath, when there were few people present, and consequently the meetings were not extensively known.

It seems to me that our ministry generally are in fault in regard to our benevolent enterprises. They are not to a sufficient extent brought to the notice of the people, and I presume that, in many places, much more would be done were an opportunity given to contribute, and the attention of the people called to these subjects. Most of the churches do very little for Foreign and Home Missions; in but a few places is there anything like systematic effort. The ministers, generally, show a lack of interest in these things; their own trials absorb so much of their attention, that they have little time to bestow on the woes of others.

I attended the yearly meeting at Pawtucket, where I hoped the subject of missions would have received some attention, especially as there were three returned missionaries present; but while I remained, the subject was not named, and, as no opportunity was offered me for doing otherwise, I was obliged to keep silent. I hope that some

good may yet result from my feeble efforts in Rhode Island, although some more tangible proof of the interest of the people in the cause of missions would have been more satisfactory.

O. R. BACHELER.

Dr. Bacheler then visited the church at Blackstone, Mass., and, although the congregation was not so large or wealthy as some visited, he secured the largest collection taken, up to this time. His next tour took him through the central portion of New Hampshire, mostly in the vicinity of the railroads. Here he found more interest and the collections averaged about eight cents for every individual present. In the Lisbon Quarterly Meeting, the work seemed particularly profitable, as the appointments had been made by Rev. Mr. Blake and others. His observations brought him to the following conclusions :—

1. Well organized churches where system prevailed were usually interested in missions. Unsettled churches took little interest.

2. Churches which had for a considerable time been supplied and not enjoyed prosperity were not ready to help others, as they had not been accustomed to help themselves.

3. Churches which had advocated the non-supported, non-educated ministry were invariably in the background.

4. Hearty co-operation with missions on the part of the pastor is necessary to influence the church.

Following his work in New Hampshire he visited Canada East and the northern part of Vermont. In the Vermont churches which had pastors he found considerable interest. In Canada the people present contributed about twelve cents per head, going ahead of New Hampshire. During this trip he met a Congregational minister in the cars who said that the result of the lectures of a returned missionary in a certain locality was to make the young people and children saucy. When asked to explain, he said that when the youth of the locality found that their parents had been so disobedient to their Heavenly Father, they lost respect for them and felt less obligation to be obedient to them. Perhaps this may account for the increasing lack of respect and obedience on the part of the youth in many localities!

In '56 he visited the General Conference of

Free Baptists in New Brunswick and spent some time among the people, presenting the mission cause to them. Dula Phillips accompanied him on this tour and often spoke. The yearly meeting was held at St. John's. The people received him kindly, manifested much enthusiasm, and contributed toward the work with some generosity. Without any doubt, the deep and helpful interest manifested by this people in missions during later years is in no small degree due to the awakening brought about at that time.

All of the hardships and inconveniences to the missionary were not found in India, but some experiences in this country were more inconvenient and fear-inspiring than those in the Mohurbunge of Bengal. One experience of this New Brunswick trip remained fresh in his mind to the end of life. He relates it as follows: —

"There was present at the yearly meeting a negro preacher, whom the brethren treated coldly. I had some talk with him. He said there was a little community of his people about twenty-five miles away, and asked me to visit them.

The people advised me not to go. I told them I should. A few days after I did go. The road was rough. I got there a little before evening, and attended a meeting. I spoke to them of the work of God among the Hindus, and told them how the door of faith had been opened among the Gentiles far away, to which they listened with apparent joy. After our meeting had closed, the school teacher, an intellectual colored woman, came forward and begged me to accept a 'widow's mite' for the heathen, as she laid down a dollar bill; others followed with their quarters and their pennies, while others regretted that they had not known of the meeting earlier, that they might have been prepared.

"Some of my white friends had said, 'You will not think of stopping all night among the negroes,' and I replied, with a degree of pride, 'Of course *I shall,* if I can find a place to stop in.' So, after meeting, I returned with my kind host. I told them I would make myself a bed with my buffalo and cloak on the floor, where I should be very comfortable, but no, that would never do; I must have a bed, and the best in the

house. They assured me they should have no difficulty, as they often took a boarder, which I could not precisely understand, as there was but one room in the house, and, so far as I could judge, about a bed and a half, and their family was large. So, for fear of giving offence, I allowed them to have their own way.

"I was tucked away in the best bed, while the one-half bed and the trundle-bed that then appeared, the benches and the floor, were occupied by the rest of the family. The odor of the bed was not very agreeable, but I flattered myself that, once in oblivion, I should not be disturbed, so raising my olfactories high in air and compressing them to their smallest working calibre, I courted sleep that came not.

"Directly I felt — something. What could it be? The cracks in the log wall looked suspicious. I searched for bugs, but found none. The sensation continued, and at different points. It must be imagination. I wondered if I was getting nervous. Directly I heard a snap, gentle as a spirit's rap, and, at the same time, I felt something alight upon me. And then another, and another of the same. It was not imagination;

I was not nervous. I was really beset by a host of ——, charging down upon me like troops of Lilliputians, invisible, yet really there. I thought of my experience among Hindu mosquitoes, and drew on my clothes, but it was of no use — my enemies were not mosquitoes. Directly they were within my stockings, underneath my clothes, still charging on with all their fury. I was worse off than ever; they were out of my reach, while I was not out of theirs; that was certain. What could I do? I had a lecture advertised for the next evening, twenty-five miles away. How could I make the journey, over a rough road, under a hot sun, and lecture in the evening without sleep? I should fall asleep while lecturing. I was desperate. But desperation brought no sleep, neither did it reduce the number of my enemies. It was midnight, and would not be light until four o'clock. I must not leave my bed before light, lest my kind host should think that I had not been comfortable. So, summoning all my Anglo-Saxon powers of endurance, bracing every muscle, 'hanging taut' every nerve, I bade defiance to my foes, telling them I was there

for four hours, there I should stay, and that they might do their worst. They accepted the challenge in full, I should judge. Toward morning I fell into a doze from sheer exhaustion, and dreamed of fleas. But every long night has an end, and so had that one. The gray light of morning came stealing through the cracks between the logs, and I crept forth and shook myself, walked, ran, and shook myself again. While I was in motion, my enemies rested; when I rested, they commenced their work; so, returning to the house, I partook of a hearty breakfast, craved a blessing upon the heads of the kind family, assuring them, in response to their kind invitation, that I would come and see them if I ever came that way again, and then jostled furiously over twenty-five miles of rough road, fancying that I had conquered at last. But, no. I still had friends, 'sticking closer than a brother,' and when they left me I do not know. Do you ask what it was that annoyed me? I cannot tell positively, for I saw nothing. I had never felt a flea, but since that night my nerves will no more allow me to sleep in bed with fleas than in a hornet's nest."

Late in the year 1856 he took a trip westward, proceeding through Ohio to Michigan. All along the way he told his story of the condition of India, her need of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and, consequently, missionaries and the means to support them. It will be of interest to report here some of his experiences and conclusions on this tour, although they are not all flattering to the people with whom he came in contact. He relates his experiences under the title of "Impressions on a Flying Trip Westward."

"The Hindus tell the story that five blind men went to see an elephant. The first caught hold of his trunk, the second of his tusk, the third of his ear, the fourth of his leg, the fifth of his tail. Having satisfied their curiosity they departed.

"A neighbor shouted after them as they passed along, 'Halloa, you blind men, where have you been?'

"'O, we've been to see the elephant.'

"'Well, have you seen him?'

"'Yes.'

"'What is he like?'

"The first said, 'He is like a cable, soft and smooth.' The second, 'He is like a stake, pared,

and a little curved.' The third, 'He is like a fan.' The fourth, 'He is like a post.' And the fifth said, 'What stupid fellows you all are, you blind men! he is like a rope!'

"Several correspondents of *The Star* have been to the West, and given their impressions in *The Star*, not always the most harmonious, or satisfactory to one another, yet, I presume correct, in reference to certain standpoints, and erroneous from others. I have not been *to* the West, but toward it, where I could look westward, see people going west, and within five hundred miles of where they say the West begins. I have endeavored to collect facts, and have received some impressions that may be of service to others.

"I left home early in November; spent two months in New York, a few days in Canada, two weeks in Michigan, and two weeks in northern Ohio. My impressions must, of course, bear a muddy aspect. My ideas of the West were verified in New York, but not beyond."

In New York he was very sadly impressed with the prevalence of drunkenness and the drink habit, and said that he saw more rowdyism

and drunkenness in New York in one day than he had seen in New England in four years. In Canada West it was much the same. When he arrived in Michigan he recognized the great want of the State at that time to be *men*, land being so high that little inducement was offered to settlers; consequently, the tide of emigration swept by to the far West. Farms moderately improved were held at from $25 to $60 per acre. Village lots in thriving villages were selling at from $1,000 to $2,000 per acre, and in larger towns at higher prices. The expectations of the people were most extravagant; the State ere long would be thickly studded with populous cities and flourishing villages, according to their prophecy.

He regarded Ohio as a beautiful country, laid out by nature for a great garden. He says: "When a boy I used to hear great accounts of this same Ohio. Then it was said there were pigs ready roasted, with knife and fork stuck in their backs, running through the streets, crying, 'Come and eat me.' But times have changed. The country is there, so are the pigs, but the cry is changed to, 'Come and feed me.'

Land is very high in Ohio, so high I was told that the farmers realize only from four to five per cent on their investments."

He found a change from the old paths religiously, and it seemed to him that the people had transformed Scripture, so that its meaning was greatly changed. For instance, the people seemed to understand some portions of the Word as follows: "Thou shalt . . . muzzle the ox," "It is more blessed to receive than to give." Instead of, "Go ye into all the world and preach," the idea seemed to be, "I stay at home and preach." Again for, "Study to show thyself approved," "Study *not*, for God will be your preparation." All this may seem to some harsh criticism, but it is just how some existing conditions at that time would appear to one who had laid all upon the altar of God, ready to spend and be spent for the salvation of his fellowmen, and filled with religious enthusiasm.

He was glad to find in New York a good number of living churches, with the old gospel for a text-book, striving against the powers of darkness, and striving successfully. He felt deeply impressed in every place that a deeper

interest in missions would give larger life to the church, a fact which has been amply demonstrated since, throughout the denomination.

In Michigan he found during his ten weeks' stay only one minister living by the ministry, and he seemed to be "boarding round" like an old-fashioned schoolmaster. Even at that time emigration from the state was increasing. He states that almost the only redeeming thing he saw in Michigan was Hillsdale College, "standing forth in its majesty and glory, an oasis as fertile as Egypt, in the midst of a desert as barren as Sahara. The right men have charge of that institution, they have conceived the right idea, and it will succeed; more than that, our little churches in the West will be regenerated and redeemed. The day that saw the laying of the corner-stone of the noble institution will prove the harbinger of a long day of glory to our Zion in the West." This prophecy of a true modern prophet has been, and is being, fulfilled.

He found the Ashtabula Quarterly Meeting in Ohio with a lively interest in the world, and the heathen not forgotten. His visit to the

churches in this section was pleasant and profitable. From Ohio he went to northern New York, expecting to find a lively interest in missions there, as three fellow-laborers in India were from that section, but in this he was disappointed, as the interest was less than he anticipated.

A visit to the former home of Rev. and Mrs. Noyes was painfully interesting. The cottage built, in part at least, by his own hands, and which they vacated on going to India, was dressed in mourning for its absent owner. Though situated in a thriving and rapidly growing village, it had yielded him nothing, during his seven years of absence, beyond paying the expenses of trifling repairs and finishing off a portion which was not completed when he left — and all for want of care. "And this," says Dr. Bacheler, "is the reward one receives while doing the work of the churches in a foreign land!" His great soul was filled with indignation, and he added: "If I had a faithful dog in foreign service my feelings would prompt me to keep his kennel in repair, out of respect to the dog." However, he always knew how

to encourage the churches to do their best, and look on the bright side of the work.

A report of his address at a public meeting at Lake Village, N. H., at about this time, says: —

"His aim was to cheer the hearts of the Society, and raise them above the possibility of discouragement. And we do not think he missed his aim. Certainly he hit our hearts. When travelling in his mission agency, he has sometimes labored hard all day, and collected twenty-five cents, and again he has with less labor collected twenty-five dollars! He retired to rest in the former case without once dreaming that he should do better, and in the latter without hoping that he should always do as well. He was never over-elated on the one hand, and never disheartened on the other. Reverses were the common lot of Christian enterprises. We should rejoice under the darkness of to-day because it will be light to-morrow."

In 1857 he also completed a tour through Aroostook County in northern Maine. He was deeply impressed with the fertility of this remarkable country, the best, probably, for

farming purposes of any in New England, the rolling lands, quite free from stones, producing potatoes, buckwheat, rye, wheat, garden vegetables, and hay in abundance. Thousands of farms could thus be made where now stood primeval forest, and the entire expense of making the change could be met by the first two or three years, after deducting a fair remuneration for the labor bestowed. He found not one meeting-house in the northern half of this county. The schoolhouse was there, for the New Englander must have schools. In these they worshipped, looking forward to the meeting-house when their resources should increase. And here, he said, his congregations, during a six weeks' excursion, — and in haying time, — were on an average larger than in villages and large towns. Indeed, he often wished, when addressing congregations closely packed in schoolhouses, that some of his brethren in their comfortable churches might have as numerous, attentive, and intelligent auditors.

Aroostook has kept up the reputation thus bestowed upon her for devotion to the pure gospel, with an intelligent understanding and

practice of it, while, as wealth has accumulated, she has dotted her hills and valleys, as well as furnished her cities and villages, with commodious houses of worship.

He canvassed thoroughly most of the churches in Maine, with excellent results. In some places the enthusiasm was marked and the collections were large, reaching thirty, forty, fifty, and in one church one hundred and twenty dollars. The seminary in Lewiston was then young and in need of funds, but the people of that locality needed no second invitation to show their interest in missions. Portland, Saco, Lewiston, and Auburn, with other places, heard him gladly and gave cheerfully. Quarterly meetings helped generously. Much comfort was given by the young people of Raymond, who formed themselves into a "Self-denying Band," and pledged themselves to give at least one dollar a year each, for the support of some of the children of India.

At this time Dr. Bacheler felt called upon to refute statements made by one Ganguli, an East Indian, who had denied facts as stated by some missionaries, and who had misrepresented the conditions in India.

Ganguli was an educated Hindu, a Vedantist Brahman. Vedanta embodies the highest and purest form of Hinduism, teaching the worship of one god, repudiating idolatry, although the most of the adherents are idolaters in conformity to the customs of society. He was really put forth in America as the champion of Unitarianism. When Dr. Bacheler returned to India in '62 he found Ganguli there; and while he taught in America, under the auspices of Unitarians, that Unitarianism was the only form of Christianity that the Hindu generally would receive, he taught in India that he was the only convert of the Unitarian Mission in Calcutta, and that the Mission had proved a complete failure.*

In the autumn of the same year Dr. Bacheler, by request of the Foreign Mission Board, attended the Free Christian Baptist Conference in Nova Scotia, which met at Cornwallis in the northwestern portion of the province. He described the occasion as "truly interesting and refreshing." At this meeting he presented the cause of missions, and without previous notice took a

* Ganguli has lived in Midnapore for several years, and his wife is a member of the Free Baptist church there.

collection of $14.40. Feeling that there were many people here who would gladly aid in the foreign work, he proposed a visit to their churches. His proposition was heartily received, and he spent six months among them. He visited all their churches but two, and awakened an interest that has never died out. Indeed, much of the devotion to missions which has been constantly manifest by this good people since, had its inception in the judicious, painstaking, and zealous work done by Dr. Bacheler at that time. The acquaintances which he made were ever cherished by him with great fondness, and through these a personal tie to the mission was formed on the part of the people. He became greatly interested in them; the fishermen and the boats of the toilers of the sea became as dear to him as the tillers of the soil, and the beautiful farms which they tilled. He was delighted to know that some of the farms were valued at $200 per acre. Nothing of interest or of value to mankind could escape the appreciation or sympathy of this noble heart, and when he came to Acadia, the land of the old French settlement, made famous by Longfellow's "Evan-

geline," looking upon the basin of Minas, Grand-Pré, and the Gaspereau, he read again, with more interest than ever before, the thrilling poem, and let his soul go out in pity to the unfortunate company, driven from their firesides; to Gabriel and Evangeline, wandering so long in search of each other, not knowing when they were so near together, finding each other at last only among the shadows of death.

Among other experiences he sometimes referred to one which he had in Vermont, beyond the Green Mountains. He says: —

"My work in that part of the country was done, and I was anxious to be on my way home, and started at about ten o'clock, after my evening lecture. I lost my way in the night by taking a lumber road, that seemed to be the best travelled. I went a good way before finding my mistake; then, turning round in the deep snow, I broke a shaft. I patched it up as best I could, to prevent it from pricking the horse, and then jogged on slowly till morning. When we reached Lyndon, I stopped long enough to get a new shaft made, and then proceeded home."

He had some peculiar experiences in Nova

Scotia, as well as in New Brunswick, though of a different character. Of these he says: —

"I have found greater difficulty than ever before in establishing my identity. Efforts have been made on the part of some to make out that I was not myself, but somebody else. In one place they knew all about Elder Bacheler, but this was not the man. In another, where I went to preach on 'Missions,' a woman ran out of the congregation as I went in, then waited some time on the steps to see if she could summon the necessary courage to return; but, failing in this, she went away, telling a woman whom she met by the way that 'the man had come from a long way off, and she was afraid of him.' She had heard of the Sepoys, and probably supposed I was a Sepoy, come to murder somebody.

"A church clergyman, at a certain place, asked me at the commencement of my lecture to explain its object, as some people did not understand it. I asked him if he supposed there were any in his vicinity who did not know what the word 'missionary' meant. 'No doubt there are a great many,' was his reply.

"In my panoramic lectures I have sometimes given some description of the position of the Hindus on the subject of temperance, which has been very popular with temperance men, but the reverse with some of the opposite party. In the northern portion of the province, where drinking is more popular than in the South, the rumsellers have been disposed to make me out an impostor, that is, so far as my having been a missionary is concerned. They are inclined to think me a temperance lecturer in disguise.

"Hindu temperance is by no means palatable to rumsellers in a Christian land. In the streets of Truro I was threatened with a horsewhipping by the rumseller of the place, because I had stated the position of the Hindus on this subject, which he considered reflected on a 'respectable' part of the community there. At my second lecture I was interrupted by him and another, whom he had employed for the purpose, who threatened to pull me from the platform 'by the wool,' if I did not hold up. However, no harm was done, except that some of the ladies were a little frightened.

"On the whole, my visit to Nova Scotia,

though I have not been so successful as I could have wished in the interest of the heathen, has afforded me much gratification and will be engraved among pleasant memories."

During this trip Dr. Bacheler also became much interested in some Indians living in the Province, about two thousand in number, the remnant of a once powerful tribe, the Miemae, to whom a Rev. Mr. Rand was missionary. Thus Dr. Bacheler labored hard to interest people in the work of so much interest to him; surely not without success, as succeeding years have demonstrated. The interest in his lectures at the time was marked. Under date of Feb. 16, 1859, Rev. H. Whitcher wrote: "Wherever Brother O. R. Bacheler proposes to exhibit his panoramic views of India, or of Hindu life and manners, I hope no pains will be spared to get a full house, as it is a *rich treat*."

In the meantime Mrs. Bacheler kept the fire of missions burning brightly on the altar of the New Hampton home. She was helping to develop an interest in this work, so dear to her heart, in the school; and by strong appeals

endeavored to stir the people to a greater effort for it, through the columns of *The Morning Star*. At the eleventh annual meeting of the Free Baptist Female Mission Society, held in Lawrence, Oct. 14, 1858, she gave an address on India work which was interesting and helpful. It dealt especially with the pilgrimages to Puri, and what one might see on the road and by the roadside. Her devotion is set forth in an article published in *The Star* not long after her return to America. It shows that though feeble in body she was strong in desire and purpose for the good of the people whom she had taken into her heart. She says: "After an absence of six years from my native land, most of which time has been spent among the heathen, I am once more in a land of Sabbaths and of church-going. As I think of the darkness and death, the superstition and cruelty, the unhappy ignorance and abject hopelessness of the poor people among whom I have dwelt, and then of the heavy, fearful debt we owe them; of the utter covetousness of many, to whom in eternity this uncancelled debt may prove the

worm that never dieth; and when I think that the last shadow of excuse for not sending the men and money to heathen lands to pay this fearful debt has been clearly taken away by the California expedition, an expedition which has enlisted the hearts and energies of the ignorant as well as of the intelligent men, of the female as well as of the male, which has made so many desolate firesides, so many widows and fatherless children, and, may we not safely add, so many wretched victims of America's great idol; and when I know that there is a chord in every human heart which, if but rightly touched by a skillful hand, will feel and produce action,—I say, when I think of all this, I long for a pen endowed with life and power, which shall also wake to life and power that dormant chord in the heart. I long to portray, in living light, the sorrows and wants of those who hasten after other gods,— sorrows and wants which most truly concern each and every one of us. But I remember that they have been portrayed by an inspired Apostle, with more startling vividness than any living missionary can hope

successfully to imitate. And so the most that I can hope to do will be, in my feeble way, to illustrate a few points in his description, from what my own eyes have seen, or from what I have heard from the mouths of those who have seen.

"Among other things Paul says that the heathen is without natural affection. An instance proving this I will name. On one of our coldest mornings in India, a wild-looking woman, with tangled hair hanging over her face, brought a young infant to our house to give away. The poor little thing was destitute of any clothing and apparently nearly famished. As soon as the mother found that I would take her child, she put it out of her arms with the utmost indifference, and turning round walked away; and though she lived within four and one half miles of the church, I never knew her to come and see it, or even to inquire for it. She belongs to a class of females very numerous in India, a class bred and appropriated to licentiousness by their parents, and for aught I know it is considered by the community in general as

respectable a trade as any other. These females are always seen at the corners of streets and buildings, arrayed in gaudy colors, with painted faces; and with wrists, ankles, and toes covered with ornaments, beckoning to the passers-by. Of the various monstrous and abominable systems of licentiousness woven into the religion of the heathen and forming an essential part of it, it is impossible to write. The Apostle's description comprehends it,—'*filled* with licentiousness.' One more instance of the want of natural affection. A family was returning from a pilgrimage to Jagurnath, and while passing through our place an adult daughter was seized with cholera. She was immediately forsaken by the party, among whom was her own mother, and left, stripped of everything, to die alone. Her last dying groan was, 'Mother, mother.' Another trait in the description is 'unmercifulness.' One day, not far from our house, we saw a young man lying in great distress, and apparently near death, but alone on the ground. While we stood for a moment, a number of idle gazers from the opposite side of the

way came to look at us, but evinced no interest in the sufferer. At eventide his flesh was furnishing a banquet for the vulture and the dog.

"Near the same place, on another evening, a poor old woman, in a dying state, lay on the saturated ground, with the rain pouring pitilessly into her face and eyes, while her fellow-pilgrims were within a few feet of her (though under cover), cooking and eating their evening meal, heeding not nor caring for their dying companion. But I have not time or room to cite more cases, though volumes might be filled with similar ones.

"Let all who take *The Morning Star* and who read this be assured, if they were never so before, that they have in their hands a description of heathenism as it exists at the present moment, and in the same volume the command of our incarnate God, 'Freely give.' Why? 'Freely ye have received.' With this description and command, we cannot get rid of duty; we are all walking on to the place of our impartial trial, a trial which will doubtless end in the consternation and even lasting mourning of many whose names have

stood fair in the church below. I have not written these last few lines for the instruction or information of intelligent, consistent Christians, but for those ministers—I may safely say those Christless ministers—who tell their flocks (oh, fearful, unwarrantable responsibility to assume!) that 'the heathen are as well off as we,' and for many other ministers who seem to think that the claims of God upon them do not extend beyond the limits of their churches and congregations. Alas, alas, for such pastors! and alas for their flocks!

"I must acknowledge . . . that my letter thus far has been entirely a digression from the subject on which I at first intended to write, namely, the female missionary agency in our churches. When we first heard of this truly self-denying movement, our hearts were greatly rejoiced, though we were anxious and supposed that many would become discouraged from various reasons."

* * * * * * *

On the 11th of September, 1859, occurred the death of Rev. Elias Hutchins, corresponding secretary of the Foreign Mission Society for

eighteen years, a man of efficiency and one profoundly interested in missions. The work was upon his heart, and just before his departure he said, with marked concern, "If I could live to see Brothers Bacheler and James Phillips off to India, then I could say, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" This truly good and faithful man was not permitted to live to see this desire fulfilled, although it came about in the events of faithful Providence. It is not strange that the cry of the Board was, "On whom shall his mantle fall?"

But Providence always knows upon whom to lay the hand of command. Upon whom should it rest but upon the head of Dr. O. R. Bacheler?—and there it did rest. He was at once elected corresponding secretary and filled the office most acceptably and helpfully, until the time of his furlough was up, and he made ready to return to the people so dear to his heart. This work increased his opportunity to stimulate interest in the home church and to help progress in the foreign field. The following year brought into the treasury

$1,967.15 more than was received in the previous year, a fact received by all as a token of good. But now the Civil War came on, and the mission began to fall into straits for money, and yet with courage the needs were kept before the people of the denomination, with the stern resolve that the mission *must be supported* at all hazards.

In 1862 Dr. Bacheler felt that he was needed again in India and that he must return immediately. Mr. Covill, who went out in '54, had returned, Mr. Phillips returned in '55, Mr. and Mrs. Hallam went out in '56, and Dula Phillips went back with them. Miss Crawford had been home on furlough and returned to India in '61, saying: "Never before did I embark with so joyful a heart. Storms and death even may come, and in view of them I can look heavenward and say:—

> "'Under the shadow of Thy wing
> Still may we rest secure;
> Sufficient is thine arm alone
> And our defence is sure.'

"Farewell now and evermore adieu to my own dear sisters and brothers. 'May we meet in the better land.'"

Mr. Cooley had returned and was working in the West as a mission agent. Mr. and Mrs. Miller had also gone to the field, but the demand was still great, and Dr. Bacheler heard the Macedonian cry directed to him. It was not like him to turn away from that voice, or the plain path of duty. His only reply to the call was, "Here am I, Lord; send me." He had gone over the country of his homeland, north, east, and west, with the cry to awake and come to the rescue. Mrs. Bacheler had so far regained her health that she could care for the little brood until the funds of the Society would allow her to follow him. While living at New Hampton there were born to them four children: George Winslow, Grace Darling, Mary Washington, and Arthur Miller. "Baby Arthur," as his mother always fondly called him, was laid away on the hill beside Annie Barham. Mary Washington was destined to become a missionary in the land of her parents' choice.

Ready for India, Dr. Bacheler resigned as Secretary of the Mission Board, and Rev. C. O. Libby was elected to the office, a place which he faithfully filled until failing health compelled him to resign.

Obliged to return to India alone on account of the condition of the treasury, Dr. Bacheler sailed from Boston on the *Susan Hinks*, July 12, 1862, just ten days before Rev. B. B. Smith returned to New York, and ten years and two days from the time of his arrival home from India. His last ten years' work had been very profitable to the Mission. It was hard for the Board to part with him, and yet both the Board and himself were glad that he was permitted to return to India. The following letter, written on the day of his sailing, sets forth the conditions and his feelings better than any other words can do. It has at the top, "Good Bye."

SHIP SUSAN HINKS, off Boston Harbor,
July 12, 1862.

The shores of my native land are fast receding from view. Thousands of miles of ocean are before me, and as the last opportunity for communicating with the shore will soon offer, I wish to pen a few farewell words to the many friends I leave behind.

Ten years have passed since I landed, almost a stranger, in the land of my birth, since which time I have been forming new acquaintances almost daily in the different sections of our denomination. To many of these I have become strongly attached from their interest in the cause of Missions, and in these parting words I wish to bespeak their constant interest for the future.

It may be asked, "Why this sudden departure?" The cause demands it. I am going alone because the state of our treasury is such that my family, even a small portion of it, cannot accompany me. We have been under appointment to return for nearly three years, and waiting for the means to be supplied, but they have not been available, and now the alternative comes to go alone or not at all. And I accept the opportunity with the understanding that, should the means be supplied, my family may follow hereafter, else I must return to them, after our worn-out missionaries, now away from their field, shall have been restored to their labors.

The propriety of this arrangement may be questioned by some, but my authority may be found in Matt. 10: 37–39, the reading of which I would suggest, as the remarks I sometimes hear would indicate that it is omitted in some editions of our Bible.

And now, as the last sentence may be written, let me say that, though sad thoughts come over me when I think of the dear ones I have left, yet I go forth to the work with a joyful heart, counting it an exalted privilege to labor again in the dark lands of heathenism. I go to one of the most important fields in the world, and I constantly crave an interest at the throne of grace, that I may not go in vain.

O. R. BACHELER.

So devoted was he to his vocation, so imbued with the spirit of the gospel, that not even the conditions which separated him for a while from his family could turn him aside. The message of Paul in Rom. 8 : 35–39 was true in his experience. He tested promises by many untried,

and found them not wanting. Though severe was the proving and great the loss, greater, far greater, was the gain, as is always true in every such experience. While he was courageous and consecrated in his going, his family were no less courageous and consecrated in consenting to the separation. Together or separated, they were one in the great God who is over all, and everywhere present to guide and keep his children.

CHAPTER XI

WORK RESUMED IN MIDNAPORE — THE PRESS — THE SANTALS

DR. BACHELER'S first work in India had been accomplished with Balasore as a center, but now this station was in good hands and prospering, consequently his attention was directed to Midnapore, a city on the Kusi River, of seventy thousand inhabitants, situated about seventy miles from Calcutta, and in a district whose population was estimated to be between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 people.

Rev. J. C. Dow, a faithful missionary of the Free Baptist Mission, had occupied this station from 1844 to 1847, but ill health had compelled him to return home before any perceptible results of his efforts appeared. Both Mr. Hallam and Mr. Miller had seriously considered the occupancy of the station by themselves, but were unable to do so since their help was so much needed at other stations.

Dr. Bacheler went to Midnapore, and, making

this the centre of his personal endeavor during the remainder of his life in India, he built up a system of operations that were destined to become potent in all that region and throughout the mission.

Upon reaching Calcutta, he proceeded to Midnapore on horseback. Mr. Hallam sent Rama, Mr. Phillips's old groom, to meet him, and care for his horse, and when he neared Midnapore, a company of missionaries and native preachers went out to welcome him.

They at once entered upon cold-season work together. The Orissa quarterly meeting, delayed for his coming, was soon held at Jellasore, and was profitable. One of the important measures adopted was the resumption of the system which pledged one tenth of the personal income to religious work. This system had fallen into disuse, but, largely at the instigation of Dr. Bacheler, it was adopted, and unanimously.

This meeting adjourned to meet at Balasore a few days later, when the same system was adopted by that church. This departure in the mission — never since abandoned — has blessed both it and the home church.

Dr. Bacheler took one native preacher — Mohase — to help him, and determined to ask the Home Society only for the support of the two. To undertake a work of such magnitude, with only one supported helper, showed great courage. He found a house — once beautiful and almost palatial, but then in ruin — one-half of which he hired for $7.50 per month. Here, for a time, he found a home for himself, Mohase, his family when it came, and the printing-press. Two prominent characteristics of our missionary were industry and enterprise. He must always be busy, and he must always find those means and ways which would conspire for the best interests of the thing upon his heart.

During his first term in India, he had discovered that a printing-press would aid greatly in the prosecution of the work of the mission, and possibly increase the revenue. In harmony with these ideas, he asked permission to carry back with him a press. The Mission Board consented, with the understanding that he would not ask for funds to pay for running it. Two or three years before this, Miss Crawford had raised a small sum from the Sabbath schools for this

purpose. Dr. Bacheler solicited from personal friends, and added to this from his own pocket sufficient to buy a small "Low hand-press" and a supply of English type. He did not wait until he reached India to get this machine into operation, but with the aid of a printer's handbook began to learn to print immediately after sailing. Captain Atwood, of the *Susan Hinks*, entered warmly into his plans, and permitted him to use the cuddy-table, when not needed for meals.

He wished to make all the practical use of the press possible; consequently, he conceived the idea of printing a paper on board ship. Each number of the paper published consisted of four pages, octavo, — the largest size which the small press would allow. It was called "Ocean Herald," and during the voyage of four months, five numbers were published. The first was issued on the equator, and was called the "Equatorial Herald"; the second, issued in the South Atlantic, was called "South Atlantic Herald"; the third appeared at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called "Good Hope Herald"; the fourth came out on the Indian Ocean, and was called "Indian Ocean Herald"; the fifth was published

going up the Ganges River, and was named "Ganges Herald."

All on board were greatly interested in the little paper, continually watching its progress and giving what assistance they could, the captain and officers contributing to its columns. There were many difficulties to be surmounted in connection with it. A pitching, tumbling ship is not a very steady printing office. Types were set when the cases seemed determined to leap from the well-ribbed table and throw the whole establishment into "pi." The editor, publisher, and compositor—all in one—says: "Types were set on our knees, and the press worked sometimes on all fours, sometimes on no fours at all, but lying flat on the floor, holding on, or trying to, by our editorial toes, yet every now and then lurching to leeward, leaving long, deep streaks on the cabin floors, showing the severity of the struggle. But it was a triumph." A copy of the "Ocean Herald" is indeed quite a curiosity; it set forth — as all enterprising papers do — current events; it dwelt upon things of peculiar interest to the seamen; it often spoke of home;

did not leave out the ethical, moral, and religious truth designed to do special good, and must have had a good influence upon all on board. It began with an announcement "To our Patrons," and closed with "Valedictory" and "Weekly Journal." In it we find good "Sunday Reading" and some amusing things; among which are "A Song for Raising Topsails," "Song on Sailing," "Song for the Halliards," and "Capstan Song." We copy as a specimen the "Capstan Song," with the editor's explanation that "as the motion is continuous, round and round the capstan, the object being to keep step, one or more may sing the melody and all join in the chorus: —

CAPSTAN SONG.

General Taylor gained the day,
Hurrah Santa Anna!
General Taylor gained the day
All on the plains of Mexico.

He gained the day at Monterey,
Hurrah Santa Anna!
He gained the day at Monterey,
All on the plains of Mexico.

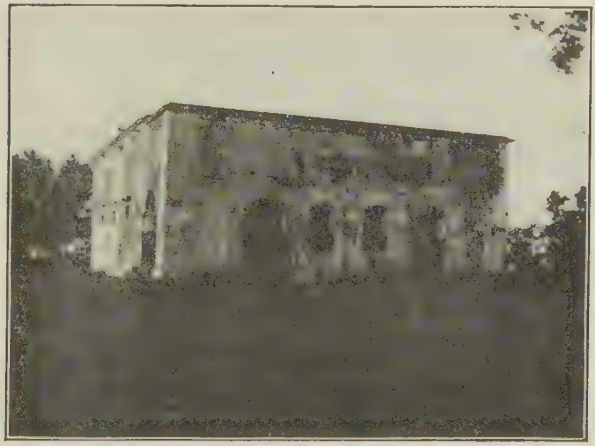
Santa Anna ran away,
Hurrah Santa Anna!
He ran away from Monterey,
All on the plains of Mexico.

General Jackson's at New Orleans,
Hurrah Santa Anna!
General Jackson's at New Orleans,
All on the plains of Mexico.

'Twas there he gave the British beans,
Hurrah Santa Anna!
'Twas there he gave the British beans,
All on the plains of Mexico.

"It will be seen," says the editor, "that Jack's historical status is not above criticism." On arriving at Midnapore and setting up the press, two native Christian boys were taught in printing. They were much interested and made rapid progress. Bengali type was soon added. At that time the canal from Midnapore to Calcutta was being constructed, and a large number of blank forms were required in this business, and thus a profitable employment was furnished the press for one or two years. The boys did the press-work, while Dr. Bacheler, who was at first confined to the English, was soon able to use Bengali type. An appeal

was made in India for contributions to the press, which resulted in a speedy donation of Rs. 1,020 ($459). Major-General Parsons, away in the Northwest Provinces, sent Rs. 50. Captain Atwood of the *Susan Hinks* sent a



PRESS BUILDING, MIDNAPORE

parting donation of Rs. 10 as he was leaving on his homeward voyage. In less than a year, the press was the means of bringing nearly five hundred dollars into the mission treasury, greatly encouraging all, and especially

those who had assisted in procuring it. Ten years later a larger press was sent out by the friends in America, enabling the mission to print larger sheets and do the work more rapidly.

Constantly the work increased; tracts and school books, used in the primary schools of the mission, were made, and profitable outside jobs came in, and another press was sent out from America. In the different departments of this little establishment, including stitching and binding, from ten to twenty individuals were employed. Not only did the establishment support itself, but averaged making about five hundred rupees a year, which was expended in mission work where most needed. The Santal schools were large recipients of this money, and it was thus well invested. The Midnapore chapel — a commodious and well devised building — and, a few years later, a substantial brick building for the printing establishment, were built from funds accumulated in this way. Thus the press, at first located in the private home of Dr. Bacheler, then in a room at the end of the chapel, at length found a

permanent abiding-place. Some of the special advantages derived from this enterprise were: first, that the mission could do its own printing cheaper than it could hire it done elsewhere; second, it provided the means of livelihood to many of the native Christians, which is always an important feature in mission work; third, and not least in consideration, it gave character to the mission, imparting to it prestige among both the natives and Europeans.

At that time Home Bible Societies forbade appropriations for the publication of Baptist translations of the Bible in foreign languages, but by means of this press our Society could publish for distribution its own translations, and to quite an extent did so. The *India Report* in '82 recorded expressions of gratitude that a permanent and substantial building had been erected for the press. The old one, frail, with thatched roof and only designed for temporary purposes, had nevertheless done good service for seventeen years. The *Report* says: "Our new quarters are sufficiently commodious, with two rooms eighteen by thirty-six feet each, with brick walls and roof, safe from fire and

tempest. On the first of May we dedicated the building with appropriate ceremonies, in which a feast of good things for our native people formed an important part." The press, at that time, was reported to be self-sustaining, with a fair balance in the treasury to aid in other departments of work. During the year four hundred copies of English and ten thousand copies of Bengali literature were published.*

With its increased facilities, greater good was accomplished. Translations of the Scriptures into the Bengali, Oriya, and Santali languages were printed from year to year. For several years the Mission Reports were printed here, a thousand copies being sent out annually for distribution. For some time, a thousand copies of the Sunday-school lessons were printed in Bengali; a Bengali Christian song-book was also published, with good literature from the pen of Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Burkholder. The *Report* of '83 stated that in addition to outlays on the building, paid for from press earnings,

*As many as twelve thousand copies of sacred literature have been published at the Mission Press in a single year.

there were contributed from its treasury Rs. 200 for repairs on the Balasore chapel, and Rs. 200 for Santali schools.

Mr. R. M. Lawrence went to India for the purpose of managing the press work. He was in the country six years and nine months. During his administration, its business was especially prosperous. Messrs. Griffin, George, Miner, Wyman, and others have at different times superintended this work with success.

This department of work was discontinued in July, 1901, because larger returns for money invested in books and tracts could be obtained by having them printed on the steam presses in Calcutta and Cuttack and because money was not provided to keep the press busy on mission work, and job work had to be taken at a losing rate. The building was sold to the Woman's Society to be used for a home for woman missionaries. One press was given to the Balasore boys' orphanage, one to the Bhimpore orphanage, and the two remaining presses were sold to Randall Jena, who had been foreman many years; with these he does a small business of his own.

When Dr. Bacheler went to Midnapore he established a dispensary at that place, and the dispensary at Balasore was discontinued. His medical practice took more or less time every day. The responsibility of making the press a success largely devolved upon him. He also charged himself with the duty of building up a strong church and Sunday school. Bazaar preaching could not be overlooked under his superintendency; then there were schools to be cared for, general oversight of the native Christians, and cold-season work, which was always very dear to him. But a work which had long engrossed his thought, to which he had given considerable attention, and which was destined to be a specialty with him, was that among the Santals. He had come in contact with them in some of his cold-season tours from Balasore. Rev. J. Phillips had become deeply interested in this people before him and had done very much toward enlightening them, and giving them the gospel; an interest which was deeply shared by Rev. Mr. Noyes.

In his "Christianity in Orissa" Dr. Bache-

ler gives quite a lengthy account of this people. He says: —

"For several years the friends of our mission have taken a deep interest in the condition of the Santals, a branch of the hill tribes, including the jungles of our western border. Little was known of them until within a few years."

Mr. Noyes thus described a visit to one of their villages in 1838: —

"Dec. 20. Came to a small village in the heart of a dense jungle. As soon as I came in sight of the houses, I felt persuaded that I was coming among old acquaintances, they so much resembled the stick huts of the Coles of Sumbhulpore. When I saw the jet-black people, with a necklace of white beads about their necks, and their peculiar dress, if dress it might be called, I was more confirmed in my opinion. I immediately alighted from my horse and inquired if that was a village of the Coles; but was not a little surprised at being so soon transported from the Oriyas to a people who could not understand a word I said. I looked about with astonishment at the roman-

tic change, till at length I found an old man who could speak broken Oriya, of whom I gained the following information. He said they were not Coles, but Santals. They have no castes among them; no temples, priests, or images. Their principal object of worship is the sun, which they believe to be God himself, and which they worship by sacrificing goats and chickens, at the same time repeating the prayer that the Coles, who sacrifice the same animals, repeat. The master of a family officiates as its priest, and performs the worship either in a dwelling-house or under a tree. They also adore the departed spirits of their fathers. They consider themselves the aborigines of the country, and esteem the Hindus as their conquerors. They do not marry till the age of sixteen or seventeen, which they do as follows: The man first marries himself to the woman by putting some paint on her forehead, after which the woman confesses herself his wife by anointing his head with oil. Thus the bride and bridegroom are the only ones concerned in the business. Unlike the Hindus, they do not burn, but bury their dead. They

live by husbandry, and by distilling spirits from rice, of which they are very fond, as appeared in the head man of the village, who lay in a state of intoxication all the time I remained there. Except for their language, they resemble the Coles in every particular. I have learned that there are more than two hundred of these villages scattered throughout the Mohurbunge country, and though from time immemorial they have lived among the Oriyas, yet they maintain their peculiar manners, religion, and language.

"Their color is much blacker than that of the Oriyas, their features very different, and their manners are not so deceitful. Their language is much more soft and musical, a dozen or twenty words of which I took down as a specimen. After I had written these words, they had some conversation among themselves, in which they manifested much suspicion of my motives. It appeared quite evident that that was the case, as they refused to tell many more words. I inquired of them if any of them could read; to which they replied that they were wilderness men, and had no occasion

to learn letters. Desiring in some way to bring them under the influence of the gospel, I said, 'If one of you will go with me to Balasore and learn to read, I will give him wages to return and teach the rest of you.' They replied that I talked well, and what I said might be true, yet they had no desire to learn to read, and, though they should like the money, no one in the village would consent to go with me, as I was the first white man they had ever seen, or even heard of; and hence I could not blame them for fearing. We found it quite impossible to make them understand anything about the gospel."

The following extracts are from the journal of Dr. Bacheler, published in 1841, describing some of the peculiarities of this people: —

"Rode on two miles through the jungle to Kinda Kunta, a large village of forty houses. Their houses are built of round posts driven into the ground, so near as to be nearly tight, sometimes plastered with mud, but generally not; this is roofed with the common thatch or straw. Their wealth consists in buffaloes, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, and fowl. They must subsist principally

by their flocks and herds, as we saw nothing of cultivated lands. The country here is elevated and dry, being of the primary formation, consisting of continued ledges of reddish rock, the surface of which seems crumbling to dust. The people appear to be very fond of music. In the evening their musicians assembled with drum and fife, while the children were engaged in singing and dancing. As we arrived in the heat of the day, we took shelter from the sun under a neighboring banyan.

"At night we asked for a house, but could obtain none; so, spreading our umbrellas over our heads to keep off the dew, we lay down to sound and quiet slumber beneath our tree.

"10th. Spent the morning in making up a vocabulary of Santali words. Obtained about one hundred and fifty.

"P. M. Hearing there would be a large dance some three or four miles off, and as most of our villagers had gone, we determined to go also. On our way we overtook a company of men, women, and children, dressed in their nicest clothes, singing and skipping about in the most delightful manner."

After describing the scenes at the dance, he goes on to say:—

"The highest bliss to which an Oriya aspires is to stuff himself until he can eat no more, and then lie down to sleep in the sun. This constitutes his happiness here, and, in his opinion, will constitute his heaven hereafter. But here appear to be a very different people. Wherever we have been we have found the women mingling with the men, in their labors and their recreations; and they do not appear to be considered inferior. The consequence is, they look like human beings; they respect themselves. They are divested of all that disgusting squeamishness which we see in all Hindu women."

Rev. J. Phillips devoted a great deal of time to these people. For several years he went among them occasionally, preaching and reducing their language to writing, and preparing elementary books for them. Dr. Bacheler says:—

"Little religious interest was manifest among the Santals until 1847. Mr. Phillips established a school at Jellasore, into which several of their youths had been drawn. There they learned to read their own language, reduced to system,

and *written for the first time in a book.* The minds of some of these were gradually enlightened, religious instruction was sanctified, and they began to manifest a deep interest in spiritual things."

Mr. Phillips thus describes the commencement of this religious interest among them : —

"This evening we have had what may be termed our *first Santali prayer-meeting.* I gave a lecture from Matt. 16 : 24, and succeeded with the language better than I had hoped. After this we had a familiar conversation, in which Budhárai and Bhágabán and some of the school freely engaged, frankly confessing their former darkness, and the great light they had now received, and the glorious prospects thus presented to them. Budhárai freely confessed his present position. He felt fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, and of his own need ; but in case he should entirely forsake the gods of his fathers, he had his fears lest they might do him some injury, perhaps eat him up !

"I at length asked Elias to pray, and he did so, very much to my surprise and delight. He was perfectly composed and ready in his

language. His prayer was simple, unaffected, and fervent, coming from the heart. Forms of prayer, he could have learned none, for the simple reason that none existed in their language. But what need of forms of words, when a man is taught by the Spirit to pour his wants into the ear of sovereign mercy? He prays with the spirit and with the understanding also. *Set forms* would but trammel the free-born soul.

"To me this meeting has been the happiest I have experienced for years, — truly, a feast of fat things. It more than repays me for the labor and toil of their instruction, and the acquisition of their strange language. Yea, it is an abundant recompense for all the labor and suffering of twelve years' exile. God be praised that I have lived to see this day!

"Aug. 4th. At our prayer meeting last evening Bhágabán, Elias Hutchins, David Marks, Daniel Cilley, and Abial Moulton, all engaged in prayer, and spoke, expressing their full determination to forsake all for God, and their readiness to put on Christ by baptism. Three of these I should have no hesitancy in baptizing even now. Of the other two I have strong hopes, and

probably we shall soon have the happiness of admitting the five all together to the bosom of the church. Surely, salvation has come to the Santals — the long-despised, long-neglected Santals, — for whose souls no man cared. God be praised for this great salvation!

"16th. Daniel and Elias have at length, and I trust forever, become emancipated from the shackles of caste! They had repeatedly communicated their intention to do so, and as I felt pretty well satisfied with their experience, I thought it best to lose no time in bringing the matter to a close. I therefore called them in this afternoon, with Rámá and Mahes, and, after conversing with them some time, proposed that they should take some bread, and eat before us. Surprising as this may seem, this startled them, and they drew back. At length Daniel said he would eat; Elias said he would wait until he should be baptized. The bread was brought, but Daniel's heart almost failed him. He, however, after some hesitation, raised his hand and took a piece; Elias declined. Poor Daniel sat with the bread in his hand, swelled up, and seemed in an awful trial, and for half

an hour, or more, it seemed doubtful whether they would taste the morsel which was to be the signal of a final separation from all their former connections.* It was an important step to take. The Rubicon once passed, there could be no retreat. They, however, at length put the fearful morsel to their mouths, and the work was done, when they immediately became tranquil and happy. They appeared quite happy at our prayer meeting this evening, and the family they have now left, so far from taking fright, have been singing and praying, with Rámá as cheerful as ever. David seemed almost persuaded to cast in his lot with them, but his courage failed. I hope both he and Bhágabán, his father, will do so soon. The Lord be praised for redeeming grace!

"30th. Yesterday, Sabbath, was a day of rejoicing with us. Five happy converts testified to a good profession before many witnesses. Notice had been circulated in the neighborhood, and about fifty of our heathen neighbors came and attended our afternoon preaching, and re-

*Eating Christian food with Christians is usually considered a sign of breaking caste.

paired with us to the water-side, and beheld in solemn silence five of their countrymen buried with Christ in baptism. They looked on with interest, and, in a few instances, expressed their approbation; and we can but pray and hope that the public administration of this divinely appointed ordinance may be blessed to the good of those whose curiosity led them to witness it.

"In the evening we met for the first time in our new chapel, to commemorate the dying love of our glorified Lord. The season was one of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and not soon to be forgotten.

"Among the newly-baptized were two Santals, two Oriyas, and a Bengali widow, the mother of Mahes, native preacher.

"Daniel Cilley is a Santali youth, about sixteen years of age. He entered the school in January last, and is a bright, active, and amiable lad, and learns well. He is a very frank, open-hearted boy, and often reminds us of our Lord's commendation of Nathanael, 'Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.'

"Elias Hutchins is also a Santali, and is about eighteen years of age. He entered the school

in 1846. For many months his disposition and manners were rough and disagreeable, but the past three months have marked a most pleasing change in his life and conduct. The rude barbarian is changed to the meek and lowly disciple of Jesus. He has a noble form, being of medium size, has a good voice, a pleasant, ready delivery, and is a plodding genius in scholarship. We hope he is destined to become a vessel of great mercy to his long-neglected, long-despised, outcast countrymen. Elias is probably our first Santali convert, and he was instrumental in bringing Daniel forward, as he was also in introducing him into the school at first, being from the same village as himself. Still, I have put the latter *first*, because, with rather more firmness than his companion, he was the first to renounce caste *openly*, and thus sever himself from all his idolatrous connections. They appear very happy together, and now occupy a separate apartment, and cook for themselves, so as not to defile those who have not yet renounced caste." *

It was also a day of great rejoicing to Mr.

* The Santal boys who came to the Midnapore school had an allowance to board themselves, so as not to be compelled to break caste.

Phillips when, on Aug. 4, 1847, he completed the revision of his Santal *First Catechism*, and sent the copy away to be printed. He said, "It has cost a great deal of labor."

The work done for this people by Mr. Phillips was a stupendous work, especially in the matter of formulating for them a written language; it can scarcely be appreciated at this distance.

Such is the description of the beginning of work among the Santals, and of the first converts, by the missionaries themselves. A difficult work requiring persistency and skill, both were used and God blessed the effort; the succeeding years have revealed the wisdom of all this and have shown that this endeavor was the beginning of a great work among a neglected but worthy people. Later years have disclosed the fact that this virgin soil was most prolific. It was soon seen that a mission station should be established among them, and that the Santals should have a missionary. But it took years to bring this about. Mr. Phillips did all that he could, without taking too much time from his Oriya work, in preparing elementary books. All the

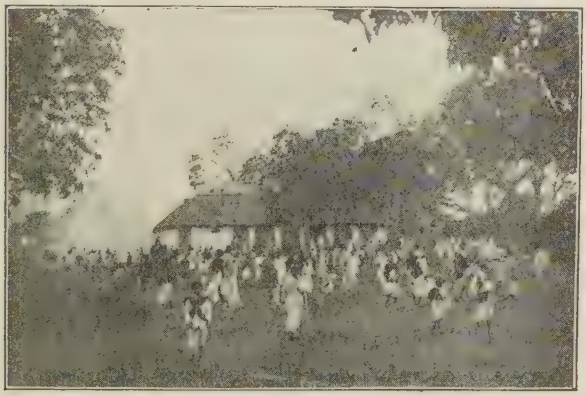
work among them was preparatory until a tract of land was secured in their neighborhood and actual mission work for them was established in that place. It appeared that this people, numbering between one and two million, were most numerous near Midnapore and Jellasore. Dr. Bacheler's station was at Midnapore and naturally he centered the Santali work, which he was to oversee, not far away.

On his arrival in India in 1863 he found a large edition of Santali Gospels, which had been translated by Mr. Phillips and published by the American Bible Society at an expense of five hundred dollars, stored away. The translations were ready but there were no readers. Thousands of Santals were scattered through the jungle forests of the Midnapore district, in small villages, but they could not read, never before had anything been printed in their language, and they had no schools. Then the fact came to the mind of Dr. Bacheler with great force; the Santals must have schools, they must learn to read, these Gospels must be accomplishing their mission. For some time

there had been in the orphanage at Midnapore a Santali boy who was a fair student. He was sent out to a village six miles from Midnapore to take charge of a little company of pupils, a young English police officer pledging five rupees a month to meet the expense. About twenty boys were at once gathered into this school, and it became very popular. The people were very curious and came many miles to see boys reading their own language. Soon requests were sent in from various villages for schools to be established among them, but there were no teachers. Dula, the Christian Santal, who had been two years in America, was employed to go through the Santali country looking for young men who had studied in Bengali schools and try to employ them as teachers. Only a few could be found, and they were only able to read, write, and figure a little. But as fast as these could be engaged, schools were started, one after another. The work appealed to friends of the mission and they subscribed for the expense of the work so that the teachers were paid, at this time, three rupees a month. These rude

teachers needed to be better fitted for their work, and, to help in this matter, a teachers' convention was established which met in Midnapore once in six months. Each session lasted one week, and during that time the teachers received as thorough a drill as possible. Through this agency they derived much help. The number of the schools and efficiency of the teachers rapidly increased, and in two or three years thirty schools were in operation. To assist the enterprise still more, a training school was established at Midnapore, where boys were received and trained for teachers, with all expenses paid. The number in this school often reached fifty, and many of them made efficient workmen. This system still continues, many of these teachers have become Christians, and as many as a dozen have made acceptable preachers. Co-education is becoming common, and many Santali women have become acceptable and helpful workers among their own people. In the beginning these schools were of a rustic character, only one of them having a house and being sustained by money obtained in the country. This depart-

ment of work was a grand one; it not only sought to educate a people before almost entirely neglected, to give a literature to a people who had no written language, but to care for their souls at the same time. Says Dr. Bacheler, in 1865: "We have by no



MIDNAPORE CHAPEL, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1901
(FROM NORTH)

means lost sight of the all-important fact that secular education without heart culture is of very little consequence. Hence, we have ever made the spiritual instruction of the people as prominent as possible. . . . It may not

be desirable here to speak definitely of our hopes and prospects; we will only say that with reference to the future of this interesting people, our encouragements are great, and our prospects bright."

CHAPTER XII

THE SANTALS — MRS. BACHELER'S RETURN TO INDIA — FAMINE — OPENING OF THE FIRST ZENANAS

SOME of the letters written at this period concerning work among the Santals will be of great interest; on this account we insert letters and extracts. Two from Rev. J. Phillips, while on furlough in this country, both written in 1863, are worth a careful reading. They follow: —

PRAIRIE CITY, ILL., Nov. 9, 1863.

I am truly glad and thankful to see, both by Brother Miller's annual report, and by a communication from Brother Bacheler in the last *Star*, that the Santals are again attracting the attention of our missionaries. The Santals are a hardy, athletic, robust, industrious race of people, and although very superstitious, being "every last one of them" under the power of witchcraft, and generally addicted to drunkenness, they still possess many excellent traits of character, and really offer a most inviting field for missionary labor. They are free from many of the very worst features of Hinduism, are more open-hearted and frank than the Hindus are, while their females occupy a far more honorable position, and enjoy much greater liberty than do Hindu women. The numerous large families, for which the Santals are pro-

verbial, offer ample facilities for the establishment of schools, the more so as the absence of all restraint on females allows girls, equally with boys, to attend school. It is devoutly to be hoped that the efforts of Brother Dula & Co., under the supervision of Brother Bacheler, will accomplish good, and facilitate the establishment of a permanent mission among the Santali people.

No labor was ever performed by the writer with a greater relish than the acquisition of the language of this rude people, and efforts to bring them to a knowledge of God and his gospel. Days and weeks and months were spent, pencil and paper in hand, searching out the rudiments and the substance of their wild jargon, which, when understood, proved to be a very regular and accurate medium of communicating ideas.

I shall not soon forget our first Santali prayer meeting. when I was perfectly electrified by listening to the fervent supplication, the spontaneous outburst in his own tongue to which he was born, of our first Santali convert (since gone to his rest), thanking God for blessings received, and pleading for mercy in behalf of his "poor, blind countrymen, scattered over the jungles like sheep without a shepherd." It was a glorious time, and all the labor and toil of years were forgotten in a moment. . . .

The second by Rev. J. Phillips is as follows : —

Has not the time come for the establishment of a Santali mission in Orissa?

Soon after the commencement of our Orissa mission, nearly twenty-five years ago, this deeply interesting people were first brought to our notice by Brother Noyes, and as they were found to be sufficiently numerous, and, withal, piously inclined, missionary operations among them were at once proposed, but the feeble state of our mission at that time prevented anything from being done.

In June, 1845, having obtained a Santali man to act as teacher, the writer set about the acquisition of the Santali language. Owing, however, on the one hand, to the difficulty of reducing a mere oral language to a written form, picked up, as it had to be, from conversation with rude, unschooled savages, and on the other to the constant press of missionary labors among the Oriyas, the work advanced but slowly at first. The task, however, was far from being an unpleasant, irksome one. Each successive step prepared the way for and facilitated the next.

As by degrees I became somewhat familiar with the language, my interest in the work among the Santals increased, visits to their villages became more frequent, and soon we had a goodly number of Santali youths gathered into our boarding school at Jellasore. But removal from the native jungle homes, and confinement to the routine of school duties, poorly accorded with the disposition and habits of these erratic youngsters, as yet quite unprepared to appreciate either the mental or moral advantages of such a course. The result was that the majority of them, after a short stay, left the school. But it was not so with all. In the minds of several, the desire for improvement kept pace with the opportunity afforded. Some became passable scholars, while three or four gave pleasing evidence of conversion to God, and manifested a disposition to make themselves useful.

By autumn in 1854, we had "An Introduction to the Santali Language, Consisting of a Grammar, Reading Lessons, and a Vocabulary," a Primer of twenty-four pages, a Sequel of forty-four pages, a Tract, "The Essence of True Religion," and the Gospel of Matthew in print, the remaining three Gospels, Genesis, and twenty chapters of Exodus in manuscript, while our out-station, Santipore, which had been started with special reference to aid the Santali work, was in a prosperous condition. Two

Santali youths, Elias Hutchins and Daniel P. Cilley, married to native wives, resided there, and were soon after licensed by the Quarterly Meeting to preach the gospel.

Thus matters stood in January, 1855, when, my health having failed, I was compelled to relinquish the work, and return to America, whither my family had proceeded the year before. The work had been fairly commenced and progress made toward *the establishment of a Santali mission*. But — perhaps for a trial of our faith — by an inconceivable dispensation of Providence, both the young brethren were soon after removed by death, and the effective strength of the mission being considerably reduced by change of laborers — new missionaries having the Oriya language to learn — work among the Santals seems to have been mainly suspended until since the return of Brother Bacheler to Orissa, as noticed in a former paper. . . .

We must insert here a letter from Dr. Bacheler, written on a visit among the Santali jungle schools. It sets forth the conditions better than any possible description of ours can do, and is worthy of preservation, since it describes the first school located in that section.

OODABARDI, Dec. 5, 1863.

At the commencement of a proposed trip among the Santals, north of Midnapore, we have come to examine our first Santali school in this section.

We left home at one o'clock this morning. I watched the first part of the night to wait for the moon, and call up the party, and then went to bed in a covered

ox-cart, and awoke at the first stage out, eight miles, where we left the main road to follow a cart path to the Santali villages, some three miles away. I was warmly dressed, had a blanket and cloak over me, and yet the cold was too severe to admit of sound and continuous sleep. I have been sitting in the schoolhouse with my cloak on most of the day, although the sun was oppressive outside. Our people complain sadly of the cold. Dula was actually shaking this evening worse than I ever knew him to do in America.

Perhaps a description of our young institution may not be uninteresting. The Seminary building is thirty-two feet by eighteen, the roof of thatch, supported by twenty posts. There are no walls. A few rods distant is the professor's mansion,—fourteen feet by nine, the roof thatch, the walls made by driving stakes into the ground close together and neatly plastered with mud on the inside. These walls are about four feet high. The door is made of leaves and small branches, and is not yet hung, but is tied in its place at night.

I have just settled the bills and find that the whole establishment has cost us $4.50, and it is all paid for. This exceeds the original estimate, and I thought it necessary to remind Dula that I was not made of gold, and he must be careful of his expenditures. The expense would have been greater had it not been that the timber, standing, was given to us by an indigo company owning the land on which this village is located.

Amos Sutton, a Santal youth, educated by Brother Phillips, is professor, on a salary of $2.00 per month. As he stood before me this evening, drawing around his manly form his coarse horse blanket, telling me that he was not able to take to himself a wife on account of his poverty, as it was only a short time that he had enjoyed so good an income, I made him glad by

assuring him that his salary should be increased whenever he would graduate his first class of teachers.

The examinations proved highly satisfactory. The school has been in operation three months, and though it has been necessary to learn some five hundred letters and combinations of letters, yet several can read understandingly, and nearly all are coming on well.

The number present to-day was fifteen. Some of the enemies of the school raised a panic, a few days since, by persuading some of the parents that our object was to deprive the children of their caste, and take them away by force. This drew off several. Five new pupils have entered their names, so that the former number is made good. The ages of the pupils vary from five to twenty-five; but aside from these are two or three occasional pupils of forty-five or more. The head man of the village and a grown-up son have been members of the school together. The boys came four and five miles.

From seven important localities we have requests for schools, but we must make the teachers, and raise funds to meet the expense, before we can respond to these calls. I hope by the close of the cold season to supply two more teachers, but beyond that we must wait.

Dula and Pundree, an assistant, are constantly engaged in preaching to and instructing the people, and the kind feeling that is manifest toward them is truly encouraging.

The time will come when this land will have its institutions of learning, magnificent in architecture, rich in endowment, with learned and high-salaried professors. Our rude beginnings are the foundation stones of the proud structures of coming years; so we labor in hope, and may God help us to do our work well.

Steadily has the work among these aborigines gone forward, and with most gratifying results. Many of them have become Christians. Teach-

GROUP ORDAINED MEN

Umesh Ram Pelaram Tonu

ers have come up out of their rude huts. Bible School students and preachers of the gospel have developed, and God has indeed found a

people among those who were no people. Dr. Bacheler never abated his interest in them. Besides superintending work among them from Midnapore until there was a separate station among them, he and Mrs. Bacheler carried on industrial schools for them on their own veranda, where many a child found the true way into life's labors with spiritual promise. One of the pleasant sights which greeted the eyes of the writer when in Midnapore was that of "Auntie Bacheler" surrounded by her industrial school.

In 1865 Rev. J. Phillips and wife, Dr. J. L. Phillips and wife, Miss Julia E. Phillips and little Ida reached India. Dr. J. L. Phillips, his wife, and sister Julia were stationed at Midnapore to be associated with Dr. Bacheler. This brought Dr. Phillips into close contact with the work, in which he performed excellent service throughout his connection with the Mission. In 1869, six Santals, all heads of families, were baptized. Three of them were brothers; they were men of means, and were related to an old line of Santali rajas, then nearly extinct. These brothers lived at Bhimpore; the eldest

was the head man of the village, and a man of considerable influence. As a result of these conversions the mission station was established at Bhimpore. Dr. J. L. Phillips made a careful study of the Santali language and removed to Bhimpore in 1873, thus becoming the first exclusively Santali missionary of this mission and supplying a need which had long been felt. On July 17th of that year a chapel was dedicated, built and paid for by the natives, and on Jan. 1, 1874, a church was organized consisting of forty-two members; this number was soon increased to fifty-six, and forty-one of these were Santals. From 1874 to 1878 Dr. Bacheler had charge again, assisted by Rev. R. D. Frost. In 1880,

KAILAS — ONE OF THE PROMISING PUPILS OF DR. B.

the Rev. T. W. Burkholder and his wife — who was Julia Phillips — occupied this station, and continued to do so until near the close of Dr. Burkholder's work. While they were absent in the country, in the nineties, Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Stiles took charge of the station, while during their recent furlough Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Kennan had charge. According to the *Report* of 1903 the membership of the church was two hundred and fifty-eight; the Sunday-school pupils of the district numbered one thousand six hundred and fifty-five. The Middle Vernacular School had one hundred and thirty-one in attendance. Forty-seven jungle schools had one thousand three hundred and eighty-one pupils. Twenty-seven boys and twenty-six girls were in the orphanages, and the industrial department was carefully superintended. One of the best church buildings in the Mission has been constructed in Bhimpore.

On the 5th of October, 1865, Mrs. Bacheler sailed from Boston on the ship *Lucothea* (Capt. Lincoln) bound for Calcutta. Of the children, she took with her only Mary, then five years of age, homes having been found for the others

in this country. For over three years Dr. Bacheler had been separated from his family, but he had borne up well. Once he wrote to the sister, Dora Merrill: "We make it a daily business to preach in the streets of the town, where we have good and attentive congregations. With so much to do, I can hardly see how we could be unhappy, even though removed so far from the loved ones at home. I am already making preparations for Sarah, when she can come, and I am sure she will find an ample field for usefulness. I hardly dare to allow myself to think *definitely* of her coming, for I see no prospect till the war is over, or some favorable change takes place. So for the present I must labor on alone." In another letter to Miss Merrill he does not fail to reveal his Christian and comprehensive view of the situation. He says: —

"I hope she [Maria] will reproduce your goodness and impart the impress you have given her to other minds, thus rendering the good seed you have sown perennial.

"In this we find one of our greatest encouragements and strongest incentives to labor—

that we live, not for ourselves or for a single generation, but the impression we make is imparted from one to another, and from one generation to another, it may be, down to the end of time. This is life, to live in our works, even after we have passed away and been forgotten. I find this a great encouragement in mission work. We are laying the foundations of churches that, with God's blessing, will thrive and exert a saving influence centuries hence."

To the corresponding secretary in 1864 he wrote: —

"You will see, by my last letter, that I, too, was not sanguine about Mrs. Bacheler's coming next year. I have also looked upon the great trial as yet to come — when our family comes to be broken up and scattered to the four winds. The longer she remains at home, the better for the interests of the family. With one son in the army we should feel very anxious if she were not near to render assistance when needed. Much as I wish her here, both for my own sake and that of the mission, if she sees the path of duty clear to

remain another year, I shall most heartily acquiesce . . . I am daily more and more convinced that a delightful, extensive, and promising mission field is opening to us here, far beyond what we have ever imagined."

While at home Mrs. Bacheler was very busy. She attended mission meetings, wrote mission literature, and cared for the family. The following note to her sister, Dora Merrill, speaks for itself in this regard: —

NEW HAMPTON, Oct. 31, 1863.

I have been digging potatoes, besides doing for nine in the family. I have sat up with a sick man twice within a week. I should not have gone the last time, but he himself sent for me. . . .

Once when writing to Mrs. Hills during these days she said: "I am constantly rejoiced that my dearest earthly friend is just where he is."

Mrs. Bacheler was very domestic; wherever she was, a spirit of homelikeness pervaded. Dr. Mary, her daughter, once said: "If she settled herself in a corner of the veranda or under a tree, her environment immediately seemed to take on homelikeness and comfort. Even the corner of the deck of an unsteady steamer

seemed 'homey' if she sat there in her low easy-chair, with her book or work."

Her return to India was a joyous event to her husband and the Mission. She was glad to return, but the breaking away from the children left behind was a severe trial to her. In her first letter, written on board the ship *Lucothea*, she said: "At best I could but feel desolate. It was a tearful farewell. I should not be a *mother* could it have been otherwise. The waving of those two white handkerchiefs, as the ship sailed off into deep water, seemed like a farewell from another shore, and at that time some heart cords, which I thought had long been severed, were broken with an inward anguish which none but those who should stand as I stood then could understand or appreciate. Ah, thought I, why can many mothers be allowed to remain at home with their dear ones, and to enjoy all the comforts of kindred and friends, and others be called upon to tear themselves away from all, and even for that to be misjudged and condemned? But let that pass. There is a record on high, a faithful record, and if in all we can only be

sensible of a leading presence and an approving smile, it is enough.

> "'We can do all things, or can bear
> All sufferings, if our Lord be there.'"

And yet, as she continues, she speaks of the children again as though they were never out of her mind: —

"My dreams by night and my waking thoughts are with the dear ones I have left behind. Just now while we are oppressed with heat, I think of them as gathering round the evening fire, but not at the old familiar hearthstone. Scattered around stranger hearthstones to-night are those who so lately 'filled our home with glee,' and roamed with never-tiring delight through 'fairy glen,' 'the lower lot,' 'the piece,' 'the pasture,' and many other haunts which their childish feet may never again press. Do they speak the word 'mother,' with tender love of her who has left them alone? Or are they in uncertainty why they have been thus left?"

This voyage had its usual amount of sea-sickness, its "doldrums," its storms and calms. The vessel had a very narrow escape from

collision with another ship, "homeward bound," about half its size, and more terrifying than this was the murder of the steward by the galley boy. The dead steward was buried at sea and the boy placed in irons, an object of great pity to all on board, as well as of the prayers of many. Going up the Bay of Bengal the mind of the returning missionary turned to that first time in which she came that way. Of this she says: "Nineteen years ago this very month I sailed up this bay, destined as now to the land of the heathen. Then my hopes were high, and I felt strong to labor and suffer for the heathen. How different now! I have no aspirations for the future. I have poured my heart's best treasures on the altar of missions, and He for whose sake I did it accompanies me. That is all. But my bleeding heart — there is no balm in Gilead, there is no physician there to heal its wounds! *I would not have them healed. Would a mother forget?* I only ask for strength to bear the pain, and for that overcoming faith which will appropriate the exceeding great and precious promises to my sacrificed treasures."

If any one should think that it was easy for her to leave the children behind, they have only to read this sore lamentation. The offering of herself to go to India the first time bore no comparison to the sacrifice of the children now.

Mrs. Bacheler landed in Calcutta in February, 1866. There her husband met her, and then with the prayer "that the blessing of Him who seeth not as man seeth" might rest on this reunion, "the three years and seven months of family separation were suddenly and joyfully handed over to history." After remaining seven days in Calcutta, the trio proceeded to Midnapore.

Here the work had wonderfully prospered; government grants had been made and increased; new and influential friends had been raised up to the Mission. Soon after coming to this station Dr. Bacheler had secured fifteen acres of land in the outskirts of the city for mission purposes. Work was at once begun upon a chapel, which was so arranged that for a time it would not only be a place of worship but be used also for the missionary's

residence, printing house, and dispensary. Other houses were put up as means would allow. On June 1, 1863, five months after his arrival in the country, Dr. Bacheler organized a church at Midnapore, consisting of three members; three others were baptized shortly after and six were added by letter, making twelve. In October, 1864, the chapel was dedicated, with praises to God the giver. This building remains the chapel for worship in Midnapore. The following extract from Dr. Bacheler's account of the beginning of the building is interesting. He says: —

"To-day, in popular language, I have laid the corner-stone of our Mission chapel with becoming ceremonies. Not that I stood by in starch and gloves, with highly burnished trowel, leaving others to do the work while I had the name of doing it; but I went into the trench like a man and laid the stones myself. It is to be forty feet by twenty inside, surrounded by a veranda ten feet deep. The walls are to be brick, the roof thatch. We propose to enclose the veranda and put up temporary partitions, and make this answer for a

MIDNAPORE CHAPEL

dwelling, printing office, and a chapel till we can build more extensively. As soon as the rains are over we must put up some half dozen native houses for our people which will form the nucleus of a Christian village."

Schools among the Santals increased and prospered. The "relic of heathenism" which brought men and women to prayer-meetings of their own respectively was abandoned, and all worshipped together. Among the things which brought joy was the fact that telegraph communication had been completed, so that Midnapore was only four days from London and fifteen days from America. The tithing of the churches, the profits of the press and dispensary, all left a balance in the treasury. Converts had been baptized at the different stations. But sad and dismal days came in 1865 and 1866, when a terrible famine swept through Orissa. Every station with its surrounding districts was invaded by the awful scourge. Multitudes died, so many that the vultures and jackals could not dispose of the bodies, and they were thrown into the rivers to be borne out to sea. The resources and sympathies of

the missionaries were taxed far beyond their ability to aid. Sad were the letters of those days. The station at Midnapore was among the last to feel the effects of the plague, which raged fearfully further south. On March 18, 1866, Dr. Bacheler wrote:—

"Famine is upon us. People are dying of starvation, and ten times more are dying of diseases induced by the want of proper and sufficient food. Emaciated children walk the streets, whose parents are already gone, and they doomed to follow ere long, for there are none to feed and save them. We can look upon this, not to say without emotion, but we can look upon it. We can say to those who look to us and ask if we cannot take some of them into our schools, that we have no means, although we know the answer conveys the doom of death."

The schools were affected by this famine, some of them were decreased, a few had to be given up. Cholera, as is usual, accompanied the famine and completed what starvation failed to do. On June 5th, Dr. Bacheler wrote that the effects of the famine were becoming sadly

apparent. Distribution of rice was made daily, one half pound being given to each adult, with half that amount to each child. Some days twelve and fifteen hundred were fed. All who could do any work were rejected, the number of whom exceeded those fed. Private subscriptions were raised; relief committees were formed; Government made grants; famine engrossed nearly all the time of the missionaries, and still death reveled. Mr. Miller wrote from Balasore: —

"Thousands perish daily from sheer hunger. There is a relief committee in full operation. Of course the missionary is expected to do most of the drudgery. Our plan is something like this. We have a high brick wall, forming a four-sided oblong, and inclosing an acre of land, with a door of ingress at one end and two of egress at the other. As the crowds enter — this begins at daylight and lasts till nine A. M. — they are made to sit in lines about three feet apart. When the enclosure is full, the door of entrance is closed and the entire company, six thousand in number, is inspected. The weak and dying are sent on

litters and carts to the hospital, and the strong placed in the care of a member of the committee whose duty it is to find them employment. All the rest are furnished with tickets for rice, which are good for one meal a day. The meal and day of the meal are indicated on the back of each ticket, which is checked when presented, to prevent two servings in one day. All are now furnished with tickets, old and young, male and female. They are now made to march out in groups of three to five, when they present their tickets and get their supply of rice for the day. All this requires a vast deal of work and attention."

At the same time Mr. Phillips wrote of the conditions at Jellasore, Santipore, and vicinity. He says: "Another month is gone, and still famine rages and death revels. Famine and its consequences engross nearly all our attention and I can write of little else."

On Sept. 13, 1866, Dr. Bacheler wrote: —

"There are many, many sad sights in this dark land.

"After our Sabbath services were over, a little before sunset, we all went out to get a

little air after the stifling heat of the day. To-night we went out about one quarter of a mile into the open plain, where there is a large tank being dug. The English government has got up this work in part, to relieve a few thousands of the starving men and women of this famine-stricken land by giving them work and wages. A man can earn six cents a day and a woman four. This will enable them to just get along, but where there is a famine some must be hungry, and if from any cause they should miss a day of work they must also miss a day of eating.

"Although the tank is comparatively but just begun, there is quite a hill around it already. The men dig up the dirt and put it in flat baskets, which the women bear away on their heads. There were about five hundred at work to-night. No blessed Sabbath for them, and no hope that the toils of this life will ever end in a better state. We sat down on the broad masonry work round the top of a well close by the tank and called to mind the time when 'Jesus wearied so' from his journey sat thus on the well, very much the same

kind of a well, no doubt. The poor creatures were constantly coming to draw water, which they did in small brass *lotas*, round the neck of which they tied a cord.

"There were a great many children standing and lying all around, poor things. Most of them were without a rag of clothing, their sharp bones just covered with skin, dirt, and in many cases with sores; but all, above two or three years, *so* quiet. Skeleton babies were lying on the ground crying for that food which hard work and little to eat had reduced almost to nothing. We noticed one boy about ten years old, who held in his arms a skinny baby of a few months, — he was walking up and down, trying in vain to soothe it. It was pitiful to see the poor boy try to walk, he was so emaciated and seemed so weak; but he was very gentle and tried his best to quiet the starving little one, but all in vain, and at last the woman came from her work, and sat down on the ground to nurse it. In a moment another little child crept up to the woman and began to help herself. Afterwards the husband of this woman told us that they had seven chil-

dren on the grounds, that the baby's mother had died and his wife was trying to nurse it as well as her own." Dr. Bacheler made them happy by telling them that three of their children might go down to the beggars' ground in the afternoon, and get one half pound of rice each. On May 17th, Mrs. Bacheler wrote: —

"To-day we have taken in a family of seven, a mother and six children — a collection of haggard, skeleton-looking children. Mothers wild-looking and bony, with naked babies pressed to their withered breasts, come to our doors daily. It is but a mite we can give each one. Hundreds are dying in our district, and the number will be thousands before the rice crop is realized, which is not soon."

It was stated that one million died during this famine. It brought a large number of dependent children upon the Mission.

One incident of the famine shows what Christianity can do for the heathen, and is worth remembering. One of the native converts had a considerable quantity of rice stored. Dr. Bacheler urged him to sell it for

the relief of the sufferers. This he steadily refused to do, but expressed great fear that his establishment might be robbed and burned. The missionary gave him to understand that he would get no sympathy from him, even if that occurred. Later Mr. Phillips went out and found him giving out his rice, to be repaid when the new crop came in, just as he had been accustomed to do in former years. Although he could have made at least four hundred per cent profit on all that he had, he absolutely refused to sell. He had his regular customers, to whom the famine was personally unknown. Upon the heels of the famine came smallpox. Mrs. Bacheler was exposed to this before it was known to be that loathsome disease. She escaped, however, with a few days' confinement and a mild form of varioloid.

Zenana work was begun in Midnapore in February, 1866, by Miss Julia E. Phillips—now Mrs. Burkholder—and Mrs. J. L. Phillips. While women of the lower castes were readily reached by the missionaries, high-caste women were kept shut up in their homes, called zenanas. The houses are surrounded by thick, high walls,

having no windows in the women's apartments. No man was expected to enter except the father, husband, or his elder brother, and the women were never expected to go out except by the consent of their lords; and then they must go in a palanquin, thickly veiled themselves so as not to see any one, or be seen. The missionaries had longed to get into the zenanas but had been scrupulously excluded. When Mrs. and Miss Phillips arrived in Calcutta they heard from the lips of a Miss Brittan an account of zenana work, in which she had taken an active part. Her story was most interesting and the work was most promising from every point of view. They determined to attempt it in Midnapore. The account of their first attempt is thus recorded: —

"Last night, as we were passing one of the high-caste houses in a narrow, thickly settled Bazaar, a very intelligent looking native gentleman sat near the door. Although a perfect stranger to us, he gave us a glance of friendly recognition. This encouraged us to ask him if we might call upon his wife, as we were anxious to see zenana ladies. He replied very

courteously; gave us seats, and said he would go and see. A long time — it seemed to us — passed away, and we sat wondering if the glad day had really come for us to begin zenana work in Midnapore, or if, 'Babu like,' he had slipped away, and we should wait in vain for his return. At last he appeared, saying, 'My wife is all ready to see you — follow me.' With many a strange doubt and query, we did follow him through the dark rooms and up the narrow little stairs, till he opened a side room dimly lighted, when a slight figure, almost enveloped in silk and jewels, approached us, and gave us one of the most delicately formed little jewelled hands I ever looked upon. This her proud husband had evidently taught her to do at this special time, as the Bengalis never shake hands. The little peep we got of her bright face, almost hidden under her *sari*,* assured us of her delight to see us. But not one word would she speak. The Babu said, 'It is not the custom for Bengali ladies to speak in the presence of their husbands; I will go out and then she will talk,'

* The cloth worn by a native woman.

which she did most freely until his return, and then he cordially invited us to come again, and asked us to teach his wife. We did not dare to ask if we might teach her from our blessed Bible, lest he should be offended, and not allow us to return. Hence we said, 'May we teach her just what we like?' 'O yes! only be sure to teach her to make a pair of embroidered slippers for me, and to-morrow I will send my carriage for you, and introduce you to my friends who have wives and daughters.' "

The carriage was sent, the missionary ladies went, and this was the beginning of zenana work among the Hindu women of Midnapore, — a work which has changed the hearts and lives of so many of these women. A most interesting account of the progress of this work will be found in "Missionary Reminiscences," Chapter XV.

Our purpose in this connection is to call attention to the first zenana work among the Mohammedans in Midnapore, who were more secluded and difficult to reach than the Hindus. It occurred in 1867. Dr. Bacheler was called to visit a high-caste lady who had a very baffling disease, which refused to yield to any treatment

which had been offered. Dr. Bacheler thus describes a visit to the lady: —

"Not long since I was called to attend upon a woman belonging to the first Mohammedan family in the place, who was suffering from an obscure disease. On my first and second calls I was not permitted to see her. At length it became necessary to feel her pulse. To enable me to do so, two men were employed to hold up a large blanket by the corners, behind which the patient lay.* She thrust out underneath it her little hand, while I made the necessary examination outside. After two or three days, a closer examination becoming urgent, I told her friends I must see her tongue and eyes.

"Preparations were made, and the women ordered to their apartments out of sight. When all was ready, I was called in. The patient was sitting as closely enveloped as an Egyptian mummy, a man holding her and her various envelopes as closely as possible. First the bandages were removed from her eyes so carefully that only the two balls could be seen, and

* These were men of the family, or very menial servants. Sometimes an elderly widow sat behind the screen, and carried on the conversation between the doctor and his patient.

a small aperture made in the covering of the face, through which the tongue was thrust. It was a new phase of diagnosis to me, to examine eyes and tongue when none of the integuments could be seen. There is no communication between husband and wife in the presence of others, the most delicate inquiries being put to these suffering women, not through the husband, but through some man-servant, or other male member of the family.

"The zenana teaching is doing more than anything else to break up the seclusiveness of female society. In this work of reform, the Hindus, as usual, have the start of the Mohammedans. Some twenty-five families of Hindus are now being constantly visited and instructed, but our sisters have not yet gained access to the first Mohammedan family."

But how mysteriously God works! It was in connection with this very patient that the Mohammedan homes were to be opened. The little daughter Mary accompanied her father on one of these visits, while he was attending his patient. Remaining outside in the carriage, she attracted the attention of the man of the

GATEWAY TO ONE OF THE FIRST MOHAMMEDAN ZENANAS OPENED IN MIDNAPORE

house, who invited her to go in. After she went in it was decided that she might see the ladies. Accordingly, she walked straight into the zenana, and greatly interested the ladies by her brisk and cheerful conversation with them. When she was about to go they invited her to come again. To this she replied — did God prompt the words? — that she would come again if her mamma might come with her. After sanction by the gentlemen, an invitation was sent to the mother to come and bring Mary. This she gladly did, and that is how the first Mohammedan zenana in Midnapore — probably in Bengal — was opened to the missionaries.

After this zenana opened others soon followed. Before their first visit ended, a message came from the Derwan* across the street, inviting them to his house, and it was not long before Mrs. Bacheler could say: "We now have access to twenty-five Babus' houses. The women are taught to read, and after that they get lessons in geography, 'Peep of Day,' and the Bible. About an hour is spent in each house. The women are very eager to learn, and make

*This is a title sometimes given to a rich Mohammedan land-holder.

COURT OF ONE OF THE FIRST MOHAMMEDAN ZENANAS OPENED IN MIDNAPORE

surprising progress. The bait to this is teaching them various kinds of fancy work, especially making caps and working shoes for their husbands. Indeed, these are the bonds which the Babus impose."

The first entrance to the Calcutta zenanas was by Mrs. Mullins, wife of a secretary of the London Missionary Society, who was invited into his home by a Babu, who wished Mrs. Mullins to teach his wife to embroider slippers for him.

CHAPTER XIII

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS—NEAR-BY SYMPATHY AND HELP — PROSPERITY — ILLNESS — RETURN TO AMERICA — TO INDIA THE THIRD TIME — IN AMERICA AGAIN

IN '66 and '67 the health of our missionaries at Midnapore was excellent. There were many things to do. The famine brought great care and labor; the zenana work, regarded as a providential opportunity, was faithfully carried on; the press was too good a friend to be neglected; Bazaar and cold-season campaigns were persistently pushed. This seemed to be the time to push on into the Santali country, and this was faithfully done. The teachers' conventions were kept up, as was the training school. Jungle schools increased, numbering forty-eight and then going to seventy. In the Santali work the European residents became much interested. Sir William* and Lady Herschel often attended upon different depart-

* Sir William was a son of the renowned English astronomer.

ments of this work, and generously contributed to its support. Their friendship was very valuable. Sir William obtained a government grant of twenty acres of land — formerly a parade ground—for the girls' orphanage started by Dr. J. L. Phillips. In one year, in response to an appeal for aid, $650 was given for the general purposes of the mission at Midnapore, all outside of America. Mr. Miller at Balasore and Miss Crawford at Jellasore received considerable at the same time. Government grants amounted to $270 per year at that time.

The *Report* for 1869 set forth the remarkable fact that while the funds sent from home for all purposes amounted to Rs. 13,675, or about $6,200, the amount raised in India for the same purposes was Rs. 12,587, or about $5,700, the amount per native church member being $3.04. Only one resident member received so much as $10 per month wages, one $7.50, and the remainder from $2.00 to $6.00, while a considerable majority were women receiving no separate income at all.

Excursions were made into the Santali coun-

try to examine the schools annually. These excursions occupied several weeks, and were attended with many trying, dangerous, and novel experiences, as the examinations usually occurred under the trees, the missionaries living in their tents and carts. Dr. Bacheler was usually accompanied by Mrs. Bacheler and Mary, who conducted some part of the examinations and took their share of the burdens. The accounts of these excursions are most interesting, one of which follows. Mrs. Bacheler says: —

Dec. 11, 1868. In a mud veranda by the roadside, on the way to Garbeta, to examine the Santali schools. This is the day we have been longing for for nine months. Sister Smith, Mary, and I started early this morning, and here we stop for dinner, which relishes remarkably! Brother Smith and Mr. Bacheler have gone on to Garbeta to get the tents pitched. Mr. Martin, the government inspector of schools, and family are to join us to-morrow. The return of laborers to the whitened fields is indeed cheering. We have had so much joy within a few days that we ought to be ready for something better.

The boxes from our dear G. and Sister D. made me forget that I was an old woman; and every new thing taken out was an occasion for a new delight. Even the wrappers were precious and carefully preserved. All these things have made us very happy.

Dec. 12th. Last night, as we were jogging on in the dark, all at once everything came to a dead halt, and

the bullocks' heads were turned round. No one would answer the question, "What is the matter?", until after a little while, when they said that a tiger had just crossed the road before them and they were afraid to move. We told them to make a *gohlmahl* (great noise), and when they began to do this, their spirits seemed to revive and they marched on, shouting as they went. We reached Garbeta at eight o'clock, and found Brother S. and Mr. B. with the tent pitched and supper ready. Six schools had already arrived. Our sleep was sweet and refreshing. Twelve schools have been examined to-day. Our tent is pitched in a mango grove, and we have examined the schools under the trees. Mr. Martin expresses himself highly gratified with the appearance of the schools, and says that the improvement since last year is marked.

Dec. 13th. Mr. B. sits under a tree at one end of the tent, and examines the scholars in geography, arithmetic, and singing, while I have another tree at the other end and hear the reading. Brother and Sister Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Martin go back and forth, seeing and hearing all they can. The teachers and scholars sit in different groups under the trees, at a little distance, waiting their turn to be called. They improve the time in reading and singing. It is surprising that the parents allow their children (some not more than six or eight years old) to walk so far, as some of them have come twenty miles. But the whole Santali country seems to be waking up.

Our camp has rather a picturesque appearance. The ponies, oxen, cow, goat, fowl, carts, etc., all are arranged under different trees. The separate camp fires and the general air of life and work make up altogether a lively picture. This mango orchard is magnificent, nearly half a mile in length and an eighth in width, the trees all in rows, but unkept enough to look wild.

Dec. 16th. The scholars have gone home. The grove is more quiet; still there is plenty of life.

We have been admitted to the native magistrate's house, and find his wife intelligent and anxious to learn to work. She is a good reader. This is the nicest zenana house we have ever seen. We stay in Garbeta one day longer on her account, as she is anxious to learn to make her husband a pair of slippers, and we are anxious that she should learn as much as possible of Jesus.

Dec. 17th. The last school has been examined, and our work in Garbeta is now done. The Babu's wife has received the canvas for her slippers and instruction how to finish them by herself. Our last visit this afternoon was very interesting.

After a brief stay at home they went out in another direction, the account of which follows:—

Jan. 4, 1869. Here we are for the night by the roadside, under some tamarind trees, on our way to the Santali jungle to examine schools. We started at three o'clock, and have come eight miles. Three carts and quite a number of our native folks are in the company. Joseph has the goat, Thomas Perkins* the dogs, etc. Madhu Das insisted on driving one of the carts, making Ram Singh, the Santali driver, get down and walk. In passing over a shaky little bridge, he tipped over the cart, and his load was rolled out on the ground, in the dark. Our driver had to take the lantern back to them, and help reload. This made us late, but we arrived here at last, safe and sound but rather tired. We sleep in the carts.

Jan. 5th. Morning, sunrise, just ready to start. We have stood up under this most handsome and friendly tamarind tree while Joseph White read in Santali about the new birth. Then we sang a hymn in Bengali, beginning "Everlasting Jesus, Lord of all, in thy great name let

* In the early work with the Santals the boys were named after American men who supported them.

every nation and every soul sing joyful praises." Then Mr. B. prayed,* and now, sitting on the roots of this overshadowing tree, these lines are sketched.

All are ready for a start. We have a hard day's work in prospect, for we soon leave the road, but, blessed be God, everything is sweet and happy. We gladly "suffer toil and pain" for these dear souls, and everything is "manna to our taste."

One o'clock P. M. A few experiences we have truly had since we left our last night's shelter. Madhu Das managed to upset another gharry while going down a steep sideling pitch which led into a *khal* (creek), but with aid he soon got things righted up.

We have come through three *khals;* the last was deep and the ascent so steep that the four bullocks fell back once into the water, — and then came the rice-fields and gullies.

Well, we are here now, ten miles, and six farther to go to-night to Mussuna.

This is a pretty little mango grove. Mr. B. threw himself on the grass under a tree pretty tired, and all the folks have thrown themselves down, here, there, and everywhere, too tired to dress the game that Mr. B. shot for them by the way, — three birds and eleven bats, — besides walking the whole way and helping the carts, so that he really has a right to be tired.

Mussuna, Friday A. M., Jan. 8th. We arrived at this place sooner than we expected. As we came onto the plain we saw a long file of Santali boys coming in from the jungles, with Chinibas, their teacher, at their head. Every boy was armed with a stick, which we found they had brought as a present to burn; also a lot of buffalo's milk.

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* It was always customary to pray before making a new start.

We found our little umbrella tent (we have just sold the other) so out of order that it could only be half spread, and in that way we occupied it, but now a blacksmith has been called, and it has been put right. It will not be a very great protection, however, being but one thickness and that all full of pinholes made by little gray insects. It is under quite a good mango tree, and we shall spend the sunny part of the day in Raju's schoolhouse. This is a lovely plain, dotted with trees and skirted by natives' houses and jungles.

Examinations commence in a few minutes. The Santals stand around, while Mary and I are outside waiting. Many dirty, naked, matted-haired children gaze at us with wide-open eyes.

Evening. Four schools have been examined, and passed quite well, though the boys improve faster than their teachers. We are gradually requiring better qualifications for accepted candidates, and the schools are in the same proportion rising in character.

This beautiful plain is swarming with Santals. I have just come from Raju's schoolhouse, and have managed to squeeze into the tent. Ninety-two people are within the range of my little view, just about the door of the umbrella. Mary has been helping me. She has heard all the boys in the alphabet and spelling, and marked each one. She is much pleased with the responsibility,—does all her writing in Bengali, which comes easier to her than English.

Now they have all gone a few rods away to sing. The singing always makes a prominent part. O dear, what a din! a great deal more noise than music! It is impossible to write.

Saturday, 9th. Bhoodhoo's school has been the best one to-day. The boys rattled through the primary geography at a great rate, and they seemed to understand it. They read well, too.

Sonaton's school was a nice one. He and Raju are brothers and belong to a rather wealthy family. They appear out at these anniversary occasions in very nice clothes and cut quite a dash among the rest. Raju on these occasions wears a gay colored cap with a long tassel. They are really very nice men, and keep very nice schools, and have a good influence.

One teacher, off in the heart of the jungle, sent an excuse, saying that the parents of his boys were not willing they should come on account of the bears and hyenas.

It is interesting to see how frightened the poor boys are, some of them trembling and some of them, it is plain enough, not able to do themselves credit. Leaving their homes and coming before the Sahib and Mem for examination is the great event of the year to them. The teachers appear well and still continue the habit of daily prayer.

The holy and mysterious leaven of God's word is silently working through these solitary jungles. It is the word of eternal life, and God himself has declared that "it shall not return void." Sweet assurance! "He who runs may read," and "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

Just now Mr. B. said, "There is a sight." I looked out at the tent door and saw, in front of Raju's schoolhouse, the scholars all prostrate on the ground while Pooridree is offering prayer in Santali. They are just going to their homes.

Most lovely weather, though cold. We feel as much difference between the hot and cold weather here as at home, though we never have frost.

Sunday, 10th. A company of Santals came to worship at the calling of Raju's drum, and Pooridree preached to them. The two native preachers, Simeon (not the

printer) and Madhu Das, have gone a few miles to a large market, and we have just had Sunday school.

Now all our work is done that we can do here. We are to start early to-morrow for the Silda district going back over much of the way we came.

Jan. 12th. All night long a great noise has been going on. Rattle, rattle, slam, slam, bang, bang, went the kettledrums and other instruments of noise, mixed up with the shouts and cries of confused voices. The poor jackals had no chance to give their serenades, or if they performed, nobody heard. Our "umbrella" was pitched by the roadside under a tree, in a village called Satpati, quite a large place. This, the 12th of January, is the first day of the Hindu new year, and a general carouse and worshipping of family gods is observed.

There were nine schools examined here and fourteen at Garbeta, making twenty-three. Now the most of Boogree district is done and the plan is to go to Silda by way of home, stopping one day to see to things. But this arrangement may in part fail, on account of neuralgia and chills; another trip in the umbrella ma be forbidden by the Doctor.

After we got here yesterday afternoon, Mr. B. and the native preachers went out into the streets to preach, after which we all went to see a sugar-cane press, and the Babu gave us three bottles of sugar-cane sap, just as it was pressed out, a great deal sweeter than maple sap.

Reached home safely that evening and found all well.

Rev. and Mrs. B. B. Smith accompanied the Bachelers on this excursion. Concerning it Mr. Smith said: —

"Brother Phillips has done a great work for this people in giving them a written language,

and in translating portions of the Bible into their tongue. . . . These schools, together with the many others that Brother Bacheler has established, and the other similar schools that may be established, are just what is needed in carrying forward the great work of spreading the gospel through these jungles, and making glad the hearts of this benighted people."

Constantly their hands and hearts were full. Now Mrs. Bacheler writes of the large amount of work pressing upon her husband. Then she tells of the zenanas. She says: —

"Oh, these zenanas! what mysterious places they are! You see nothing from the outside but a wall, or a mud house without a wall; but you follow your guide, and go and go, turning corners, passing through dark, covered passages, through one place and then another, till at last you arrive at the inevitable court open to the sky. . . . One court we went into to-day was beautiful. The floor was smooth masonry except around the trees. There is also a well, with a row of flowers around it. The ladies had a table with their books and work on it, and chairs for us. O that we had more laborers for this delightful field!"

Now she tells us of a Babu who wished Dr. Bacheler to do printing for him, in advertising a heathen festival, which the Doctor declines to do, and then asks the Babu why he holds to a religion in which he does not believe. The Babu's answer is characteristic: "Well, I don't believe it in part, and in part I do. I believe it in this way. If I leave off worshipping idols, my family will be cast out of society; we cannot buy wives for our sons, or get our daughters married; and when we die, no one will burn our bodies. And what is a man's life worth if he can't be taken care of after he is dead?"

Then she tells of Mrs. Reynolds, the magistrate's wife, who visits Mohammedan ladies with her once a week, setting aside worldly invitations to go and teach the women. She says: —

"This is a wonderful thing, indeed! I have heard nothing like it. This lady also got up a Christmas tree for the orphans of our mission, and entertained them in her own palace-like dwelling. This is the Lord's doings, not ours; for none of us go out of our way at all in order to cultivate the friendships of the great."

And then a great longing to see her children

comes over her. She expresses great confidence in the care of her sister Dora for them, and yet says that she could be happy were it not for this yearning for the children. Once she says: "The cold season is really coming. Already the nights are quite chilly, and for the next four months this climate will be one of the most delightful in the world. It will be none too long, however, to repair the wasted energies of the eight exhaustive months of the year. The mail for our letters goes to-morrow. Letters from our dear ones far away came last night. Only He who knows all things, knows the deep and constant anxiety for those loved ones — dear to us as life. Our arm is too short to help them when they are in trouble, and we must be ignorant of their joys and sorrows. We can only lay them down at the feet of our covenant-keeping God. If we can only be contented to wait a little, He will make everything plain, and we shall be able to see the reason of things that now seem very dark."*

Again her whole soul goes out to her work,

* It was near this time that news came that the son Frank Frederick had died in America.

and she tells of her three o'clock prayer meeting with the Santali boys, — the sweetest hour of the week to her — to which only seekers can go. She tells us what is said. "One says: 'Before I came from the jungle I knew nothing. My mind was dark as midnight. I was Satan's true servant, but now I have come to the true light, only I want more and more of it in my heart.' Another says: 'There is a great fight going on in my heart; when I say, "Now I will go away alone, and pray to God," all at once a fight begins. Satan says: "No, no, you must not go now — lie down and sleep a little. Where is God, or who is God? It is nothing that you can see or know."' Another says, 'When my temper gets hot, and I am falling into Satan's hands, then I run away and pray, and my hot mind gets cool and straight.'"

There can be no doubt of the conversion of people who think and act in this way; or as a little boy acted who had learned to tithe. Mrs. Bacheler paid a dollar a month for ringing the bell. The privilege was decided monthly by lot. John Sinclair had thus earned two rupees, which she kept for him. He came one day to

ask for eight annas,* with which to buy presents for the Christmas tree. After she handed it to him he went away a few steps and reckoned, and then came and put one tenth of what he had received into her hands, saying with a sweet, modest smile, "For the Lord." "Dear child," she adds, "he would put to shame many a home Christian."

This hard work was telling on the missionaries and in '68 Mrs. Bacheler went to Jellasore to recover from an attack of fever, and to spend some time with that most devoted and efficient worker, Lavina Crawford. This visit had its much desired effect. Miss Crawford had then one hundred and twenty-five girls, all famine children but thirty-one; one, called the "leopard girl," was taken from a tree in the jungle where her mother had tied her for the tigers or leopards to carry off and devour. She was supported by Lady Herschel. Concerning the purchase of the house formerly owned and used by an English officer, in which they made their home during the remainder of their India life, Mrs. Bacheler speaks thus characteristically in writing from Midnapore, Nov. 22, 1868: —

* Eight annas are one half a rupee.

"We have done living in the 'meeting-house,' and our removal from it has been marked by the same favorable Providence that has attended the Midnapore mission from its beginning, for just at the time that the congregation has so increased as to pack the chapel to overflowing, a good convenient house has become available. So the temporary partition at the farther end of the chapel has been removed, and now there is room enough for all, and we, too, are removed to a house where we can invite a friend to come and see us. The Lord's plan in this has been striking. He did not provide us a house because we were inconvenienced, and had no comfortable room for ourselves or our effects, but he provided one as soon as the native people required the whole chapel. 'Amen' say our hearts. So let it ever be.

"The mammon of unrighteousness has done much for our Midnapore station. The mission premises were the highly improved grounds of a wealthy English gentleman. They comprise about fifteen acres, well stocked with choice fruits, and have five well-made stone wells. The former possessor probably never dreamed that

the fruits of all his labor and expense would go to benefit a mission. But the earth is the Lord's, and he does what pleases him without reference to the plans of worldly men.

"Our present home was built some years ago, by the colonel of the regiment stationed here, and is a much better one than any missionary could afford to build; but, providentially, it has been obtained for about one fourth of what it would cost to build one. It fronts the old military parade ground, a fine plain, dotted with magnificent trees. At the farther side — about one quarter of a mile distant — is the new bungalow of Rev. J. L. Phillips, and at the left of our house, less than thirty rods away, are the mission premises. So we are all near together, and yet have plenty of room."

Mrs. Bacheler took great interest in this home and its surroundings. Exceedingly fond of flowers, she found some time to plant and watch them in the garden. Like little children watched and cared for, they responded to her devotion, and usually bloomed in profusion.

In front of the bungalow she planted with her own hands flambeau trees, which have most

THE BACHELER BUNGALOW

delicate lace-like foliage. A portion of one of these is shown in the illustration of the Bacheler bungalow. To watch the crimson sunset sky from the veranda, through these trees, was always charming.

The church had grown from three to thirty-four. Twelve regular preaching places had been established in the city. Between thirty and forty zenanas had been opened to the women missionaries.

In the last part of the year '69 great joy came to the mission at the close of the Teachers' Convention, when four of the teachers, all heads of families and influential men, were baptized. A large and deeply-impressed congregation witnessed the scene. This was followed by a series of meetings at Bhimpore in the Santali country, with the purpose of saving souls, organizing a church, and starting in the building of a chapel. A great struggle occurred here at this time as the choices between life and death were made; but several were converted and baptized, and the corner-stone of the Santali chapel was laid.

In '69 Dr. Bacheler said that they could remain

in the country three years longer without furlough if Mrs. Bacheler's health held out, and planned to do so; but, after her fever, her health gradually gave way. Dr. Bacheler, too, began to fail. They tried an excursion for rest, and ran into a cyclone that nearly upset them, and on June 20, 1870, he writes from Chandipore: —

"For the first time in my life I find myself away from my post on 'sick leave.' Not that I am really ill, but the hot season has been very hot and long-continued. With the advice of my medical adviser, I have run away to the seashore, hoping by the aid of sea air, sea bathing, etc., to forget the wasting of the last three months."

It was very remarkable that with so much work and responsibility, Dr. Bacheler kept so well throughout his life. But with proper care and self-control one can endure much. Instead of improving, Mrs. Bacheler began to be very sick. During June and July the Balasore fever returned in such a severe form as to prostrate her entirely. With the hope that recovery might be gained by a change, she was taken to

Calcutta in a palki,* leaving Midnapore on the nineteenth of July. She says, "I bade no one good-bye; only Mary and Julia † gave us a soft little farewell kiss."

On the previous Lord's day she had been permitted to witness some of the fruits of her prayers and labors, in the baptism of two bright young men of the Santali school. The ordinance was administered in a tank at the farther end of the chapel compound, to which she was taken in a palki.

In Calcutta the party was cordially entertained at the Zenana Mission Home, now called the "Doremus Mission," superintended at that time by Miss Hook. But Mrs. Bacheler's case continued very serious, and on the twenty-ninth her husband started on his return to Midnapore, to consult with his co-laborers concerning plans for the future. It was decided that the only course to pursue was for the family to return to America, on furlough. Mrs. Bacheler says of this: —

"It is hard to leave the Midnapore home, the dear Santals, all the work, all the endear-

* A palki is very much like a palanquin.
† Mrs. J. L. Phillips and Julia Phillips.

ments, without even a good-bye. It is very hard, and yet there is a cord that draws across the sea with a new strength, now that we are really driven out. . . . He doeth all things well. . . . He plainly says, 'You may go home now, and take care of your own children for a little while.'"

They knew that the voyage would bring them to the New England coast in a bad season, but they felt compelled to go. Encouraged by the promise of the native Christians to pray for them, they said, "If God wills that we get home safe, we shall; if not, all is well."

As real to them as to the Quaker author himself, when he wrote them, were these words: —

"And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

From the extensive diaries which Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler kept during the voyage, we make extracts as far as space will allow.

After two visits to Chondney Choke, a collection of one-story stores where everything which one needed could be bought, "excepting furniture and honesty," they were outfitted and ready to proceed.

They sailed on the *William Woodbury*, Capt. J. R. Harriman. It was a large vessel, and they went on board on the fifteenth of August, and on the sixteenth were towed down the river Hooghly. The river is treacherous and they were glad when they had passed the *James and Mary*, the most dangerous point in the river, where the Rupnarain and the Damoodah empty into the Hooghly in such a way as to cause varying currents and changing sands. The ship was comfortable; but beating down the bay amid frequent squalls, heat, and mosquitoes, was trying to invalids. It was about three weeks before the missionary family — Ida Phillips was with the Bachelers — took much more interest in things than to exist. On the thirty-first, they were near Ceylon; later they were under the sun and all seemed revived. Mrs. Bacheler wrote: "Poor Mary is all the time bewildered. She just said: 'Only think, at Midnapore the

sun always rises in the east, but here it rises wherever it can, and sets just where it happens to be at sunset time.' The captain told her that 'when they got a regular wind, it would rise in the same place for many days." They crossed the line in rough weather, got the trade-winds in a few days, and also were revived physically, watched the changing sea, beautiful by day and night, and saw the albatross, "the most graceful and dignified bird in the world."

On the first of October they found themselves in the Mozambique Channel, with "fields of high and angry waves." Soon they were in a terrible storm, with a fierce gale, and great seas often sweeping over the ship, until they asked, "Is this ship to be one of the many that went out to sea, and will return nevermore?" But faith in prayer and the Heavenly Father reassured them.

"Man overboard" was the cry on Oct. 10th, the same cry heard on the *Harrison*, the *Barham*, and the *Susan Hinks*, but, in the last two cases, as well as in the present one, a timely rescue was made. Cape of Good Hope was reached about the middle of October. Cape Town and

Table Mountain, "without the stormy cloud table-cloth," were plainly seen. Mrs. Bacheler wrote: —

"Memories pleasant and sad are in our hearts. Eighteen years ago we were here; three of the dear little ones who were with us have gone to our Father's home beyond the river, and we, faint though pursuing, press on to meet them."

Here were "shoals of porpoises, plowing through the sea"; and hanging over them, and keeping them company, was a living cloud of silver-winged birds. . . . The albatross, the handsome cape pigeon, and Mother Carey's chickens bore them company.

On Dec. 8th, the captain went on board a schooner which came near, and brought back a barrel of flour and one of potatoes, his pockets full of Baldwin apples, and papers which bore the news that Napoleon III of France had been captured. The missionaries enjoyed all the "returns," even the news. In the Gulf Stream they encountered a fierce storm, with tremendous seas, and immense fields of gulf-weed. On leaving the Gulf Stream, they plunged into the biting cold of December, peculiar to the New England coast.

On December 24th Cape Cod lighthouse was sighted, but head-winds kept them out of Boston Harbor. All on board were nearly frozen. Several of the sailors froze parts of their bodies. The ship's decks were covered with ice. Salt water icicles hung from the stiff ropes. Mrs. Bacheler's diary reads as follows, concerning the arrival: —

"Dec. 25th. Back to Provincetown at anchor.

"29th. In Nantasket Roads, in a blinding snow-storm.

"30th. Boston at last, after a voyage of four and one half months.

"'Home again, home again
From a foreign shore,'

grateful to God for keeping us all, and giving us so kind and careful a captain, and so good a company of sailors. Tremblingly, yet hopefully, we again step out to resume the responsibilities of active life."

No record of this voyage would be complete without mentioning "Brownie," a King Charles spaniel, which was presented to Mrs. Bacheler, on her departure from Calcutta, by Miss Hatchell,

of the Doremus Home. Brownie was so forlorn that the first mate called her "The Last Rose of Summer." She got so sick, it was thought that she must be thrown overboard, but recovered by having the end of her tail cut off.

Neither should we forget the two remaining fowl — the last of the one hundred shipped at Calcutta — which the captain gave to Dr. Bacheler, after reaching port. One of these, still alive and scratching in 1873, when the Bachelers returned to India, was bequeathed to Mrs. Bacheler's sisters.

Old friends were ready to welcome the returning missionaries, and take them to their homes, but, eager to gather the family together as soon as possible, they pushed on to the New Hampton home. The daughter Maria had preceded them to get the house in order, and give them a cheerful welcome. The daughter Grace went up from her school in Concord, and soon the Bachelers were keeping open house at New Hampton. After some rest Dr. Bacheler took the field to canvass the churches, in the interest of missions. Beginning in the fall of '72, he labored through the winter of '73 on a program

of appointments, of which the following is a sample, and a small part : —

"Dec. 5th, Barnstead ; 6th, Pittsfield ; 7th, Bow Lake ; 8th, morning, Strafford Center, afternoon, Crown Point, evening, Rochester Village ; 9th, New Durham ; 10th, Milton ; 11th, Farmington ; 12th, East Rochester ; 13th, Gonic ; 14th, Walnut Grove ; 15th, morning, Great Falls, afternoon, Charles Street, Dover, evening, Washington Street, Dover ; 16th, South Berwick ; 17th, Kittery ; 18th, Portsmouth ; 19th, New Market ; 20th, Danville ; 21st, Deerfield ; 22nd, morning, Candia, afternoon or evening, Pine Street, Manchester."

He told of the work and needs of the mission, and pleaded for workers and money. Pastors assisted by circulating notices of his coming. The corresponding secretary publicly requested coöperation, and the missionary insisted upon the divine authority of his mission to the home churches. Concerning this work he wrote in *The Morning Star* : —

"I wish to say that I am not on a begging expedition, but am making a representation to the stockholders in our mission work concerning

its interests. I have no peculiar gift for opening up an avenue to the purse; have a simple story to tell, simple facts to communicate, and sincerely hope the friends where I go will give me a hearing."

In this home-land effort he was still God's ambassador, still serving the mission. When not otherwise engaged, he did some of the things which he had to do, some that he engaged in from mere delight. Among them was a little cobbling, some farming, poultry-raising, and some indulgence of his taste for science.

In 1872 occurred the silver wedding, an occasion made very delightful by neighbors and friends, who took the opportunity to gather at the Bacheler home and leave, as a token of their regard, a beautiful set of china dishes, silver tablespoons and teaspoons, with other articles.

In the mission field, the force had been further depleted. Rev. B. B. Smith died at Balasore on Nov. 22nd, 1872. Rev. E. C. B. Hallam* had withdrawn from the work. Mahas Chandra Rai a faithful Bengali preacher, had passed away Aug. 23, 1871, causing great loss to the mission.

* Mr. Hallam returned to the Mission in '91.

This was, indeed, a time of special need, and, early in '73, Dr. Bacheler began to make preparations to return to India. Health and vigor had come back to both himself and his wife sufficient to enable them to feel that they could with safety return to the people whom they had chosen to serve. But their preparation was not for themselves to any large extent.

This time of special need was to Dr. Bacheler a special opportunity, and, uniting with Dr. J. L. Phillips and Miss Crawford, who wrote strong appeals, he urged his cause with every power at his command, calling to his assistance pen, tongue, and the "sword of the Spirit." He asked for six new missionaries. In April the Secretary said: "Brother Bacheler is ready to return, and would gladly take others with him, but the funds are wanting." In May he said: "Brother Bacheler has some $1,200 already raised, leaving $4,000 to be raised. . . . We hope the men and the money may be found in season to have all go in September." In midsummer it looked very cheering. Contributions came in, Michigan offering not only money, but candidates as well.

At twelve o'clock noon, Sept. 10, 1873, the party sailed from New York on the *Olympia*— Anchor Line. It consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler and Mary, Rev. A. J. Marshall and wife (Emily Phillips), and Miss Libbie Cilley, daughter of Rev. E. G. Cilley, of Michigan. Miss Cilley afterwards became Mrs. Z. F. Griffin. The party was received, and most hospitably entertained, by Brothers Page and Eliot at Bloomfield, N. J., and Dr. Perry in New York, when they came to New York to take their ship. The Free Baptist church of the great city welcomed, entertained, and sent them on their way with a hearty God-speed.

One Lord's day was spent in Glasgow; another in London, where there they heard Spurgeon, on "Signs of the Times." They then went to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, hearing good sermons and music. They embarked on the *City of Manchester* for Calcutta, via Suez Canal, a new and superior method of travelling to our missionaries. The voyage was delightful all the way, excluding the usual amount of sea-sickness, of course.

They reached Calcutta Nov. 16th, where they

were met by Dr. J. L. Phillips, wife, and Julia, who started with them for Midnapore on the 20th, going by the newly-constructed canal from Oolaberiah. It is needless to say that they received a hearty welcome. Already had a message reached America which said: "The news of his [Dr. Bacheler's] reappointment to this field has heartened us not a little. It is cheering to find an experienced missionary anxious to return to his old charge. A hearty welcome awaits him here."

All this was manifest upon his arrival. Dr. J. L. Phillips wrote at once: "The Bachelers return to their old field, and will quickly step back into the familiar places that knew them three years ago. Our native people are greatly delighted to see them, and are so eager to hear about the dear land from which they have come, the third time, to toil in India."

CHAPTER XIV

BACK TO THE FIELD — A NEW "COLD-SEASON" GROUND — A CYCLONE — CHANGES — THE HIMALAYAS — AMERICA AGAIN

WHILE the rest of the party proceeded to Midnapore by the canal, Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler went to Balasore to see Mrs. Smith, who was very ill. Thirty-three years before, in most unhealthful conditions, it took Dr. Bacheler thirteen days to make this trip; now they left Calcutta at early dawn on a small steamship, and reached the river's mouth, near Balasore, at dusk. They found Mrs. Smith lonely and quite ill, but her work was kept up remarkably well. On reaching Midnapore they found everything about the station in fine condition. The church had prospered, sixty-seven having been added during the last three years, raising the membership to one hundred and eleven. The membership was cut down by the formation of the Bhimpore church. The force of native helpers had been decreased

on account of a misunderstanding. This, Dr. Bacheler began to change at once; also to start the press, which was standing idle. It took some time to get things settled in the bungalow again. Writing to the Secretary, Dr. Bacheler says: "I must say that my old destiny follows me. Losses and financial sacrifices abide with me. How often of late we have to think of taking joyfully the spoiling of our goods. I don't believe any of the Apostles had so many goods. If so, then Job should have been there with all his patience, to help them through the custom house." The Marshalls went to Balasore to help Mrs. Smith. Dr. J. L. Phillips went to Bhimpore, and responsibilities were divided up. Miss Crawford, "the indefatigable," was doing grandly at Jellasore. Mrs. Bacheler took charge of the zenana work, but after six months Miss Cilley, with her remarkable tact and marvelously quick command of the language, was able to take much of this responsibility. A Midnapore quarterly and yearly meeting were soon organized. All departments of the work moved on prosperously. Zenana work was increasingly promising and soon sixty-five homes were open.

In connection with this, Mrs. Bacheler and Mary visited women in the jail every Lord's day, and read to them. Industrial work was always a specialty with both Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler. The boys and girls were specially trained in this department in Balasore. At Midnapore their interest in this branch increased yearly, perhaps because they were permitted to see more of its fruits. Year after year Mrs. Bacheler wrote of the boys, telling of their improvement, rejoicing when they came into the church, and when they were successful prize winners. Year after year baptisms were frequent, and the song of the reaper was heard. The schools, the examinations, and teachers' conventions were kept up. Intellectual and spiritual development were constant. Through the hot seasons, the more trying rainy, and the cold seasons, the workers pushed on. Dr. Bacheler was led to labor along the canal to Oolaberiah and up the Hooghly next cold season. He went in a boat thirty feet long by eight feet wide, manned by four or five men, and accompanied by Jacob Mishra, the native preacher. This boat was their home. By night they traveled,

by day they worked, visiting markets in the morning, bazaars in the afternoon, doing medical work morning and evening. The people of this locality were very interesting. A conversation which he had with a liquor seller ran as follows :—

"How much do you sell by the month?"

"From one to two hundred rupees' worth."

"Who drink so much?"

"Well, the Babus mostly."

"But how is it I never see any signs of their drinking, and never see them drunk?"

"Oh, they don't drink like Europeans, they never drink publicly or at their homes. They generally make a night party at some house of ill-repute, where they will dispose of from one to twelve bottles. They drink and carouse, and vomit and roll about on the ground, but do not go out until they are sober. That is the reason you don't see it."

"Do you think liquor a good thing?"

"Well, yes, it stimulates and makes men feel strong for a time."

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Why not, if it is a good thing?"

"We make and sell, but we are not allowed to drink it."

"But why not, since it is a good thing?"

"Well, it would destroy our business, all would be in confusion; people would take advantage of us, and our shop would be a disgraceful place."

"But why not have a good time and indulge a little when your shop is closed, or when you are away from your business, since it is a good thing?"

"It would never do, it is contrary to our caste rules, and if any one of us should take but a single taste he would be fined ten rupees."

"But if it is contrary to the Hindu religion, how is it that the Babus drink with impunity?"

"Oh, they don't care for religion in secret; should they drink publicly they would lose caste."

It should be noticed that the manufacturers of and dealers in alcoholic drinks are teetotalers themselves and that the use of spirits by the higher classes is largely in secret. But it is destroying some of India's finest intellects, and scattering to the winds the hoarded wealth of

centuries. The logic of this man was quite like the logic of the saloonists of America.

"Again," says Dr. Bacheler, "this same shopkeeper turned upon me with the question, 'How is it that with all your preaching so few people become Christians'? I replied, 'The reason is clear enough. Take yourself for example. You believe intellectually, but you know that if you become a Christian you must give up your soul-destroying business, stop your lying, learn to tell the truth, and become a good man. You say if you do all this your prospects in life are ruined. You adopt the wiles of the European because they serve your lust for gain, but you discard his virtues because you think his virtues would not be profitable. As a business man these are your reasons for not being a Christian, and the masses have similar reasons.'"

This plain talk was listened to by a number of Babus and was kindly received.

Other conversations of equal interest were had on this trip which we have not space to record. Tumlook, and the Botanical Garden near Calcutta were interesting places to work in. The latter place, with trees and shrubs from every

part of the torrid zone, Africa, South America, and the West Indies, where more than three thousand species were cultivated, being itself a nursery for all India, was a place full of interest and information to our missionary.

In the meantime flowers had been planted in front of the Midnapore bungalow, and two hundred bananas had been set out by Mrs. Bacheler. The entire house was utilized, one corner being devoted to the Doctor's study and dispensary. Miss Cilley occupied one room with her class of girls and her teacher; Mr. Frost and his teacher another; Mary and her class of English girls another; Mrs. Bacheler and her teacher another; Mr. Lawrence another. There was much to be done, and the boys in the school had work assigned them. Four boys swept certain parts of the house, made the beds of Messrs. Frost and Lawrence, and trimmed the lamps. One boy brought water for the four bathrooms, one swept out the drain around the house; two boys brought water for the flower pots and the flower garden; four dug grass for the horse and pony; two brought loam from the stable; six or eight watered the banana orchard and sweet

DR. AND MRS. BACHELER AND MARY

potato patch; one brought water for the cook, and one cut the wood for the cook-room; and Auntie Bacheler was in the midst of it all.

The morning of October 15th, '74, was dark and cloudy, with a light rain; wind and rain increased during the day, so that by eight o'clock it was evident that a heavy gale was setting in, and would sweep over Midnapore. The Bacheler bungalow had eighteen outside doors; these with the windows and venetians were carefully barricaded. We give the account of this storm as written by Dr. Bacheler. He says: —

"Our first loss was the thatch roof over Miss Cilley's room on the northeast corner of the house. That was doubled over onto the adjoining roof, and, hanging down on the outside, left the room to be filled with falling timber and other rubbish. By nine o'clock it had become evident that the fastenings on the north doors were insufficient, and all the available boxes were packed against them. By ten o'clock the boxes were too light to resist the force of the wind, and a heavy couch was leaned against the most exposed door. It did effectual service.

In the meantime we noticed a slight rumbling sound on the south side of the house, as though a carriage were passing along the veranda; we wondered what could be adrift there. On looking out, we found that our driveway, sixty by fourteen feet, with its thatch roof, supported on fourteen brick pillars, had come down with a crash; while the roar of the tempest was so loud that those in the center room heard nothing else. By this time most of the rooms were flooded with water, coming in at the doors as well as through the roof, plainly showing that the wind was doing its work over our heads.

"Mrs. J. L. Phillips with her three children had come in from Bhimpore to our quarterly meeting and had brought along the school girls,—some eighteen or twenty of them. They were quartered with our zenana teachers in a building a few rods away. About ten o'clock we first heard from them. Their house had fallen in, and those who could reach us came to our doors clamoring for admittance. Not without danger we took away our barricade, and drew them in one by one. Still some were missing.

"Anxiously we watched the slow-turning

hands of the clock, hoping that when it struck twelve, the turning-point would be reached. The welcome sound came at last, and almost immediately we were aware of a slight decline in the force of the wind. At one o'clock we began a search for the missing, but our lanterns went out, and we were left in total darkness, with scarcely strength enough to stand up against the beating storm.

"One half hour we waited, fully aware that precious lives were in great danger. Then Brother Frost and I started again, and this time succeeded in reaching the wrecked houses. Here we found one of the larger girls beneath a heap of mats and rubbish. She was taken in. Still two of the girls were missing. They had started with the others, but got lost in the darkness.

"On our second trip we found one crouching beneath a fallen roof. Directly as the lantern light flashed upon her, she began to gather up her fallen cloth, and make herself presentable, and was then taken into the house. Another journey as far as we could venture discovered no more, living or dead. Another still, and we found the little girl sitting in a hole, bowed down

over the broken fence, still as death. Brother Frost cried, 'She is dead!' But on lifting her up she uttered a faint sound, and soon, resting in loving arms, was brought back to life. Two of the larger girls did not appear until morning. They got lost in the darkness, and wandered away.

"Our next trip was to the stable twenty rods distant; a family of three persons and four horses were its tenants. The entire roof had fallen in, with timbers and rubbish, all about the houses. Yet none of them, so far as we could perceive, had received so much as a scratch. A lusty whinny from 'Charlie,' the favorite horse, was a welcome sound. It seemed to say, 'We're all alive, and right glad to see you.' The terrified woman of the family was taken to our house, while her husband, a strong and brave fellow, joined us in our further search.

"Our Christian village is forty rods distant, whither we made our way through fallen trees and pools of water. The chapel was reached first. Here we found most of the school boys, and a few others, all safe.

"The nearest family, man, wife, and child,

answered our lusty shout, and were drawn out of their fallen house and taken to the chapel. Then the next, and the next, until all had been rescued who were within reach; and though every house had been sadly broken, and most of them completely crushed, the inmates were all safe and sound.*

"Heartfelt and earnest were the expressions of 'Thank the Lord,' when all were safe in the chapel, and had we known how death was reigning around us, these expressions would have been ten times more fervent.

"The rate of the wind was probably about one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, with a force of twenty-five pounds to the square foot. The rain-guage gave thirteen inches as the fall during twenty-four hours. The town is a wreck so far as the houses of the lower classes are concerned. The casualties have been heavy. A small stream, nearly dry during the dry season, runs through the town, whose banks were thickly studded with mud houses. The sudden gush of water raised the stream some

* The walls of these houses were made of mud, and easily demolished by a driving rain.

twenty or twenty-five feet, washing away some of the houses, dissolving the walls of others, and leaving the entire place reached by the water a scene of desolation. Some of the people were washed away and drowned, while many were crushed beneath the falling walls. Probably not less than one hundred of these perished in the fearful night, and throughout the district of Midnapore more than five hundred. . . . Modhu Das, one of our native preachers, perished. He had spent his last Sabbath with us, working well for the Master; he preached his last sermon in the Bazaar, where he had stood year after year, then left home for Santipore, which he had almost reached when, taking shelter from the storm in a mud house, the wall fell upon him and his blessed work was done."

Although the pecuniary loss to the mission was large, and it would require much time to rebuild, the loss of Modhu Das was the greater; his place could not be filled. Such experiences as these add to the hardships and dangers of the missionary's life.

In '77, the desirability of locating a mission at Contai was seen and shown to the Board by

Dr. Bacheler, who described the people, the district, and the splendid opportunity.

In '80, Miss Crawford was very ill, and April 18, '82, she died, still trying to stick to her post,—brave, faithful woman that she was. In the meantime, Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler were feeling the burden of years and care, and in the summer of '79 they had to flee to the mountains. Both were far from well, and Dr. Phillips wrote home: "The sight of the eternal snows and the blessed cold breeze should put life and health enough into these tired workers to let them toil on for a few years longer in this unfriendly climate. But the churches should know that these toilers of so many years cannot be expected to stay here many years more." And certainly the ever cold, ever beautiful, ever refreshing Himalayas had a recuperating effect upon them.

The family started for the mountains on Oct. 5th, going to Darjeeling, where they remained three months. The last twenty miles of the journey Dr. Bacheler made on foot, while the ladies rode in palanquins, with coolies to carry the baggage. The Doctor was greatly pleased to find

how strong his heart was when tested by the rough mountain climbing. Kerseong, situated at the head of an immense ravine, four thousand five hundred feet above the sea, greatly interested him. Down the ravine, and beyond, the plains of Bengal stretch away to the south, as far as the eye can reach. Near the mountains, tea plantations are scattered here and there beyond the rice-fields. He expressed his enthusiasm as follows : —

"On the north there is a beautiful amphitheatre of hills, some twenty miles in circumference. These slopes are covered with growing tea — some ten or twelve plantations — each with its steam-factory in sight. The farther range, fifteen miles away in a direct line, is the boundary of Nepal. Far away to the north, towering in solitary grandeur, is the eastern slope of the snowy range, Kinchinjinga, twenty-eight thousand feet high, next to Mount Everest the highest peak in the world.

"There is the eternal snow, through heat and cold, through rain and sunshine, ever the same. It is an untiring vision, to watch the varying shades of light falling upon it, from early dawn

till it glistens in the purest white of midday. In a clear morning Mount Everest may be seen from some of the heights about Darjeeling, but I did not see it.

"A walk of twenty miles by the carriage road brought us to Darjeeling, the mountain capital of Bengal. For eight months of the year the government is located here, and for the remaining four months at Calcutta. There are about one hundred and fifty houses and several hotels and boarding houses, occupied by permanent residents, transient visitors, and Government officers. The lieutenant-governor's mansion and residences of other officials are here. It has two churches, three seminaries, a newspaper, bank, etc. This is the center of the tea interest in this part of India."

Although he came here largely for recuperation, and although the beautiful scenery of the valleys and plains below, the grandeur of the mountains above, appealed to his nature, he never for a moment lost his spirit of missions. Halting at Siliguri * he was out among the men and women who were engaged in building a stone

*At Siliguri the railroad terminated and the traveler then had to proceed by pony, pony-cart, or on foot.

bridge. At Kerseong, midway between the plains and Darjeeling, he remained ten days, found twenty-five Bengali Babus to preach to, besides some others. At Darjeeling he made a canvass of the locality, and worked among the people as a missionary. He found three hundred Babus employed here, two hundred of whom remained permanently, while one hundred came and went with the government; twenty-five of the former had their families and were considered permanent residents. These Babus were well educated. Here was, indeed, a large place for mission work among the mountaineers and those who came from the plains.

In the year 1880 Mrs. Bacheler was so ill that her husband did not get far from home. In '81, accompanied by her daughter Mary, Miss Hattie Phillips, and Miss Hooper, she went to Darjeeling again, hoping to obtain that recuperation which would save a much larger expense and longer absence from the field. Very soon her vitality was renewed and her soul was stirred by the grandeur about her; she must write others about it, and after describing the sublime, solitary peaks of ice she says:—

"To come down to common things: We have three rooms partly furnished, and we keep house, that being the only way we could be here at all. Boarding would be quite out of the question. We had to bring our bedding, cookery, cutlery, kitchen utensils, and a few stores. It is possible that the expense will not be above fifteen dollars per month for each. Of course scenery is studied, but not enough to interfere with our greatest benefit. We are simply enjoying every moment."

In '82 Dr. Bacheler tried the mountains again; this time he did not go to Darjeeling, but farther up the range and to the west, to Naini Tal. He stopped a couple of days with an old friend, Dr. Lazarus, at Benares, four hundred and fifteen miles from Calcutta. One hundred miles further on he tarried a few days with Mr. Hallam at Allahabad, where he was meeting with excellent success. Going through Cawnpore and Lucknow he stopped a while at Bareilly, examining a flourishing theological school, and general mission work; thence seventy-five miles north to Naini Tal. Here he saw the sublime mountain range from another point of view, here he

found refreshing, and here he met opportunities to reveal that great and all-absorbing motive of his life, a desire to lead the heathen to Jesus Christ. He describes his railway traveling as follows: —

"Railway traveling in this country is cheap, if one does not happen to be possessed with a troublesome dignity. The first class takes those with free passes, a few with whom money is no object, and some the condition of whose dignity requires a first-class ticket, which costs about five cents a mile. The second class takes a good many respectable Europeans and Eurasians, and the brandy bottle is sometimes conspicuous. The ticket is one half the price of the first. The third class takes natives mostly, the respectability of the country usually. The third class is one half the price of the second. So as economy suits my pocket, and I can have respectable company, and am not troubled with dignity, I take third class.

"Spreading out my bedding—bedding always goes with an Indian traveler — on one of the capacious seats, I can sit or recline, as I prefer. My little kerosene stove is also my companion,

and with a box of biscuit and the wherewithal for a cup of tea, I can take a lunch at any time of day or night.

"Leaving Calcutta at eleven P. M., we roll out into the darkness. For a few miles we have company, perhaps one half the seats are occupied, but after we have passed a few stations there remains only here and there a head to be seen above the high backs of the seats.

" One feature of my traveling experience I refer to with pleasure. The Hindus are inquisitive. My companions wish to know where I am going, where I came from, and then very modestly ask what I am. When I tell them that I am a missionary their countenances lighten, and they begin to ask if I know such and such of their acquaintances who are missionaries. Directly I hear them talking among themselves: 'The Sahib is a gentleman, he is a good man, he is a learned man, altogether a wonderful man,' etc. I say I refer to this with pleasure, not only because it is pleasant to be flattered, but because it shows in what estimation missionaries are held by the heathen. They are regarded to be the friends of the people."

By these timely excursions the missionaries were revived, and were able to hold on longer at their posts. With increasing years, recuperation was slower, less thorough and less abiding. While Dr. Bacheler was on his trip to Naini Tal, Dr. Phillips wrote home, under date of Sept. 25, 1882, saying: —

"Dr. Bacheler is the senior missionary, and it is quite probable that he will not be able to remain much longer than the present year without a complete rest,—a good long furlough. He was more broken down before he went away this time. He is slowly picking up at Naini Tal, in the Himalayas. He has been gone seven weeks and we hope he will be able to stay away several weeks longer. During his absence all of his work falls to me, of course. Both Mrs. Bacheler and Mary are down with fever. Mrs. Bacheler seems better this morning. We have not said anything to Dr. Bacheler about this, lest he should hurry back home before he is thoroughly rested."

Miss Crawford's death affected Mrs. Bacheler deeply, for they were strong friends. After she passed away Mrs. Bacheler, while in Jellasore, thus wrote of her: —

"I seem to be with dear Sister Crawford, or rather she seems to be close to me, all the time. . . . We can only whisper to ourselves, 'A glorious woman has gone beyond our sight; a steady light has gone out, but the afterglow rests softly behind.' This is a beautiful place, like a paradise, and she has made it so,—flowers and trees, sweetly singing birds, everything calm. Everything laments Sister Crawford, and well it may. Earth has few such gems as she was."

Work was constantly increasing. On account of a fever epidemic, which swept over the country, the Doctor was kept very busy. In September and October of '82 he had two thousand patients; in November, three thousand; in December, two thousand; in January, '83, one thousand; — ten thousand in five months.*

Changes in the mission had been constantly going on during the last decade.

Rev. R. D. Frost, R. M. Lawrence, Miss Libby and Miss French went out in '74. Mr.

* This fever epidemic — called the Burdwan fever, because it originated in that place — moved southward toward the coast and seemed to pass out to sea, never returning. The larger part of the population in the infested districts had it.

Lawrence returned in '81, the other three in '76. Miss Cilley returned to America in '76. In '75 Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Phillips and Miss Julia returned to America; they went back to India in '78. In '77 Mrs. D. F. Smith came home; she went back to India in '79, under the patronage of the Woman's Society. In '77 Miss Ida O. Phillips, and in '78 Rev. T. W. Burkholder, Miss H. P. Phillips, Miss Frankie Millard, and Miss Jessie Hooper went to India. Miss Millard was married to Mr. Lawrence; she died in '81. In '79 Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, D. D., and his wife came to America. Dr. Phillips died in December of that year and Mrs. Phillips returned to India in '81. Rev. J. M. Coldren sailed for India in '79; he married Miss Emma Smith, who reached that country in '82. Miss Miller entered upon work in '79. In '81 Miss Nellie M. Phillips, M. D., sailed with her mother; and Miss Lavina Coombs arrived on the mission field in January, '83. On account of severe illness Mrs. Burkholder took a voyage to Australia, accompanied by her husband, in '82.

All these changes, together with the death of Mr. Smith and Miss Crawford, had greatly

affected the spirits of those who keenly felt the ebb and flow of mission prosperity. None felt this more than Dr. Bacheler. In July of '83, on account of much needed rest and change on the part of his entire family, he left India for America, accompanied by Mrs. Bacheler and Mary. Their plan was to visit Palestine on their way home, but on account of prevalent cholera and the delays of quarantine they were obliged to give this up; consequently they reached New York in the last of September, and went directly to their New Hampton home, hoping to recuperate sufficiently to serve another term in "dear India."

CHAPTER XV

IN THE HOME FIELD AGAIN — TO INDIA THE FOURTH TIME — MRS. BACHELER GOES BACK WITH RE-ENFORCEMENTS — THE BIBLE SCHOOL — FIFTY YEARS — SEVENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY — FAREWELL RECEPTION — ONCE MORE IN CAMP

MANY years with constant burdens had taken away much of the physical endurance of our missionary, but for counsel he was wiser than ever. Indeed, it was said by many at this time that if he were not able to get about very much, it would be profitable to keep him in India during the remainder of his natural life for the sake of his counsel and influence. The Board immediately voted an allowance for him and his wife, but he proposed to support himself and save the Society that expense. He usually attended the Board meetings, where his counsel was very helpful. He was present at public meetings, and spoke whenever opportunity was granted him. With Dr. Cheney

he attended a meeting at Wooster, Ohio, in an endeavor to secure the coöperation of "The Church of God" in mission work. Dr. Cheney spoke of him then as a young man in feeling and hopes, and expressed the desire that his return from the foreign field might prove as great a blessing to all the churches as it had been to him. His counsel in the home-land at that time was greatly needed. More workers were necessary for India, and he made most earnest appeals for men and money. In response, the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting pledged one thousand dollars for re-enforcements. The Maine Western followed by renewing its pledge of the previous year, to support a man and his wife. Vermont, already supporting Mrs. Smith through the Woman's Society, pledged to support a man when obtained. New Brunswick pledged eight hundred dollars annually for the support of a man and wife, and another pledge of similar import came from Wisconsin. It may be well to notice that this was the approach to the high-water mark in re-enforcements and amount of money raised, which soon followed.

Our missionary on furlough for the third time had much to do in helping to bring this about. He heard the call to come over into Nova Scotia, which he had visited twenty-seven years before. He was heartily received there, many people going twenty miles to hear him. He spoke at a number of places, and especially at the Yarmouth and Shelburne quarterly meeting, which convened at Plymouth, where resolutions were passed, thanking him for his presence and the blessing which he brought, and also voting to support a man and wife in India. Here was another great gain. With the Board he was much encouraged, and said at the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting, in June, '85, "God has given us men and money in abundance; let us bring them into service."

Mrs. Bacheler and Mary were by no means idle. In the fall of the year upon which they arrived they began to go out among the churches, setting forth the work, the needs, and making strong appeals for missionaries and support.

The family of Dr. J. L. Phillips, already in this country, needed him with them, and being much worn down, he found it necessary to return

to America. He was expected to arrive at about Christmas time; this would weaken the already depleted force, and present a peculiar need, inasmuch as he was principal of the Bible School, and there was no one in India prepared to take up the work. Dr. Bacheler was designated as the man, and the only man, available for it. He was elected principal *pro tempore*, and accepted the position.

These facts were placed before the people by the Corresponding Secretary, and the funds necessary for his return passage asked for, with the statement that he was ready to start as soon as the means were provided. This appeal was followed by another from Dr. Phillips. Money began to come in, and when there was sufficient to pay his passage he started, trusting the people to provide support.

He sailed from Boston Saturday, Jan. 23d, '86, on the Cunard S. S. *Catalonia*, Captain McKay. He went because *he* was needed; he went then because he was needed at once; he went alone because there was no one ready to go with him. His wife wished to have a little more time in this country, especially to finish the "Life of

Miss Crawford," upon which she was then engaged. Brave man that he was, going for the fourth time to the far-away people whose souls he loved better than life, at the age of sixty-nine; he was sixty-nine years old on the 17th of January, 1886.

Dr. Given, the Treasurer, said: "Only a veteran could have hurried himself off so quickly and so secretly as the Doctor has done. His desire was to get away quietly, as though it were an every-day affair. Very few knew that he was to sail on Saturday, the 23d inst."

Said Dr. Phillips: "Does not the fact that this old man, leaving a comfortable home to have 'one more pull' in the field he knows well, show that the work is a satisfactory one?"

All the way the journey was pleasant with the exception of a sand-storm of thirty hours in "the Bitter Lakes." He made his long desired visit to Palestine, reached Midnapore April 5th, at 2.30 P. M., and enjoyed communion in the chapel with the native Christians at 4 o'clock. Grateful to God for his care, grateful to the people for their prayers, he received a hearty oriental welcome, and after speaking of all these things, he says, "Now for work."

Very soon Mrs. Bacheler began arrangements for returning to India also. Mary had decided to remain and complete her medical course in New York. But there was a large number to accompany the returning missionary. The party consisted of Mrs. O. R. Bacheler, Dr. H. M. Bacheler,* his wife and two children (Otis and Laura), Miss E. M. Butts, Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Boyer, and Miss Jessie Hooper, the last three coming from New Brunswick — a splendid reinforcement indeed. A farewell reception was tendered in the Shawmut Avenue Free Baptist church, Boston, on the evening of October 13th, when a large company of people met them with kind words and promises to follow them with prayers. They sailed on the next day, the fourteenth, on the *Catalonia*, for Liverpool, where they reshipped for India.

The journey was a pleasant one aside from seasickness, which always troubled some of the party when it was rough. Daily devotions together were enjoyed, and a study in Bengali was conducted by Mrs. Bacheler for those who would take it. The *City of London*, which they

* Dr. Harry and his wife had previously been missionaries in Africa.

took in Liverpool, took them to Calcutta in one month, — a very different voyage from the first which Mrs. Bacheler made to India, in 1846, when she endured the hardship of the ocean in a sailing ship, for five and one-half months.

Dr. Harry M. Bacheler was an excellent cornetist. He procured a cornet in Liverpool for his use in the mission, and it was a great help especially in the Bazaar. It never failed to gather an audience, and sometimes a large company would assemble before the appointed time for the preachers to come, and there they would wait for the cornet music, which they greatly enjoyed.

The Boyers and Miss Hooper went to Balasore. Mr. Boyer died with fever June 8th, 1891, but not until he had made a deep impression in the mission through his godly life and spiritual, scholarly work — a choice man, a precious man of God. Mrs. Boyer was also a choice character, and struggled to carry on her husband's work in several departments, for some years after his departure.

From the beginning the mission engaged largely in educational work, but on an econom-

ical scale. When Dr. Bacheler took charge of the Balasore station he found a boarding-school of sixty boys and girls, nearly equal in number. These were orphans gathered in times of famine. They were fed, clothed, and kept in school daily, supported in part by the Mission Society, and in part by Government grants and donations in India, at a cost of about eighty cents apiece per month. In 1848–9 eighty boys and girls came to the mission; they had been rescued from human sacrifice in Southern Orissa among the Goomser Mountains, by the English Government. An allowance of one dollar and twenty-five cents per month for their support and education was made by the Government. This was considerably above the actual cost of their living, and the allowance enabled Dr. Bacheler to start a Normal labor department to give the boys a mechanical training. Shops were erected and boys were set to learn trades, some to become carpenters, some blacksmiths, and some masons. This department was in successful operation when the Doctor left for America in 1851, and for several years afterwards.

It resulted in a financial profit to the mission,

and aided in the support of other departments of work. Every season of famine replenished the orphanages, and most of the orphans were supported by the government. Only in seasons of famine could children be obtained for the orphanages because of the prejudice of the natives toward Christians. A large proportion of the active members of the churches, both men and women, have been trained in the boarding schools.

Another department of the Mission educational work has been the support of village day schools. At first and for years these were held under large shady trees; thus elementary education was given to the poor, at a trifling expense. At first the teachers received one dollar per month, but the cost gradually increased, until now the expense is nearly two dollars per month. While this has not been the most encouraging part of the work, a knowledge to read and write has been given to many who otherwise never would have learned.

From the commencement of the mission it was found necessary to pay particular attention to the education of such converts as showed

any ability for evangelistic work. During the hot seasons, when little could be done away from home, the plan was to form a class of the preachers and candidates for Bible study during the hot hours of the day, and this was continued for five or six months. Thus each missionary was the teacher of his class. In course of time, as the number of the students increased, it was thought best to gather all into one school, and give them far greater advantages than they had hitherto enjoyed. This was the origin of the Bible School.

Dr. J. L. Phillips was very busy when in America, 1875–'78. Rev. C. O. Libby being obliged to resign as corresponding secretary on account of failing health,* Dr. Phillips was elected his successor, and held the office until he returned to India.†

Together with the work of corresponding secretary Dr. Phillips raised twenty-five thousand dollars to endow a Bible school in Midnapore.

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* Mr. Libby died Dec. 21, 1876.

† Rev. Charles S. Perkins succeeded Dr. Phillips and held the office six years, 1878–1884. Mr. Perkins resigned in '84, when Rev. Thomas H. Stacy was elected secretary; he served twelve years, and until the Society was disbanded and the work put into the hands of Conference Board.

It was named the "Midnapore Bible School." Dr. Phillips was its founder and first principal, having charge from the time of its opening—May 1, 1879—until he returned to America in 1885. Dr. Bacheler's hurried return to India in '86 was especially for the purpose of conducting the work of this school. At first he was elected principal *pro tempore*, but he remained in charge during the remainder of his life in India, seven years*; and he regarded it as the most interesting work of his life. It has had as many as twenty young men at one time. The school year usually runs from March to November, so as to allow all the cold season for itinerant work. The course is four years and embraces a study of the entire Bible, with English, Sanscrit, and general literature. The students are supported on the interest of the endowment, devoting their entire time to study and evangelistic work. They have seven hours daily in the school, and from one to two hours every evening in the Bazaar, where they join in preaching, singing, and personal work as

*When Dr. Phillips returned to India it was as superintendent of Sunday schools for all India; he was no longer particularly identified with the Free Baptist mission.

they are able. Dr. Bacheler's work, together with general oversight of the school, was in Bible exposition, Sanscrit, English, and general exercises.

During his term of service there, he was assisted by Dr. Burkholder, Rev. M. C. Miner, Rev. E. B. Stiles, Samuel Das, and others. In 1880 a woman's department was added, under the superintendence of Miss Hattie Phillips, for the training of zenana teachers, Bible women, etc. In this department Mrs. J. L. Phillips, Miss Coombs, and others assisted. In 1887 Miss E. M. Butts became its efficient principal.

For many years the Bible School has been the place for the training of the native workers in the mission. Nearly every preacher and several of the best teachers at the present time are graduates from it; and the churches are well supplied with acceptable native preachers. Rev. H. E. Wyman was principal until his return to America in 1903.

Although the Bible School was Dr. Bacheler's special charge during his last term in India, he retained his former interest in other matters; still he looked after the station; again he was

the recognized patriarch of the mission at Midnapore, looked to by all in the mission for counsel and direction; again he had an oversight of schools; again he was at the head of the medical dispensary; and again he sounded the bugle call, marshalled his forces, and directed the preachers and students at the different preaching stations in the city streets.

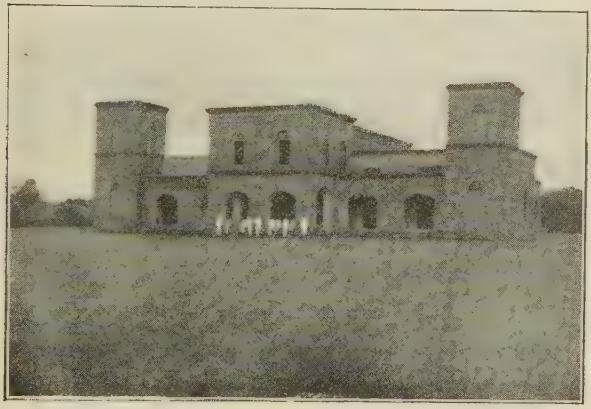
"School Bazaar" was his favorite spot. Here where several streets converged, under a

SACHIDANANDA RAI

large tree, he had a brick platform constructed, six by twelve feet, and two feet in height. In the centre was a brick wall around the tree for a seat. Here, near the sunset hour, he usually came with his helpers, for over thirty years, when at home. Sachidananda Rai, now a famous evangelist in the Midnapore district, a graduate of the Bible School, early showed remarkable ability as a preacher, and was often with him in the Bazaar. In the meantime, cares multiplied, duties increased. In 1888, a call for retrenchments by the home Board brought out a very discreet and telling protest from Dr. Bacheler, with a plea for pastors to present mission facts to their congregations. Mrs. Bacheler found it more difficult to submit to the call for retrenchment, and to excuse the apparent indifference of the home churches.

Retaining her youthful passion for teaching, she gathered up a school of seventy children, turned the veranda into a schoolhouse for want of a better place, and, while she had assistants, taught herself two classes in English, and one in Bengali, besides instructing the children of Dr. H. M. Bacheler.

In 1890, Deacon Rufus Deering, of Portland, Me., manifested an interest in having a building for the "Midnapore Bible School." Dr. Bacheler answered his questions so well, and so



BIBLE SCHOOL BUILDING, MIDNAPORE

clearly demonstrated the fact that a building was very necessary, that Deacon Deering gave something over $2,000 for it. When completed, it will cost $5,000.* The beautiful building was greatly needed; it is highly appreciated, and is a fitting monument to the memory of a noble man.

*The Bible School was started in Dr. Phillips's bungalow. Then it moved to the Santali Training School bungalow, built by Dr. Bacheler in the '70's.

It was also in 1890, Sept. 12th, that the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Bacheler's coming to India was celebrated. The Midnapore quarterly meeting convened in Midnapore at the time, and a number of the missionaries were present. They all gathered at the Rev. Mr. Miner's bungalow for dinner, after which came a prayer meeting, a time of general thanksgiving for this faithful missionary and his work, with requests for God's continued blessing. During the evening Mr. Miner, in behalf of the company, presented him with a chair upon which was hung a card with the dates "1840–1890."

The Doctor was surprised, but expressed his appreciation in well-chosen words. Then he was at the head of the Bible School, and teaching in it four classes a day, having general charge of the station and some outside churches, superintending the press, at the head of the medical dispensary, looking after the Bazaar work, besides being sought as counselor and arbiter in every-day questions.*

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*During the day letters came from missionaries who could not be present, and the Orissa quarterly meeting, convened at Bhadrak, telegraphed congratulations, and Leviticus 25: 12 as the Bible text for the occasion.

In the January following, on the day the Doctor celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday, the yearly meeting was then in session at Midnapore. It was the privilege of the writer to be present. All gathered at the Doctor's for the evening. After reading the twenty-seventh Psalm; singing "We've Sighted the Golden Gate," and "I Will Sing the Wondrous Story"; after a very sweet season of prayer, and after most helpful words from him, we were all children for a while, and played "Blind-man's-buff." *Little* children were there, but none seemed younger, happier, or sweeter than this, our veteran missionary.

On November 26th, 1890, Dr. H. M. Bacheler died very suddenly at Balasore, the place of his birth. He had been located at Jellasore for some time, and was at Balasore to purchase provisions. This was a great shock to the family and to all the mission. It was also a loss, for he had gained a place of confidence and respect among the people. Two children, Willie and Mary Ella, had been born into the home in India, and in the spring of '91 his widow with her four fatherless ones returned to America.

CHRISTIAN VILLAGE SCHOOLHOUSE, MIDNAPORE

In 1890, the daughter, Mary W. Bacheler, M. D., returned to India; this, of course, brought great joy to all the mission, and especially to the hearts of the father and mother. She was supported by the Woman's Society.

There were conversions each year, and letters of cheer and thankfulness for the privilege of working came from these veterans, Dr. Bacheler taking the lead in the plan to establish a new mission at Contai, going there and holding meetings, assisting Mr. Brown in personal work there, counseling with Mr. Griffin and Mr. Ager concerning buildings; also with Mr. Hallam about the work, with whom he always sustained the tenderest and most fraternal relations.

But the Doctor's health was becoming delicate. In 1892, and in the last part of that year he decided that he must lay down his responsibility in the field again, and return to his native land. This brought sadness to the mission, but all saw that it was best.

In view of this fact there were two last things of special interest among the closing scenes of our veteran workers' lives in India.

One was a "good-bye meeting" held in Midnapore in November. It was some months before the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, but it occurred then, as most of the missionaries were in to the Yearly Meeting, and perhaps it could be better endured than at a time nearer the departure; besides, it could be made more easy and cheerful for all then.

It occurred in connection with the Yearly Meeting which began November 13th. The guests came early, and on Saturday evening, Nov. 12th, a surprise party gathered in the sitting-room of the Bacheler bungalow. Mrs. Bacheler felt that the whisperings and signs observed during the day indicated that something was going to happen, although nobody divulged the secret.

After the evening meeting, everybody seemed to go that way, as if by appointment, talking and smiling, and making themselves at home. When all were seated, Mrs. Burkholder, Mrs. Miner, and Mrs. Ager served a lunch; then Mr. Hallam was appointed chairman.

Dr. J. L. Phillips was called upon, and spoke most happily and tenderly of his first remem-

brance of and lifelong acquaintance with Dr. Bacheler, who was so soon to leave for the home land.

In responding, Dr. Bacheler said that his acquaintance with Dr. Phillips began when he was a little fellow, in the arms of his nurse, just beginning to put words together, and continually saying, as he tried to talk, "Ya kee?" — "What is this?" And then he spoke of the lifelong friendship between the two families.

Mrs. Coldren recalled his journey with Dr. Bacheler from Calcutta to Midnapore, when he came to India. Mrs. H. C. Phillips recounted that dismal journey from Calcutta to Balasore in 1840, as it had left a lasting impression upon her mind. The vein was mostly in reminiscence. Somehow, the pervading spirit was of days that were gone and work that was done; while with it all was a spirit of gratitude and hopefulness. The occasion closed with many fervent prayers, and the friends departed with the feeling that the public work of two of God's noble ones was drawing to a close.

The other event of notable importance was Dr. Bacheler's last cold season, with its endeavor

in India. We give his diary of the time passed in that work, that we may catch his view of things in those last days, compare it with his view in early days, and that we may get his recall of former experiences in his own setting. He says:—

"From Nov. 24th, I am able to take the field for evangelistic work in the district. My working party is taken from the Bible School, and consists of two teachers and three students. Our first point is Dantoon, thirty-six miles south of Midnapore; a place where much faithful preaching has been done during the last fifty years.

"On our way we passed through the famine-stricken district, a tract forty miles by twenty, over which the early and latter rain did not fall in sufficient quantities to insure a minimum crop of rice. Some fields may produce enough for seed; in others, the stock, one half grown, has no kernel and very much has been given up for grazing.

"The cultivators may be divided into three classes, namely, the well-to-do, who are able to cultivate several acres; the poorer class, who

can manage one or two acres; and the still poorer, who have nothing of their own, but live by daily labor; usually receiving their pay in rice when their day's work is done. Now the crop having failed, the cultivators require little or no help in harvesting, and so thousands of laborers are left without work, and as they have no money, they are without rice. The Government is doing something, by constructing roads and digging tanks, to afford labor for the able-bodied, and private charity will help largely; still the suffering must be very great; distress and starvation must come to many.

"Our party remained nine days at Dantoon and vicinity. We preached at eleven different places, attended two *meelás*, or markets, and each of the four in our party had an opportunity to speak twenty-two times. While they were thus occupied I went to visit the churches at Jellasore and Santipore, the former twelve miles and the latter seven miles distant. Since Bro. Brown left they have been rather unsettled, and I was anxious that the new work which he had organized should be kept up. Jacob Mishra, one of our oldest and most reliable

preachers, has been appointed to the pastorate, and we hope he will efficiently carry on the work. He will have the oversight of the central stations under Bro. Ager, who will soon locate at Santipore.

"Mohonpore was our next station, twenty miles east and in the midst of the eastern portion of the famine-stricken district. This calls up some interesting reminiscences. Fifty-two years ago next month Bro. Phillips and I had been wandering for a month among the villages near the seaboard. The morning we started for home we were off early in order to visit a market during the day. Our ponies were fresh and we were clipping over the fields most joyfully when suddenly I was struck with a chill. It shook me from head to foot as though covered with ice. I was thoroughly miserable, intense cold and intense heat both struggling in vain for the mastery. I can hardly conceive of anything more wretched than an ague chill. I could hardly keep in the saddle. I said nothing, but lagged behind. Coming to a hole in the ground I slipped from the saddle and coiled myself up out of sight. My pony stood waiting

and so revealed my whereabouts. I was soon missed and some of the party came back to look me up. I had to leave my hiding-place and try the saddle again. We reached the market-place and a cot was provided for me beneath a tree. The people gathered about for the market, first in tens, then in hundreds. The market went on buying and selling all around me, each one striving to make himself heard—a raging medley of human voices. But I was too miserable to care for noise. The cold stage soon passed off and the hot stage followed—burning fever. Heat had conquered, but it had lost its power in the fierce struggle, and soon gave way to the sweating stage. The turmoil of human voices soon subsided and then, the market over, all was quiet. Soon came the welcome sound, "Dinner is ready," and I was ready, too. I ate one half a chicken with accompaniments, and was well.

"March 2d. We cantered some eight or ten miles over the fields to the house of a friendly Englishman, where we spent the night. I asked for a bowl of gruel for my supper, which I took with a spoonful of castor oil; next morning a

ride of fifteen miles brought us home to Jellasore, and that was the last of my Indian fever. How wonderfully I have been blest! Most of my associates have had it many times and some have finished their course with it; while I have been exempt for almost fifty-two years! And here we are again to preach to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those whom we may have met on our first visit. But my companions of that visit have all passed away long, long ago, while I remain far behind, bringing up the rear.

"We remained here four days, with good work night and morning. We had five preaching places, two markets, and in all eight congregations. The principal man here, who is called a rajah, gave me a new idea. I was saying that all the gods of the Hindus are represented as wicked and had to be punished for their crimes. 'Very true,' said he, 'but that is given for our warning; for if the gods could not escape punishment, what will become of us poor wretches?'

"Dec. 9th. We next moved to Contai. Dear old Contai! scene of much toil! We have been

pleading for Contai for more than thirty years. During my residence at Midnapore, I have regarded it as our most important outpost, and I have spent nearly five months therein as many as six or more times. Now we come to start a mission in earnest. Brother Hallam has been appointed its first missionary, and is now on the spot, and with Brothers Griffin and Ager is arranging to put up the necessary buildings at once.

"Our party of five, with three others who are appointed to live here, make up a strong company as we go out to preach in the Bazaar. There are six weekly markets within convenient reach, and a good gathering in the Bazaar daily; so we may regard this as one of our best preaching stations. The people of the district have the reputation of being very wicked, and they are quite ready to acknowledge it.

"There are six courts in constant session throughout the year, and then all appeal cases and cases requiring more than fifteen days' punishment must go to Midnapore. Within a week while I was there, there were three murders, and as the corpses were being brought through the

streets, none seemed to care or notice. Surely Christian work is needed in this Godless region.

"If I felt sure that this paper would escape the editor's waste-basket, I would do my best to put in an earnest plea for Contai. As it is, I will just say that it looks like one of our most important stations, with a population of nearly 500,000, very wicked and freely owning that they are so; very ignorant, yet willing to learn. What more could we ask in a field for earnest Christian labor? Brother Hallam is on the spot, with four earnest native preachers — a strong party, and well equipped for the work. Let the money be forthcoming at once, to give shelter to those workers.

"The road from Contai to Midnapore is sixty-two miles, thoroughly macadamized. The material used is gravel, carted many miles, or brick burned on the spot, and then broken and pounded into a solid road-bed. As I was driving quietly along, a portion of the road called up most vivid recollections of the olden time when good roads were scarce. We had been camping on this road for some weeks.

"One afternoon I rode down ten miles to visit

a friend. When I left his camp to return to my own, it was nearly dark, and I just then noticed a heavy cloud rising in the northwest. I had gone scarcely a mile when the storm burst upon me. The rain poured, the lightning flashed and crashed, and the thunder bellowed through the firmament. The first dash of rain changed the dusty road to slippery clay, so that my pony could only creep along, slipping and sliding as on glare ice. Well, I was in for a hard time, surely. Nothing could be seen but by the flashing of the lightning.

"Several miles on my way there was a village where we had camped some time before, and had made warm friends of one prominent family. I hoped to reach that village, and took courage. We jogged on through the weary hours, with the lightning for our only guide. By its broad glare I at length discovered the path from the main road, but the water was standing ankle-deep throughout the village. I had heard voices and seen a light, so I shouted; but instantly the lights were all out, and all was still. All my shouting proved in vain, so I had to fall back on my old friend the lightning, and, by its broad

flashes, waded on till I came to the house which I knew. All were asleep, so I kept on shouting. With some difficulty my old acquaintance was aroused, and, recognizing my voice, came to the rescue.

"How the scene changed — from darkness and mud and weariness to the cheering warmth of manly hospitality! He took me to a hut of his, which was occupied by the very men who had put out their light and refused to hear me; turned them and their cattle out, and made room for me and my pony. He then brought wood and kindled a fire, by which we sat and dried ourselves. When he had thus made me comfortable, I urged him to go back to bed; but no, he would not leave me, but kept bringing wood and keeping up the fire until daylight, and the warm sun left no further help necessary. And then when I offered to pay him for all his trouble, no; he had not served me for pay, but for love of humanity.

"In the light of that act, I went on my way, and have often thought that the experience of that dismal night was amply rewarded by this bright spot in the darkness of heathenism. We

had hoped that this man would join the Christians, but he died years ago while nominally a heathen. He has gone to the good Father who is just, and as merciful as he can be consistently with his justice.

"One entry more will suffice for this article. Our camp has been pitched at a village of two thousand inhabitants. Sachi, our best preacher, joined us here. I had been mourning our lack of talkers. He supplies that lack. He is not only a very eloquent preacher, but a most prolific talker also. Our tents were thronged so much that our five preachers were fully employed till their throats began to fail. We were treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and our message was listened to with earnest attention. Many are intellectually convinced, but the heart is not moved.

"I noticed three very fine temples, nearly two hundred years old, built of stone in the most finished style, but now neglected and going to ruin, with trees starting from their cracks and seams. So I called several of the leading men and said to them, 'I want you to be very careful of these temples, and don't allow the trees to

grow and destroy them, for the time is coming when every stone will be needed for Christian chapels. Now remember what I say.' At which they smiled and said nothing.

"From this we go to attend the great *meelá* at Khandarai, at the earnest invitation of the rajah there, with whom I have long been intimate. In response to his invitation I told him that we could only go on one condition: that as his territories are in the midst of the famine-stricken district, and many of his people are suffering, he must forego his hospitality, and let us feed ourselves. He consented, but still urged that it would give him great pleasure to entertain us. Last year he fed our entire party, even to the pony and dog, for ten days. So we go again with six preachers, hoping to do a good work for our blessed Master."

From a letter written subsequently by Mr. Hallam, who also went at this time to Khandarai, we learn that they received a cordial welcome from the rajah, and that the work done was good.

As we live over again with our beloved missionary this part of his India life -- this last cold

season tour — and return with him in recollection to his first days in that land, knowing now, as he did not know then, that it was his last view of dear and familiar scenes, his last hand-grasp with cherished friends, his last faithful message to those for whom he had labored for more than half a century, we feel that God gave him this opportunity as a special token of His love for him, permitting him to finish his long and most praiseworthy service in much the same way as he began it.

In those last days he threw back over all the preceding years sweet memory, bound them all together with cords of love, and laid them upon God's sacred altar, and seemed to say: "I have done it all for Thee; do all with it thou canst. I know that I have been an unprofitable servant, but Thou art merciful to the sower, and the seed Thou wilt water and make fruitful."

CHAPTER XVI

BACK IN AMERICA — LAST DAYS — THE PASSING — FUNERAL SERVICES — SOME CHARACTERISTICS

DR. and Mrs. Bacheler left India the last time on Feb. 22, 1893, fifty-two years, five months, and ten days after the first landing of the Doctor in that country. It must have seemed to him very improbable that he would ever return. We may not imagine his thoughts and feelings when he looked for the last time upon the land to which he had given his life, and set his face toward his native shores. The people were to him as a great family, all his own,—buildings, schools, churches, characters, the results of his devotion and labor. Souls saved, communities changed, powerful influences set in motion to continue for good forever, as results of his life-work, were left behind. And all were in the hands of Him who "giveth the increase."

While coming through the Mediterranean Sea, Mrs. Bacheler took a severe cold, and was quite

THE NEW HAMPTON STUDY

ill during the remainder of the journey. They reached New York in the spring. Grace preceded them to the New Hampton home and got the house in order, whither they went, accompanied by Mrs. Eliza Dean-Bacheler—the daughter-in-law, who remained with them three or four years. After they were rested and stronger, she returned to Summit, N. J., where she now lives with her four children, who are doing well. Then they were alone, aside from occasional helpers for heavy work and chores, and they were very happy. Occasionally they attended a convention or meeting where they could say something for India. At Ocean Park the influence of their presence and words was always cheering, and their interest in missions was still strongly manifest in the church and school at New Hampton.

In 1897 the fiftieth wedding anniversary occurred, and although very few people in New Hampton knew the date, these few — Mrs. Eliza Dean-Bacheler, Miss Waterman, principal of the female department of New Hampton Literary Institution, and Mrs. Scotland, an India friend— determined that it should not pass without being

a Golden Wedding indeed. Nearly all the people of the village came to congratulate the much loved couple who had lived and labored together so worthily. It was planned for the older people to come in the afternoon, stay to supper, and make room for the younger people in the evening, but many who came in the afternoon remained through the evening. Music, remarks, and recitations from those present, and written greetings from many friends who could not be there, helped to make a delightful occasion; everybody was happy in doing something for the pleasure of Dr. and "Aunty" Bacheler. "Filthy rags, filthy rags," said Mrs. Bacheler with a sigh, after all were gone and she had sat quietly and in meditation a while. "Why, mother, what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Eliza Bacheler. "Your father deserves it all, but of myself I was thinking, through all the demonstration, 'filthy rags.'" She appreciated, but she felt unworthy.

In the spring of 1899, the son George W. with his family moved from Manchester, where he was then residing, to the old New Hampton home to take care of the father and mother.

Here he remained with loving care until the end came to both, and the home was broken up. The devotion of the children was remarkable. The daughters were ever ready with all possible personal service. It required only the word "Come" to take Maria from her duties in Boston to New Hampton, with dainties and care, when there was sickness in the home. One reason for this may be in the expression of her own words, "It was heaven begun below, to be with him, and there is not a day but I live over in memory the blessed hours of sweet companionship that I, his oldest child, spent with him." The tender relations between him and his son Albert were very noticeable. It has been said that they were far more confidential and agreeable than is often the case between father and son. Sometimes when they had been together the mother would say, "What precious memories these will be to Albert when his father is gone." After George moved up his family, Grandma Bacheler had school with the three children every day during the summer vacation, and added much in her instruction which was not in the books. But the strength

of both was failing, and it was evident that the end was not far off. Of the closing scenes we think it better that the daughter, Dr. Mary, should speak, since she has described them fully, and in words filled with her heart, portraying, perhaps better than any others could, her filial devotion, although what she here says was not written for insertion in this book but to give us facts: —

"I knew that both of them were infirm, and had been sick, but I was hardly prepared for mother's letter received in England, on my way home, in April, 1900, telling of father's increasing weakness, and expressing the hope that I might be in time to see him. When I reached home I thought that mother seemed well, and that she had aged but little since we parted, seven years before. The change in father was greater. He could not walk at all, even across the floor, without his canes, and he left his chair as little as possible.

"When the news came to me, in the hospital at Concord, that mother had had a shock, and later that she was failing, and that if I would see her alive I must go to New Hampton at

once, I grieved greatly for father, knowing how distressed he would be. I hastened to her bedside; she lay unconscious, yet with periods of greater apparent stupor. Sometimes I think she knew me as I sat on the side of the bed and her restless hand traveled up and down, sometimes lingering about my face as if she would caress me. Mother always dreaded the physical side of dying, and I was thankful, even in the midst of my grief at the suddenness of the end, that she was taken from comparative health and passed away without knowledge of pain, or consciousness of death. She passed away at 2.30 A. M., and, when we went in later to see her, a beautiful calm was on her face; the flush of sickness, all signs of suffering, had passed away, and she seemed as one seeing the God in whose service so many years of her life had been spent.

"Poor father! How we grieved for him in his loneliness. He did not wish nor expect to linger long behind. When he went in to see her, he sat on the side of the bed and stroking her face said, 'It won't be long, Sarah, it won't be long.'

"How bravely he took up his life, and how nobly he lived for eight and a half long, weary months, as they must have seemed to him; precious months they were to us who loved him so dearly. He seemed to get a little stronger as the summer came on and he was more out of doors. He used to enjoy sitting where he could feel the wind on his face, and watch the trees and birds and those who passed by. Every morning after breakfast and prayers we used to go for long drives over the lovely hills, and sometimes he would talk to me of the past. More often, however, we listened to Nature's voice. He was so social and so much enjoyed out of doors that we got him a wheel chair in which he could go up to the post-office, over the Institution grounds, and in fact wherever there was sufficient sidewalk. When my brother Albert went up to New Hampton for his summer vacation, he used to come for father after supper, wheel him in the street or over to Chapel Hall, bringing him home when the shadows began to lengthen.

"On one of the elm trees in front of the house a Baltimore oriole had made its nest, and

in the spring we watched it, wondering if the birds would come back to it, or build another. As the tender leaves came out and covered the branches and twigs the nest was hidden; father watched but we never knew whether the birds occupied the old nest or built another.

"Father was greatly interested in the daily news. During the first of the summer he read newspapers, magazines, and his own books. After dinner he usually went to the study and read by the hour, sometimes dozing occasionally. One day, together we looked over all his medical instruments and appliances; he told me about them and asked me to take all I could make any use of.

"During the summer the telephone and electric lights were brought to the place, and father watched the work done in connection with them. As I look back now over those days, I see how bravely he took up the burden of each day so contented and peaceful, apparently enjoying the passing moments, interesting himself in whatever was going on, never complaining or repining, just waiting with patience for his release. I cannot wish him back, though sometimes I long and long to see him.

"He used to enjoy music; or did he endure it because he thought the others liked it? Mother used to enjoy it, and George used to play almost every evening. I believe the reason why I question father's enjoyment of it is that later, when he was confined to his bed, he did not seem to like it, and I have wondered whether all the time he was grieved by it because it reminded him so much of dear mother, and their happiness together.

"One day when we were out together he wanted me to drive to the cemetery. We went to the lot where mother was laid with the four children who have gone. How lovingly he looked at it and said, 'There is room enough for me beside her.'

"Father's belief was very simple, his faith was childlike, his communion with God constant. One day we were talking of prayer. I asked him how often he prayed. He answered, 'Always.' Half jesting I said, 'You are so good, what is there for you to pray for?' He replied, 'Prayer is not alone asking for something, it is communion with God.' That communion was real and constant with him.

"Throughout the summer father kept about, sitting in the doorway and going out on pleasant days.

"When Dr. Shirley Smith was about to sail for India she came to see us for a few days, on her way from Vermont to Boston. I took her to Bristol after her visit, and when I returned I noticed father seemed chilly. He went to bed early that night. The next morning he did not care to get up at his usual time. He was not about the house much afterwards. Late in October or early in November he was very sick, and we were anxious about him. I found that I could not take all the care of him night and day, and later we got a nurse, who stayed off and on until the end. He failed rather suddenly at this time, and then gradually gained again, so that he sat up in bed a little, and we hoped he would be a good deal better. He was about at his best at Thanksgiving time. Albert and his wife and Grace were up with us. Maria was here the week previous. It was a great pleasure to dear father to have them about him again.

"After that he kept about the same for a

little while, and then gradually failed, growing weaker and weaker, yet without any apparent ailment. After Christmas he had a bad time with his stomach, and had some very distressing vomiting spells, and would eat nothing. He was restless, and sometimes his mind seemed to wander a little, but in the main it was wonderfully clear. The nurse would sometimes say in the morning, 'The Doctor is better, but he was *twisted* in his mind in the night.'

"When he first took his bed he was puzzled as to his own identity, asking us every now and then, 'Who am I? Later he was moved from the study to the room that used to be mother's and his, and I think the changes in furniture troubled him, for he often asked, 'Where am I? What house is this?' And he asked so often, 'What time is it?', that we got the big clock from the sitting-room, with its large, black, distinct figures, and put it on the mantle.

"Christmas day he was unusually well, but during that week he was so sick we hardly expected to keep him from one day to another. On the last day of the year, when I went in to say 'Good-morning,' his eyes were clear, and he

looked quite himself. All day he was so much better that we thought by the next day we could let people see him again. When I went to kiss him good-night, he asked me if some bills had been settled, and, putting his arm around my neck, drew me down and kissed me. He had been so restless during the week, that we had some sleeping tablets for him; but this evening he went to sleep quite early and quietly without them.

"At midnight I heard Mrs. Jenks, the nurse, up with him, giving him food and medicine. She told him that the new century had come in with the New Year. They talked a little about it. His whisper was clear; so was his mind. At three o'clock in the morning the nurse was up with him again; he manifested restlessness. She queried whether or not she should give him his quieting medicine, but he soon dropped off to sleep again and rested quietly until nearly four o'clock, when he moved as if distressed, and drew a few sighing breaths. She called to me, and I was with him at once, but there was neither pulse nor respiration.

"We had the funeral on the next Sunday,

and laid away our dear one in the older part of the cemetery, beside the wife and children laid there before. It was a beautiful winter day, clear, bright, and cold; its sunset flooded hill and valley with lights of rose and gold."

Such is the brief and tender story of the passing of this noble man and woman, whose lives had been devoted to the welfare of their fellow-men, under the divine leadership. Mrs. Bacheler had strong domestic instincts; her presence made any place homelike. On this account it was hard for her to be separated from her family, while this same love for home enabled her to be a great help to her husband when on the mission field. She had a deep love for humanity. The spirit manifest toward her Sunday-school class in Lowell, gathering in the forgotten and neglected, was the spirit which led her to gather the boys and girls of India on the home veranda for industrial and intellectual education, and which sent her out among the jungle schools. The thirst for education which led her to Mount Holyoke was the soul's voice urging her to gain fitness for great usefulness. The

searching of her heart, the great struggle through which she passed at conversion, effected a complete change, which prepared her to pass through other mighty struggles unmoved. Her life was a very useful one, — useful beyond our power to estimate. In addition to the strength of her home influence, her personal work in the field, she was always ready to speak at public gatherings where her utterances did good. Probably her writings were among the strongest features of her work. She wrote much, and while she interested and instructed with facts, she stimulated sympathy and coöperation.

A monument to her labors with the pen is the inspiring "Life of Lavina Crawford," which was written out by her, for which the mission, the denomination, the world owes her a debt of gratitude. Her success was largely due to her faith in God. Every day, at certain hours, she went to her closet, and there pleaded with God to fulfil his promises, and although the family often heard, it seemed as though she thought only God was hearing.

The funeral services for Dr. Bacheler were very impressive. The remains of the veteran

missionary were escorted from his late residence to the village church by a long procession, headed by delegates from the three Literary Societies of the Institute. At the church a quartette, consisting of W. H. Dow, Mrs. S. J. Case, Mrs. H. W. Brown, and Professor H. W. Brown, rendered appropriate music, accompanied by Miss Jessie Waterman. Professor Shirley J. Case read Scripture selections. Rev. J. Burnham Davis offered prayer. Rev. A. B. Meservey, a life-long friend of Dr. Bacheler, was to have preached the sermon, but on account of illness he was unable to be present. He sent his prepared sermon,* and it was read by Professor Case. Very appreciative and tender remarks were made by Rev. A. Given, D. D., secretary and treasurer of the General Conference Board. A letter† from his only surviving brother, Rev. Frederick L. Bacheler, of Stafford, Conn., was read by Rev. Robert Ford, of Campton, a cousin. Then with a few heartfelt remarks by Professor Case, and prayer by Rev. George L. White, a former pastor, the solemn services closed, and

* The sermon is printed in the next chapter.
† The letter is contained in the following chapter.

the casket, with its precious contents, was carried to the village cemetery, amid a profusion of flowers bestowed by devoted hearts and loving hands. And there in that beautiful hillside city of the dead, white with nature's winding-sheet, while the heavens were bright and rosy with promise, the form was laid away. A brief prayer, many tears and farewell sighs, and the concourse of people turned back to their homes, not soon to forget the great and good life which had passed. The work of the world, religiously and otherwise, went on, but differently from what it would, had he never lived as one of God's noblemen.

Men possessed of as many rare qualities as was Dr. Bacheler are exceptional. There is no question about his Christian character in the control of his own life, and his relation to his fellowmen; the Spirit of Christ dominated. Depending upon that Spirit he was always well poised and self-reliant; he never forgot that he was the ambassador of another, who took the responsibility for affairs, and for him as well.

To adjust himself to circumstances always seemed an easy matter to him. This was due

no doubt in a large measure to his early training, his good sense, and his reliance upon God. He could make himself at home in the habitation of poverty in America or in India; while among men of science and official position he was equally at ease, showing them, without any intent on his part, that they had met in him a peer.

He was a student of men, with a deep interest in humanity; if he found that he failed to interest his listeners in one way, he tried another; when endeavoring to secure assistance for the mission, always so dear to his heart, if he found that his man had no care for evangelistic work, then he set forth the needs of the dispensary, the school, or the press. Mr. Hallam, Mr. Griffin, and Mr. George were all influenced by Dr. Bacheler in their decision to go to India. Many date the beginning of their interest in missions to his stirring addresses. Prof. Chadwick of Malden, Mass., lately said: "I owe it to Dr. Bacheler that I am here today. In one of his trips he stopped at my father's house, and persuaded my parents to send me to New Hampton to school. That was

the opening of life for me." Doubtless many others could give a like testimony.

He was judicious with money in his work, economical for himself. When it was difficult to raise money for the mission during the Civil War, at a Board meeting when the perplexities of the situation were discussed, he said: "When I die, I do not want money expended for a funeral. Put me in a plain coffin, and use the money saved, for missions." This self-forgetfulness in mission thoughtfulness was characteristic of him. He was ready to decrease, that missions might increase. His self-poise revealed itself in two ways. First it was shown in his modesty; quiet and unobtrusive, he made no pretensions, rarely talked about himself, and showed what he could do by doing it. Yet he had a proper estimate of his ability, and of the efforts of others. His self-poise was also shown in his moderation, which saved him much wear and tear, a characteristic much appreciated by the natives of India, and one very necessary for one living in a hot climate. Without doubt, exercise, good care, and moderation prolonged his life. Mrs. Griffin says that once she got

very much disturbed when a native was beating his wife and the Doctor would not go and separate them. "How do I know that she does not deserve it?" said he in reply to Mrs. Griffin's pleadings. "It would be better for me to talk to him quietly when his anger is over," he replied again, and continued his reading.

Probably this characteristic of moderation enabled him to do much more than otherwise would have been possible. Coupled as it was with industry, Dr. Bacheler accomplished a prodigious work; by moderation he was usually well, losing very little time by illness until the final breakdown came in old age. He never hurried, but he did a great work. Together with the great public responsibilities of his station he usually called upon the native families nearly every day. Mr. Wyman says that they admired him for these characteristics and often refer to him at the present time in connection with them. Even now, though over forty years have passed since he labored at Balasore, Mr. Hamlen says that some of the older people there refer to his methods and sayings with much interest.

Every step of the adult life of this man is marked with the evidence of courage. When away from his New Hampton home, in the winter of '62, he wrote to his wife as follows: —

"I am convinced that if we had any more means I should not do so much for God and the world. It is all for the best that I am driven from home for months at a time. I scarcely know how I have got through the winter. I have been sensible of an upholding hand, and when I can feel that, all is well, labor is light."

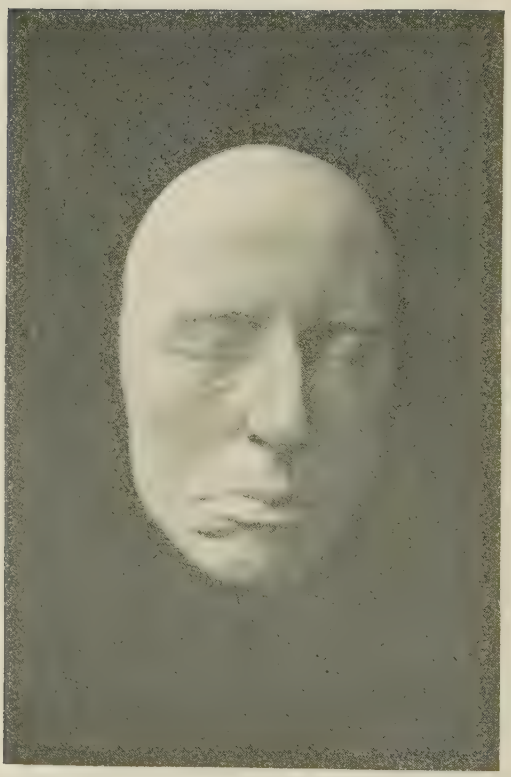
"The sense of an upholding hand," — was not that the source of his courage? With that he could work and encourage others to work, as he expressed himself to the Woman's Society in '63, when, after referring to Miss Crawford as a light shining in a dark place, also to some discouragements, he said: "Shall we give way to discouragements? Not a bit of it. But as that famous preacher out West said of the 'Hard Shell Baptists,' 'We'll hold on by the claws, we'll hold on by the teeth, . . . but hold on we will.' We shall come out right side up by-and-by. Don't be discouraged. I

am hopeful, joyful, and never before felt so happy in my work."

He was very ingenious. As a physician he had more than local fame, and was the first in Bengal to use chloroform. When he began to practice, drugs were expensive and not easily obtained, but he made many of his own from crude material as well as the appliances for doing this. Sometimes his home-made instruments were somewhat rude, but they answered every purpose. He compounded "Pain Killer," "Rheumatic Elixir," and pills. Being the dentist for the mission and having no dentist's chair he planned one, and took his plan to the native carpenter and blacksmith, who turned out a chair which answered every purpose. He had many instruments made in the same way; they were not nickel-plated, so required a good deal of rubbing to keep off the rust, but they were always serviceable. When the dampness of the floor of the Bible School dormitories threatened to destroy the utility of the building, he found a remedy by putting under the floor a layer of earthern cooking pots covered with earth, making it continually dry. When he felt unable

to buy raincoats for the horses he took cloth and paint and made some. When "Bercher," his nervous, unreliable pony from Burmah, was determined to start off the moment any one came near the carriage, he broke him of it by having the Syce rub the animal's ears while he was getting in.

Skilful in discovery and invention, he turned his knowledge to practical uses. When the crayfish was an object of scientific investigation, he got a creature of the same family, called the "chingree," and made a comparative study of its anatomy. Ethnology deeply interested him and he made several plaster casts of the different races with whom he came in contact. A copy of one of these is inserted for examination here. Although he did not have the advantages of a college education, he did much in the line of scholarship; able to do work in eight different languages, he was conversant with six. Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of M. D.; the degree of D. D. was given to him by Hillsdale College in 1881, and by Bates College in 1895. In 1898 he was made delegate at large for the Indian mission



MASK OF LAVINA CRAWFORD

by the Christians of that field. He had an extensive knowledge of natural science and an acquaintance with many men of literary note. Particular to take a proper amount of exercise until his health broke down, he was an early riser. After taking his cup of tea, slice of bread and butter, his habit was to go out for half an hour, usually on horseback, often taking his polo stick and ball, to practice for fifteen minutes before a canter. He never failed to eulogize the "sweet half hour before sunrise."

When the rain prevented him from riding out, he usually walked back and forth on the veranda or in the dining room, sometimes singing, sometimes whistling softly to himself, sometimes in meditation, but always cheerful, well poised, ready to devote his whole attention to any matter at a moment's notice.

Very much of an athlete, he could take a winning hand at polo when he was needed. Contesting in gymnastic sports with the boys, he usually won the prize; while as a marksman he was unexcelled in the mission, always bearing off the trophies at the 4th of July "shooting matches."

On one of his preaching tours he was accompanied by a Mr. Duff of Balasore. At a certain place the villagers told them that bears were committing depredations in the neighborhood, consequently the two Sahibs went on a hunt. While walking cautiously through the jungle a bear jumped upon Mr. Duff and began to hug and tear him. There was no time to lose, and though it was a hard case, with quick and sure aim the bear was killed and Mr. Duff escaped without much harm. When asked how his aim was so accurate he replied, "I take aim and fire at once, before getting nervous."

One great secret of his getting the help of others for the work, and the best endeavor from those with whom he labored, was in the fact that he kept before himself the possibilities of people,—the possibilities to be and to do.

His policy in the Bible School was somewhat different from that of some others. He would take those who did not seem promising and give them a chance, doing all in his power to make men of them. While about the walls of the building were hung the words "BE MEN," they always saw before them a good example

of what he asked them to become. Whenever one failed, he always said, "*Try again.*"

Far-sighted and discreet, he looked ahead and made large plans, yet he did not lift the curtain high enough for others to get discouraged at the largeness of his vision. But we should fail in any attempt to enumerate his virtues did we not mention his tenderness. The combination of strength and tenderness is ever beautiful. It was in him manifest throughout his life.

Valuable work has been done in the Free Baptist mission by the missionaries of later years, but the work of the pioneers in stability, wise and daring plans, together with self-sacrificing devotion, has never been surpassed. Noyes, Phillips, and Bacheler were the pioneers in our India work. The last for general usefulness to the mission has not been surpassed, in some respects not equalled. For noble service and good influence he stands among the greatest missionaries of modern times. As we have written out this biography, we have lived over again, with our dear friend, his life. Step by step we have gone with him through poverty, early

preparatory struggles, over the continent awakening the people to their opportunity, across the oceans eight times, through the jungles of India and to the snowy portals of the grave amid New Hampshire's ever glorious hills, not far from the place of his birth, in sight of old Kearsarge mountains. From that grave we have turned away saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." We know that multitudes of lives have been exalted by that one. On Aug. 12, 1863, he said in *The Morning Star:* "Our mission flag floats once more upon the breeze at Midnapore. There let it float till idolatry shall have passed from the recollections of the living." As we turn away from that grave the mission flag still floats on the breeze at Midnapore and in many adjacent places, because of his faithful labors. May loyal hands keep it there.

In our endeavor to reproduce this grand life we have realized that our best attempt would be but a faint and inadequate portrayal. With every step of the way, our determination has

been strengthened for better and nobler living, and we would that it might have the same effect upon all who read this memoir.

But now this journey with him is ended; our task is nearly completed. Little remains to be done except to give place to the expressions of appreciation made by co-laborers and loving friends. A collection of letters including his description of Palestine and Cape Town, Africa, would be interesting, but lack of space forbids. And may we — living over again in memory delightful association with him; or in imagination, as we read this record, thus entering into his rich and useful life — may we, when the shadows fall, resume the journey with him, where "they need no candle; neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

To such as he it must be said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It seems to us fitting that, in closing, a few words should be said concerning the surviving

relatives. Of his brothers only one remains, the Rev. Frederick L. Bacheler of Stafford, Conn., a clergyman of the Baptist denomination. In 1852 he settled over the church at Stafford, and has resided there most of the time since. He was two years the senior of our missionary.

Of Dr. Bacheler's children, five are living. Maria Elizabeth, the oldest, resides in Boston, unmarried, but leading a busy life. She was educated in the school of her aunt, Dora Merrill, in Concord, N. H., and is actively interested in all good work.

Albert William enlisted as a private for the Federal Army in the Civil War, at the age of eighteen; was promoted and made captain in '64; was captured and put into Libby prison, from which he escaped, also in '64; and in '65 was mustered out of the service. He is a graduate of Dartmouth, and teaching has been his business; for about twenty years he has been principal of the high school in Gloucester, Mass. He married Miss Abbie Hayes, of New Hampton, N. H. One daughter was born to them, beautiful and promising, but was taken away at the age of twelve and one-half years.

George Winslow has for several years made his home in Manchester, N. H. He married Miss Jean Douglass, of Manchester. They have three children, Annie Grace, Frank, and Sarah Elizabeth. In the spring of '99 the family moved to New Hampton, to care for the father and mother. After they passed away the New Hampton home was broken up, and he removed the family to Manchester, residing there since, and working at his trade. He is a mechanic.

Grace Darling inherited much of her mother's love for teaching. She attended school in Concord, N. H.; also at Mount Holyoke Seminary, Mass. For some years she has been a successful teacher, and is now connected with the domestic science department of public schools in Boston.

Mary Washington has spent the most of her life in India. Living very close to her father and assisting him in his medical dispensary, at a very early age she found herself very deeply interested in sick people, and the remedies for their diseases. It is not strange that with experience and natural inclination she determined to become a medical missionary. In 1890 she graduated from the Woman's Medical College, New

York. A few months later she returned to India, and was associated with her father in practice. When he left India the last time she inherited his dispensary and practice. As a physician and Christian worker she has met with marked success. After being with her parents during their last days, taking some rest, seeking spiritual power, devoting herself to medical lectures and Floating Hospital work in Boston, she sailed for India again in October, 1903, there to resume her work as medical missionary.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FRIENDLY TRIBUTE

MANY of the personal friends of Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, some being their fellow-laborers, have made their tribute to their worth in words of confidence and praise.

We give place to some of these, because they should form a part of this record. Especially should a place be accorded to the sermon prepared for the funeral occasion by his friend of many years, Rev. A. B. Meservey, D. D. We insert this, making a few corrections in the facts of Dr. Meservey's record, which a mortal illness did not allow him opportunity to verify.

Without doubt many others would gladly contribute expressions of sincere devotion were there sufficient space for them here.

DR. MESERVEY'S SERMON

If you are to build a house, a palace, a temple, a cathedral, which shall endure, your first care should be to lay a firm, solid foundation on which to build. The loftier the structure,

the deeper you should dig. The more ponderous the edifice, the more carefully should you cement the basement walls. The foundation should be deep enough, broad enough, strong enough to resist all the effects and influences of time and circumstances; and to remain intact till the superstructure shall have moldered back to dust.

So it is with men. If a man is to do a great work, he must have the foundation of greatness in his nature. If a man is to do the work of a Cromwell, he must have the rough, rugged physical and mental nature of Cromwell. If a man is to be a Bismarck, he must have the body, brain, and heart of a Bismarck. And the elements of greatness or littleness are born in the man. It is true that education and culture can do much toward developing, polishing, improving the natural abilities of a person, but such advantages can never make a strong man out of a weak one, a great man out of a small one.

Dr. Bacheler had all the elements of body, mind, and spirit inherent in his nature which, when properly cultivated, just fitted him for the work to which God called him.

In the first place, Dr. Bacheler had a strong physical constitution. He was not an athlete. He lived before the era of athletics. But he had a hardy physical frame, and his muscles were hardened and strengthened by work — work on the farm and in the shop. The world in which his youthful days were passed was a work-world, not a play-world. He was so constituted that to him work was a pleasure, almost a necessity. And thus, working cheerfully, he was enabled to accomplish a wonderful amount of labor in the rigorous winters of New Hampshire and in the debilitating climate of India. Dr. Bacheler was a worker. There was not a lazy bone in his body. He had a strong physical frame, but he wore it out in the service of the great Master. And he did it willingly, cheerfully, joyfully.

Dr. Bacheler was an honest man — born honest. There was not a dishonest fibre in his nature. But it may be said by some one, "Of course he was honest if he was a Christian!" But there are degrees of honesty even among Christians. Some are naturally honest, others naturally dishonest. And it takes a good deal

of grace to make an honest man out of a dishonest one! But Dr. Bacheler was naturally honest. No one ever had a fear, or suspicion even, that a single cent of money which belonged to the Mission would by any possibility find its way into his pocket. This gave him a strong hold upon the denomination in his work of collecting funds for the Foreign Mission. I am aware that honesty is sometimes called a homely virtue, but it certainly is fundamental. It is one of the corner-stones of a noble character. The man who is honest in his dealings with his fellow-men, with himself and with his God, will not go far astray. Dr. Bacheler was emphatically an honest man.

Dr. Bacheler was a conscientious man. He inherited the Puritan conscience. But his was not a narrow conscientiousness. He never mistook his will for his conscience, and he never forgot that other men had consciences as well as himself. When an enlightened conscience plainly dictated a course of conduct or action, he was firm as a rock; but in matters of opinion or of business methods he was always willing to yield to the wish of the majority. This made

him an admirable member of a council or committee, his candor, courtesy, and common sense exerting a strong influence for peace and harmony. He was not a slave to conscience, but always kept his ear open to the slightest whisper of the inward monitor, and never disregarded the most secret admonitions in regard to his own personal duty. But at the same time he was very careful in judging what was the duty of another. He was a conscientious man. He had a model conscience.

Dr. Bacheler was naturally a modest man. He was never ambitious for place or station. He never sought for honors. He seemed surprised when honors sought him. It was enough for him to see clearly the duty; any one else might have the honor. No man ever saw him greatly depressed by reverses or unduly elated by successes. This was not the result of indifference, but was due to his firm trust in the final triumph of the great principles of right. Dr. Bacheler never would have written the words of our text. He could just as truthfully have written them as could St. Paul. But his wish, if he could express it to-day, would be

that the record should be made by another rather than by himself. We are glad to know that Paul fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith, but sometimes we wish that he had been a little more modest, a little more sparing of self-praise. Paul was not a modest man. Dr. Bacheler was eminently so.

Dr. Bacheler was naturally a benevolent man. He did not give lavishly and then become bankrupt to pay his honest debts. He did not subscribe liberally for benevolent enterprises, knowing that he could never pay his subscriptions. He was not liberal with other people's money. But he gave generously — some of us thought too generously — of the money which he himself earned by hard work. He gave systematically — for many years, one-tenth of his income was set apart for benevolent purposes. He told me that the system of tithing was the best for him; in that way he always had something laid by for any worthy cause. He said that it was undoubtedly the best method for the Mission. He believed thoroughly in tithing, but he never offensively forced the subject upon others. His whole life was a life

of benevolence. He gave himself for others. He sacrificed comfort, ease, pleasure, property, home, native land, Christian privileges, family ties — everything, in order to devote himself to the service of others. He was naturally benevolent.

Dr. Bacheler was naturally broad-minded. There was nothing narrow about his make-up. He was denominational, not sectarian. He was a Free Baptist, but on friendly terms with every Christian sect. New England was his birthplace, but the world was his heritage. Puritanism was his childhood teaching, but Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Heathen were his brethren. His theological food, from childhood, was New England orthodoxy and the literal interpretation of the Scriptures; but his mind, naturally broad and liberal, could not be confined to narrow limits. The Bible to him was a book for all times, all people, all circumstances. He was liberal in theology, but in the best sense of the term. He was orthodox, not bigoted, not afraid of the lower or higher criticisms, and not a slave to them, not fearful that any one would be able

to overthrow the Bible. He was naturally a broad-minded man, and his experience had served to greatly emphasize the fact. There was not a narrow element in his nature.

But thus far we have spoken only of the natural qualities of the man—of what was born in him. A man may possess a strong physical constitution, and yet never use it for any good purpose. He may be honest, as the financial world counts honesty, and still be a worthless vagabond. He may be conscientious, and still be so narrow-minded as to become a public nuisance. He may be modest, and yet so modest as to fail to do anything or to attempt anything worthy of remembrance. He may be naturally benevolent, and yet never have anything to give merely because he is too lazy to work. He may be naturally broad-minded, and yet fritter his life away chasing butterflies and fighting imaginary windmills. Hence it is necessary in making an estimate of a man, not only to consider his natural abilities, but to ascertain how he has used them.

Let us speak of Dr. Bacheler as a man among men. He was a kind neighbor, always ready

to lift a helping hand in order to render the journey of life easier for his fellow-travelers. He was a good citizen, always willing to carry his proportion of the public burden. He had no enemies, numerous friends. Were any one to ask me to name a man as a model citizen, I should mention the name of Dr. Bacheler without hesitation.

Then let us speak next of Dr. Bacheler as a scholar. The real scholar is always modest. He was especially so. It is no small achievement to master a half-dozen languages so as to speak them readily, preach in them acceptably, think in them habitually. He was so familiar with botany, geology, zoölogy, and the other kindred sciences, that I was surprised, and asked him when he found time for such studies. He replied: "We do not have to read the daily papers. The time that you waste in reading the news and the contradictions, we spend in keeping up with the intellectual movements of the times."

Then also he kept abreast of the most advanced thought in regard to modern criticism. He did not condemn the higher or the lower

critics without investigation, nor did he adopt their conclusions without satisfactory reasons. He never made any show of his scholarship. But if you were intimately acquainted with him, the incidental and unconscious revelations in regard to his breadth of scholarship would surprise you. I once asked him a question in regard to the Sanscrit language. He said, "Oh, yes, I taught the Sanscrit in India." As a scholar he was fully abreast of modern thought. He had no old-fogy ideas. As a liberally educated man, he was up to date.

Then a word should be said of Dr. Bacheler as a trustee and member of the executive committee of New Hampton Institution. First, last, and always, he was a missionary, but he was at the same time broad enough to embrace other worthy interests. He was always interested in the prosperity of the Institution. He never was sparing of his advice, his time, or his money, when the interest or prosperity of the Institution was in question. He was among her earliest and best friends.

Then Dr. Bacheler as a Christian. On this topic little need be said. He had simple, child-

like, manlike Christian faith, and he lived a truly godly Christian life. No man, woman, or child ever doubted his sincerity or his piety. His strenuous life of Christian labor served to develop in him a firm, stalwart Christian character; and the long months of patient waiting during his last sickness served to ripen his heart and soul for an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom. He ripened for heaven. "He fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

Again, a word may be said of Dr. Bacheler as a preacher. Preaching in India is a very different thing from what it is in America. He was just suited for that kind of work, and was eminently successful as a preacher in the Bazaar. But I have sometimes thought that his preaching and thinking for so long a time in those oriental languages rather retarded his speaking in the English. At least this seemed to be the case on his earlier returns from India. But his sermons in English were interesting and effectual. The people always heard him gladly.

But it is as a missionary that we should always

think of Dr. Bacheler. Fifty-three years a missionary — 1840–1893. Nearly thirty-five years' residence in that deadly climate of India, crossing the ocean eight times going and returning from his chosen field of labor, burying his wife at Midnapore, burying his little daughter in England—but of these things another will speak.

What was Dr. Bacheler to his family? One of the most trying things for the foreign missionary is to decide his duty in regard to the family relations. The children of missionaries must be kept with their parents amid the terrible immoral influences of heathendom, or they must be sent home to be cared for by strangers. The decision in such cases is perplexing, difficult, hazardous. Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler were, time and again, called upon to make the decision. The mission seemed to demand their services; the children seemed to demand their care. Duty seemed to call so loudly across the ocean that they decided to divide the family—a part going, a part remaining. They considered that the duty belonged to them, the result was with God. And the result has proved the wisdom of the decision. The heroic example, the self-

sacrificing spirit, the fervent prayers of those parents, perhaps, have had a more beneficial influence on the members of the family than would have been exerted by the continual presence of those parents and their personal care. It was a source of comfort to them that there could be no doubt that the family will finally be united, the circle unbroken in the spirit world.

And it is and always will be a source of comfort to these sons and daughters that they so cheerfully yielded to the wishes of their parents, and in a large measure were deprived of the comforts and blessings of their home in order that the father and mother might obey the call of duty. And truly it has been a comfort to you to have the privilege of smoothing the earthly pathway of those aged parents during the closing years of life. Your lives will be sweeter and better for the living examples of patient waiting of those pilgrim missionaries for the call of the great Master to come up higher.

HYDE PARK, MASS., Oct. 7, 1903.

I was associated with Mrs. Bacheler in the early forties, in Paige Street Free Baptist Sunday school, Primary Department, of which she was superintendent. She was filled with the *real* missionary spirit, a most

earnest worker spending much time visiting the poor and gathering children into the Sunday school. She was wholly forgetful of self, thinking only of the neglected little ones.

I remember that seventy were added to the school in one year, many of them being clothed by the ladies of the church. I wish I could tell you of many incidents in her busy life at that time, but they have faded from my memory. But this I can say: "This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

I am glad you are writing the lives of these rare missionaries. The Doctor was always a Christian gentleman, and his wife a true helpmeet.

I am glad to add my tribute to the memory of my life-long friends.

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH LATHAM COLE.

No one can think of "Auntie Bacheler" without remembering her love for flowers. Her pots of roses on the pucca wall beyond the driveway, and the beds of flowers in the garden plot farther on, were her especial delight. The soil was most dry and barren, but her care made it fruitful and kept it watered. Never shall I forget how one of her lovely rosebuds helped me. It was in 1876, when I was very ill in her home. I had passed a sleepless night of pain, when my heart cried out for some of my very own loved ones, and in the morning I had fallen asleep. When I woke there lay on my pillow a matchless half-blown rose. I took it up and kissed it, and let the tears come—why? I knew that it was Auntie's first and only blossom from a plant that she had bought long before and tended and watched with anxious care. And now in its half-blown loveliness she had broken it and given it to me.

Ah, there was thoughtful, self-sacrificing love such as Auntie's days were full of, and who could long be lonely that came under her care?

One time, when I first went to India, some one came running to me, saying that a certain native Christian man was cruelly beating his wife. I ran into Dr. Bacheler's study, and found him half reclining in a low chair, reading a big medical book. I hurriedly told him that the man was beating his wife, and expected to see him quickly start to the rescue. Instead, he quietly looked up, asked who told me, and went on reading. "But, Dr. Bacheler," I said, "aren't you going to *do* anything about it?" "Certainly," he said, and went on reading. "Doctor, do go and stop the man," I pleaded. "I learned long ago," he said, with that cool, amused look that his friends remember, "not to interfere in quarrels between a man and wife. Besides, how do I know how much the woman may deserve just what she is getting?" "Do you believe in a man's pounding his wife for *any* reason?" I said excitedly. "No. But I think I would succeed better in making *him* not believe in it by talking with him quietly alone after his anger is gone than by compelling him to stop now. If we can make the man's convictions right, his actions will right themselves," and he went on quietly studying. And through the years that I watched his work I saw that it was not his policy to compel right action, but to quietly, persistently mold and strengthen character. . . .

During my first years in India, while living in Dr. Bacheler's family, Dr. Bacheler invariably took a horseback ride early in the morning, while Mrs. Bacheler drove out in her phaeton. Mary and I took turns, each going alternately driving with Auntie or riding a cream-white pony in company with the Doctor. What was my surprise, one Friday, to be told that the Doctor and I had

ridden by the old jail that morning while a man was being hanged and in full sight of it. The Doctor's quick eye had taken in the situation, and to save me from the revolting sight he had kept me looking at something in the other direction while he talked interestingly of it. Nor would I ever have learned from himself how his thoughtfulness shielded me.

L. C. GRIFFIN.

I have been asked to write something for the memoirs of Dr. Bacheler and his good wife, familiarly called "Auntie." I consider it an honor to do so, and it affords me much pleasure to contribute even a little. I would that I could express the appreciation I feel.

I first became acquainted with Dr. Bacheler when I was a lad not more than thirteen years old. He was home from India on a furlough, and traveled amongst some of our churches with oil paintings illustrating the domestic and religious life of the Hindus. Among the churches visited was the Second Zorra church of Canada, of which my father, Rev. Jacob Griffin, was pastor. That lecture greatly interested me, and I think the interest awakened there ultimately led me to India. During his short stay there he was the guest of my father, and I well remember the willingness with which he answered my many questions about India.

Twenty-eight years passed by before I saw him again, and then it was in India. I had always venerated him from my remembrance of him, but when I became better acquainted I found that I had not been cultivating a delusion which was to pass away with intimate acquaintance, but the more intimate the acquaintance the more my esteem heightened. Whether he had a special regard for me more than others I do not know, but he had the faculty of making one feel that he was a special friend.

Indeed, I think he was a special friend to all. I always felt that I could go to him for advice and help at any time, and I would be sure to get what I went for if it were possible for him to give it. One time we were going to Naini Tal, up in the Himalaya Mountains, partly to rest and partly to bring home our children from school. On our way up we stopped at Benares, at the home of Dr. Lazarus, a great-hearted Baptist with a "prophet's chamber" for every Christian worker of whatever name. While there I found out that the expense on up to the hills was more than we had calculated, and I did not have money enough to take us through. The situation was distressing. I did not want to go to my host and ask to borrow money, and we were five hundred miles from any of our missionaries. I bethought me of Dr. Bacheler, and went over to the telegraph office and dispatched a message asking for a loan of one hundred rupees. In one hour the messenger boy from the telegraph office brought me in the money. He had sent it by telegraph.

Dr. Bacheler and "Auntie" were persons very plain in their habits and very economical in their living, not because they were penurious but that they might have the more to give. A more retiring, humble-minded man would be hard to find. He was a man of much learning, and a great student. There seemed to be no subject upon which he could not converse interestingly and profitably, and yet he never put himself forward. It was his wont sometimes when he went to Calcutta to hire one of the little boats which are so numerous on the Hooghly, and have his cook prepare his meals there, he also going there to sleep, though there was not a missionary in Calcutta but what would have esteemed it an honor to have entertained him. It rather annoyed him, I think, to have people make much ado over him or make special arrangements for him.

He was a man of great patience. In fact I never saw him when he seemed irritated. Things which would make some of us fairly fume he took very coolly. To a nervous or irritable person a thing often exasperating is the crossing of the rivers on ferries. Those in our field were poorly constructed, and the river bottoms wide and the sand deep. To get across was no slight task at any time. The most of us would try to hustle the boatmen around, and perhaps lend a hand ourselves and get all heated up for nothing. Dr. Bacheler would take his book or paper and make himself as comfortable as possible, and let the men have their own way in getting across. They would generally "get there," as we say, but they must have their time to do so. He had found that out years ago, and did not allow himself to be worried over that which he could not help or better.

His regularity of habits had much to do with his long stay in India. His morning ride or drive was as conscientiously taken as his preaching in the Bazaar. There might be things which seemed pressing, sick people might be sitting around on the ground beside the dispensary, or native Christians might have urgent business, but none of these things interfered with his exercise. "These things will keep," he would sometimes say, and of course they would.

As regularly as the day came, at about 5 P. M., he made his way to the Bazaar to preach. He did not always preach himself, though he usually had something to say; but he was there, and his very presence gave inspiration and courage to the students from the Bible School whom he was educating in this way. He always thought Bazaar preaching very important, and more than once he has told me that it really rested him, after a hard day's work, to go to the Bazaar for this service. He delighted to make a grand rally of our forces at times,

and show the natives that there was something to our work, and fairly take Midnapore by storm. On one occasion we were having our annual meeting in Midnapore, and the Doctor wanted to make a special effort in the Bazaar. Some thought we had enough to do to attend the necessary meetings of our annual Conference, and certainly it was hard work to attend to all of the work in connection with this meeting, but he was anxious, and out of respect to his wishes, if for nothing more, we went. I remember on this particular occasion he divided up his forces, and sent some to one part of the city and some to another.

One incident in this connection will show how thoroughly he was interested in this work, and also how proud he was of our native preachers when they did a commendable thing. I was with him this night in the big Bazaar, and among the native preachers was old Kamal Nayak. Dr. Bacheler told me in going down that some of the Government college students had been giving him a good deal of trouble of late by confounding some of the younger of the Bible School students. These fellows were Hindus, but they were studying English, and were very conceited. He was really anxious that they should run up against a snag, and he wanted them to come in contact with this same old Kamal Nayak. Now, the Bengali 'upper ten' consider themselves several degrees above the Oriyas. When we arrived these fellows were there in full force. We knew we were in for a war of words, and a war which might mean a good deal to our young men in the Bible School.

When Kamal got up and began to talk a number of these fellows began to smile, as much as to say, "Now for some fun with the old Oriya." Kamal began in a very slow and measured way, as was his wont, and he was not a very prepossessing man in appearance. He

had gone but a little way when they began to ask him some questions. He always answered a question by asking another, and so he began to tighten the coils about them. After a while they began to get uneasy, and he began to wax eloquent. The fire fairly gleamed from his eyes. These men tried to extricate themselves, but he drew the coils about them more tightly. At length they were glad to sneak away, one by one, as best they could, amid the jeers and exultations of the crowd of by-standers. That did Dr. Bacheler a world of good. For days his sides would shake with laughter whenever he would think of it. He said to me: "Those young men will never annoy us again as they have in the past. All we will have to do if they begin any argument will be to mention the old Oriya preacher."

He was a man of great hope, and took a cheerful view of life. There are many things which have a tendency to dishearten the missionary in India. I remember once when our committee was in session the question was raised as to the seeming futility of our work. Dr. Bacheler replied, "It may look so by taking a casual glance at a day's work or a year's work, but when we look at the work from the broader vision extending over a period of fifty years we see that much has been accomplished."

Our family, Dr. Bacheler and "Auntie," Dr. Nellie Phillips, with the Boyer children, all left India the same winter. I said one day to him, "Would it not be nice if we could all go back on the same ship?" "Yes," said he, "but we are too valuable a cargo for all to go on the same vessel." When asked how that was, he said: "Supposing the ship should go down, what a loss our mission would sustain. We will divide up and all will not be likely to go down." That was his view.

I must give two more incidents in his life; the one showing his shrinking from being a burden to any one

and the other his great love for his work. We left India in 1893. We planned to stop in France for a time, and they went around through the Bay of Biscay and landed in London. My remembrance is that we left Calcutta a week or two before they did. He knew of our address in Lyons. Before they arrived in London, Auntie was taken very ill and not expected to live. Upon their arrival, Dr. Bacheler wrote me of their condition, but he said, "Do not be unduly concerned, for I hope Sarah will pull through this illness, though she is very low." I wrote him at once that I would come on at an hour's notice if he needed me at any time, and that he was not to hesitate to call on me if he thought I could be of any help." He wrote back that it was a great comfort to him to know that there was some one in reach who was willing to help if needed and that he would keep me advised, and so he did. "Auntie" slowly recovered, so that a month later, the day after we arrived in London, Dr. Bacheler left her room for the first time in weeks, and spent the day looking about London with us. He had always been so strong and so self-reliant that some way we had never looked for anything else, but his anxiety and work and care for those long weeks in a great strange city had visibly weakened him, and he seemed as pleased as a child to see us, and really to lean upon me for the few days we were in London together. We stayed long enough to see them start for Southampton, where they took one of the American line ships for America.

The last time I saw Dr. Bacheler was at his home in New Hampton, N. H. It was late in autumn. He took me back over his little farm to show me his few worldly possessions, but his heart was not in his farm. Our conversation was of India. As we strolled over the meadow he suddenly stopped and said: "Do you know, Bro. Griffin, that I often wish that the Hindu doctrine

of the transmigration of souls were true, and that when I die this spirit of mine could enter some young body, and that I could go back to India again. My heart is over there, and I long to be there, though I shall never return again in the flesh."

Upon whom is his mantle to fall? I have probably exceeded my space, though I have said but little of what is in my heart to say.

I did not know "Auntie" so well, but I do know that she was most thoroughly consecrated to her work, that she loved her work, and especially her work for the children, and that she was one of the most unselfish persons I ever saw. If she could relieve distress or in any way help any one, she was always ready to do so, never thinking of her own ease or comfort or gain. For us heaven will have one more strong attraction by their going there.

Z. F. GRIFFIN.

KEUKA PARK, N. Y.

I first met Bro. Bacheler at General Conference in Fairport, N. Y., in 1853.

A very dear friend, the late Mrs. Hills, had placed the foreign mission work prominently before me, and suggested the probability of my being called to that work. She arranged for an interview with Dr. Bacheler and Bro. J. C. Dow, who were both at home on furlough at that time. The two brethren catechised the prospective candidate for mission work pretty thoroughly, and at considerable length. What their report was I never knew.

The next time Bro. Bacheler and myself met was at his house in New Hampton. There he aimed to give much-needed light and information with regard to the field and work in Orissa.

In the cold season of 1862–63 we met again at Midnapore, India. At that time we had no station there; but Bro. Bacheler and myself went into camp there, to do evangelistic work, and to reconnoitre with a view to the establishment of a mission station in that place.

I remember that when the tents were being pitched I was busy helping in the work, and using the maul somewhat vigorously. Our good Bro. Bacheler said, "Now, brother, leave it to them; they will do it all right." The wisdom of this counsel was discovered a little later on by the junior missionary. Bro. Bacheler's care to avoid unnecessary physical exertion was, doubtless, one reason for his long term of service in the field. He did not needlessly expend his energies in doing what the natives of the country could do without him. If, at any time, he could show the native brethren how to do a piece of work to better advantage, he was always ready. Our departed brother never lost sight of the fact that evangelistic work was the missionary's first work; and must, under no circumstances, be neglected. In this work he was persistent in season and out of season. Though he had not the readiest and most fluent use of the vernacular, he would never fail to improve an opportunity to present the truth to the people. On one occasion he and one of the junior brethren were returning together from Mitrapore to Balasore, and at a midway village, Rebnah, they found a native market in full blast. Here was an opportunity to preach, and preach he would. The younger brother felt a little diffident about undertaking the work without the support of the native preachers, who had not yet arrived, and he said as much to Brother Bacheler. He replied, "You be the native preacher, and I will be the sahib" (missionary). And so an excellent opportunity to preach the gospel was promptly improved.

E. C. B. HALLAM.

BHIMPORE, INDIA.

Dear old Doctor! I doubt whether he ever realized how much we loved and depended upon him, during those early days when we were ignorant of the ways and means of mission work. When we arrived in Calcutta in June of '65 he was there to welcome us and provide for our journey to Midnapore, seventy-five miles distant. There was no railroad then as now, but instead native boats for twenty-five miles down the Hooghly River, after which ponies for the gentlemen and palkies for the ladies.

At that time Doctor was the only missionary in Midnapore, Auntie (Mrs. Bacheler) had not returned from America, so we went to him for advice on all questions. How kindly and patiently he would drop his work and assist us! He had been in the city only three, possibly four years, but he had within that time secured a fine piece of property for mission purposes, built a brick chapel, printing press, and established a native Christian village. While doing this he and one of the native preachers lived in the ruins of a Mohammedan house.

The chapel was larger than was needed at that time, hence Doctor found more comfortable quarters for himself by putting up a temporary wall across one end.

I do not remember of his ever giving unasked-for advice, and ever claiming the rights of the "senior missionary." He thought best to allow experience to teach needed lessons, rather than force upon us knowledge he had acquired in the same school. Never shall I forget a very amusing incident which occurred during those early days. He strongly encouraged us to spend a portion of each day among the people, so as to study them and their language; hence Mrs. Phillips and I made almost daily visits to the Christian village, with dictionaries in our hands. It did not require many visits to show us that a native housewife's ideas of order and cleanliness

were not of the New England type certainly! Being exceedingly anxious to do something to better their condition, and feeling sure that all they needed was to once enjoy the luxury of a clean, orderly house, we went to work with more zeal than knowledge, to set things to rights. We began with the preacher's house and did thorough work, going to Doctor for corrosive sublimate to destroy the vermin! In his quiet way he generously gave us all we wished, laughing in his sleeves, I doubt not, all the while. Suffice it to say we did effect a revolution!

More than twenty years afterwards, at one of our yearly gatherings, when all of the missionaries were together in his dining room, several of whom had just arrived, Doctor in his kindly and impressive way related this circumstance, touching up the story here and there with its amusing features, then closed by saying that he had learned that true progress must come from the inside out, rather than from the outside in.

During the time that he was principal of the Bible School, the great thing that he kept prominent before the minds of the students was true Christian manliness. Fastened to the walls of the school rooms, in conspicuous places and in large letters, were the words, *Be men, Be men.*

Two things in his daily life he conscientiously adhered to as long as strength lasted: one was early morning exercise before he began the day's work, and the other bazaar preaching in the afternoon. The cream of the day he used to say was the half hour before sunrise. As regularly as the sun rose, unless something unusual occurred to hinder, we would see him out on his pony. For years it was a lively canter, then it came down to a quiet walk. At last he gave up the saddle entirely, and was content to go for a drive with Auntie in the buggy.

It was a great grief to him that some of the younger members of the mission did not consider the public preaching of the word in the bazaar as important a branch of our work as he did. I think I never have seen any one who was so persistent both in learning the vernacular and in imparting instruction to the natives as was Auntie Bacheler. She was Auntie to all of us.

Dear Doctor and Auntie! Would that we might have many more of kindred spirit, who would love the natives as they loved them, who were instant in season and out of season to lend a helping hand to all in need.

JULIA P. BURKHOLDER.

CHANDBALI, INDIA, Dec. 14th, 1903.

Dr. Bacheler met me at the steamer in Calcutta, and brought me to Midnapore by a small boat, through the canal; this was on my first arrival in India. From that day he was a father to me, and took special interest in my success as a Christian and a missionary. His advice I always found it well to follow. While free to give advice he very seldom gave it without being asked. I think that he was a model missionary in that he never worried, did each day what he could consistently, and let the rest go; neither did he consider it a sin if he was not all the time on "the run, hop, step, and jump" to get to a prayer meeting or something very religious. He was methodical, but did not allow his method to make him a slave. Generous and helpful, his whole life may be summed up in the one word—*Christian.*

M. J. COLDREN.

Kamal Nayak's narration of his first interview with Dr. O. R. Bacheler.

BALASORE, INDIA.

I was working at Jellasore, sometime in 1862 or 1863, as a preacher. Rev. E. C. B. Hallam was then the

missionary in charge of that station. During this time Dr. Bacheler returned to India the first time. In his first visit to India he selected Balasore as his headquarters. The Balasore church, the Charitable Dispensary, a medical training school were among other things the best of his works at Balasore. On his second visit to India he selected Midnapore as his station.

KAMAL NAYAK

When he reached Midnapore Mr. Hallam told me that he had come back and that he wanted to go to meet him, and asked me to accompany him. So we both went to Midnapore to meet Dr. Bacheler. When we reached there we found Dr. Bacheler residing in a *dak* bungalow near the riverside. Mr. Hallam went to meet him first and then I went. I saw both Mr. Hallam and Dr. Bacheler

walking on the veranda, and Mr. Hallam was pointing out to me when I appeared and salaamed the Doctor. I appeared as a *hunter*, with my favorite gun on my shoulder and the ammunition bag hanging on my loins. Mr. Hallam cried, "Here comes my young soldier of the field!" Dr. Bacheler, feeling my hands, arms, and body, then said to me in Oriya, "Brother, you appear to be a very strong and hard-working man and I hope you will be the man best suited for our Lord's field!" A strong and robust man I was in my youth!

The second time I was with Dr. Bacheler was in 1864 or 1865. He was a good marksman and loved hunting. He brought his gun to Mitrapore, where I was located as the pastor of the church. Information had been sent me of his coming, so I engaged lots of coolies for the purpose of hunting in a small hill called "Begunia Huri," which was then full of tigers and bears. Mr. Miller accompanied Dr. Bacheler. I had them sit in selected places. A huge bear appeared at last, and Dr. Bacheler hit him in the leg and broke it. The animal then became very furious and snatched away a part of the toe of a coolie while the latter was trying to climb a tree. Dr. Bacheler again levelled his gun and shot the bear dead on the spot. With great rejoicing the animal was brought down to the *koti* (bungalow), where it was skinned, and the flesh was boiled for fat, a portion of it being reserved and cooked for the Doctor's table. Mr. Miller afterwards told me that he did not partake of the delicacy because the hands of the bear, when skinned, appeared to him like the hands of a man affected with white leprosy! I do not hesitate to admit that I ate a portion of the flesh with the Doctor, though I do not remember how it tasted. After this I met Dr. Bacheler several times, but there is nothing special to note.

Sincerely yours,

KAMAL NAYAK.

The memory of Dr. Bacheler is one of God's best gifts to me.

Three times he especially came into my life. First in the winter of '83–'84, when he came to my home and we talked over my going to India. Again in the fall of '85, when he returned to India alone and came to encourage us in our loneliness at Midnapore and to help in the work which Dr. Phillips's departure had left to an inexperienced missionary. For the last time his noble manhood blessed my life when I visited him at New Hampton, in his last sickness, and heard his last whispered words to me,—words that fell like a benediction from his sainted lips. His words of counsel and wisdom, and his unassuming but noble Christian life ever appealed to the best in me. In love and gratitude I would acknowledge the debt I owe him. His life was a noble offering to India's redemption.

Fraternally,

F. D. GEORGE.

Letter from his only surviving brother, written to the family at the time of his death, and read at the funeral services.

411 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 3, 1901.

To the family of my deceased brother and to the many friends of our Lord Jesus Christ who will be gathered together next Lord's Day, and whom I would gladly greet as brethren and companions in "the Kingdom and Patience of Jesus Christ."

I heard this morning that my brother had gone over the river, leaving me alone, the last of eight children, each of whom lived to the age of seventy years and upwards.

If prudence did not forbid, I would not allow anything to hinder my being with you, but, as it is, I ask the privi-

lege of imagining myself with you, and telling you, by word of mouth, what I would now try to write, "Weep not when the Christian dieth."

When I stood by the open coffin of my father, who died at the age of almost eighty-five, I could only exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" And now the thought that rises above every other is, "What hath God wrought through the agency of my once little brother." With the first day of this year my brother lacked but sixteen days of eighty-four years, and I was exactly two years older. Thus we were children together, — bed-fellows, at the same table, in the same district school, in the same Sunday school, in the same church, and in the good providence of God we were both brought into the Kingdom in the same protracted meeting, which was the first meeting of the kind held in New England. This was held for four days, in the Congregational church in Holliston, Mass., in September, 1830. At that time my brother was fourteen years of age, lacking four months and some days. Two years after this he was baptized into the fellowship of the Methodist Episcopal church, then just formed in Holliston, and notwithstanding his extreme youth he became a very active member; he was also a very loyal member. Notwithstanding this, after a few years he found that his path of duty led to the Free Will Baptist church, and with the utmost good-will of his brethren whom he was leaving, he united with the Free Will Baptist church in Boston. Without doubt, he had already heard the call, "Go preach my gospel"; and very soon he was licensed by the church which he had joined, and commenced preaching.

The foreign field rose before him, and he accepted that as his place of work. As a preparation for it he commenced the study of medicine by himself, attended a course of medical lectures at Hanover, N. H., and another

at Boston. In consideration of the fact that his medical practice, though very extensive, was to be without any pecuniary reward, no charge was made, either at Hanover or Boston, and after he had been in India several years Hanover gave him his degree of M. D.

One incident I have not given in its proper place, and it must not be overlooked; it is with reference to his *early* religious experience, his conversion. Not until after his return from India, his final return, did I learn it, for he was not very communicative, and I never asked him. But after his return I found that I had a very special reason for wishing to know, and so I asked him. He said: "I went to the four days' meeting, was not particularly impressed by anything that occurred, until the close of the afternoon service of the last day. Then good old Father Wood, the pastor of the Congregational church in Mendon, gave us one of his good, warm exhortations, and I decided." This was all he said, and it was all he had to say about it. But that decision of his was just characteristic of his whole after life. When anything was to be done, he just went and did it.

But his mortal life is closed. It was just seventy years ago last September that he made the decision to accept the service of our ascended Lord, and in that consecration he never faltered. This was the explanation of the success that so generally attended him in everything that he undertook. His work was public, and was known to others far better than to me. But these items that I have mentioned were known to me and not to others. For this reason I venture to ask (if it is not deemed improper) that before you commit the remains of my dear brother to their final earthly resting-place, you allow what I have written to be publicly read as my testimony in the case.

And thus "he being dead shall yet speak." And I

will close by repeating what I have before said, "What hath God wrought?"

Yours in the obedience and hope and comfort of the Gospel,

F. L. BACHELER.

BERWICK, ME., Dec. 6, 1903.

Beloved: —

When the Doctor was home in '58, as I remember, he spent a Sabbath in Bangor, the forenoon at the 1st Church with Rev. Mr. Tarbox, and the afternoon in the 2nd Church with me, and remained with me in our humble home most of the following week, and while to us it was a rare treat, he claimed a good rest. On leaving, the last of the week, I went with him to a point of parting, when holding his hand I said, "Doctor, how can you do this — how can you leave your children, and all of your many friends, to go back and spend life among a strange people?" He held my hand and turned his eyes toward the east, and then with a smile looked me in the face and said, "The luxury of doing good." And never have I found myself in a hard spot but the smile and timely word of Dr. Bacheler has cheered me on. It was to me indeed a word fitly spoken, and has been to me as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

All and always for the Master,

J. BOYD.

NEW HAMPTON, Oct. 23, 1903.

The first time I ever saw Dr. Bacheler was in the evening of May 12, 1893, the day he arrived at New Hampton from his last sojourn in India. Dr. Meservey and I went to his home to welcome him back to his place. I was struck with the modesty of his bearing, and never afterward had reason to modify my first impression. On consulting my diary I find that I took occasion to visit

his home many times during the three years I was his pastor. One of my pleasant memories I have concerning him is the grave attention he always gave to my preaching, just as though it were the best preaching in the world, and merited the most patient listening. He was always at church unless detained by sickness, and always the kindly hearer I have described. He seldom said anything to the preacher concerning his sermon, but often spoke to others concerning it. He was very constant in attendance at our monthly conferences, though not a member of this church. He preferred to let his membership remain with his church in India. I remember one remark he made in the Conference one day. He said, "Somehow it always seemed to be my lot to go where other people refused to go, and to undertake tasks others were reluctant to undertake." He said this very cheerfully and very humbly. He never boasted. He seldom alluded to himself publicly or in private. It was only by dint of close and persistent questioning that facts could be extorted from him which could tend to exalt him in the eyes of others. At one time, an enthusiast for tithing visited our church, and spoke eloquently on the subject. In answer to a question, it came to light that Doctor Bacheler had been a tither for forty years. He always had on hand money for any benevolent object, and always seemed to be giving far beyond his means. He bore strong testimony to the satisfaction he had always taken in this method of benevolence.

Dr. Bacheler was always a strong supporter of the New Hampton Literary Institution, and stood in the forefront in advocating measures that would keep the school on the firing-line of progress.

If space permitted, some very pleasant reminiscences might be cited in proof. As one of the trustees, he served conscientiously and efficiently for many years. Dr. Bacheler was an ardent prohibitionist. He was an idealist

rather than an opportunist, and was in temperance, what he had been in the old antislavery days, a radical. Yet he was never offensive in the advocacy of his views. He respected the right of others to have their own opinions on all such questions. He was a model citizen. He was altogether a manly man. He was almost an ideal Christian. I have always been thankful that I was permitted such intimacy with him for nearly five years, three of which, as already noted, I was his pastor.

G. L. WHITE.

From Frank W. Preston, principal of New Hampton Literary Institution.

NEW HAMPTON, N. H., Oct. 28, 1903.

Dr. O. R. Bacheler, when in this country, spent most of his time at New Hampton, where his life was indeed a benediction to those who met him in daily intercourse.

I knew him well for fully a quarter of a century.

He was indeed to me a true and loving friend and a gracious and wise counsellor.

His knowledge of history, his interest in current events, his grasp on international relations, his love for scientific truth, his devotion to our Christian faith and his reverence for God, gave evidence of a purity of heart and a consecration of soul which but few possess.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," was uttered by the Master as vital truth. It has been reiterated in the lives of the true and noble in all ages.

In the life of no man, within the limits of my acquaintance, has this truth been more manifest than in the life of Dr. Bacheler.

His purity of soul permitted him to see God in all about him, and I believe in very truth that he walked and talked with God. He was indeed one of God's noblemen.

CENTER SANDWICH, N. H., Nov. 3, 1903.

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Bacheler began in 1885, when he visited me in college, and urged me to go to India at once after graduation. I objected that I had not yet finished my education. With that peculiar twinkle in his eyes that afterward became so familiar, he said, "Neither have I." He was ever a student and a learner.

Three years later my wife and I landed in Calcutta. Dr. Bacheler's kindly face was one of the first to welcome us. How delighted he was to see us, so much so that we were glad to be there for the sake of seeing his gladness. It was he that introduced us to the strange experience of oriental shopping. How uneasy I got with the tedious process, . . . and how well I remember him sitting with crossed legs singing,

"By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!"

while he waited for the shopkeepers to come to his terms.

The first morning in Midnapore, the day had hardly broken, when I heard a call at the door. The Doctor was there, astride a diminutive pony, and had another, still more diminutive, for me. He said, "If you want to live well in India, you must get out for the early morning air."

Then those Friday nights, when all the missionaries of the station came together for supper and our English prayer meetings! How we enjoyed the meetings at his house where he led the devotions. There was a blessed combination of head and heart as he read the lesson, commented upon it, and then prayed.

He was a great man because

1. He was a student always. 2. He kept calm and unruffled in the most trying circumstances. 3. It was a part of his religion to take care of the body. 4. He kept on intimate terms with his God.

EDWIN B. STILES.

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